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MY LIFE IN PEONAGE

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

I.—THE SITUATION AS I FOUND IT



THE cry of "peonage" was in the air. Press dispatches from the South told of the coercion of men by whips and bloodhounds. It was said that a new slavery had arisen on the spot where the old had died. Arranged in a beard, a pair of overalls, and with a bright yellow bundle in my hand I went in quest of the facts. If slavery existed, the best way to find it was by being a slave—a wage slave.

It was in Greenwich Street, down by the margin of Manhattan, that I found the first footprints of a multitude that had penetrated the forests and mines from Virginia to the Gulf.

"100 MEN WANTED."

The notice was in a score of windows. It was in a dozen languages; it was red and black and green. There was a great demand for laborers—all kinds of laborers—but when I told an agent I was Irish he held up his hands, puckered his lips, and said "Nix!"

"Why not?" I asked.

"Agh!" he grunted. "Irishamaan no good. He kicka hell all timea everywhere!"

Then I became a Finn. I did this on the advice of an agent's understudy, who gave me a new name to suit my new nationality.

I went South with a band of bronzed proletarians—Greeks, Hungarians, Italians, Poles, and others. Like a herd of cattle we were shipped to various points of the South.

We were picturesque cattle, with our bright colors, and large placards pinned on our breasts to save porters and the public the trouble of asking us any questions. Mine read "Southern Railway." That at least indicated my direction.

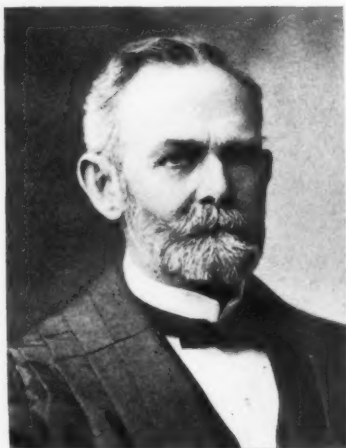
We were inspected at every depot by a curious crowd of people on pleasure bent. Half a dozen times on the journey, labor agents tried to steal us from the agent in charge. They told us stories of small pay and ill treatment in the camps and offered larger pay, but our gang believed that things were all right where they were going.

"Johnny," said a man to me, "want a pull?"

It was a bottle of whisky, and he offered me a share as an evidence of his good-fellowship. Then he offered me \$1.50 a day and board in his camp, near which he said there were saloons and women. At every large railroad center the labor agents were busy; but intact we reached the mines of Alabama.

In the iron mines I was a miner's "mucker" and loaded ore at twenty cents a carload. I worked on the phosphate beds later in another State. Then I went farther South again and chipped trees in a turpentine camp at seventy-five cents a thousand. Next I punched logs around in the Gulf of Mexico for a dollar and "six bits" a day—the largest wage I got in the South.

I courted the danger points. I went where conditions were savage, where life was cheaper than lumber, where the physically fit survived. I came under the lash of a driver's tongue several times, but escaped the more



JUDGE CHARLES SWAYNE

Of the Federal Court, before whom the first cases were tried.



COMMISSIONER F. W. MARSH

Who instituted proceedings against violators of the anti-peonage laws.

painful experience of a peon. There were very good reasons for my escape. I looked like a man who when struck on one cheek turns the other fellow's. Besides, I could do more work than was required of me, and do it very easily.

After working at a variety of things in a number of places I secured a job in the logging camp of the Jackson Lumber Company of Lockhart, Ala. I had met men who escaped from that region, and a number of the officials of the company were under sentence of imprisonment for violation of the anti-peonage laws. It was commonly reported that conditions since the trial had become

worse, and I determined to get a job under the man who was considered the most brutal woodsman in the South.



U. S. DIST. ATTORNEY W. B. SHEPPARD

Who prosecuted the peonage cases.

The company is named in honor of an ex-governor of Maryland who originally owned the pine forest where the industry is located. Around the saw and planing mills of the company they have built a little town called Lockhart. The railroad guide books give the population as 1,500. The company owns the town. It looks a made-to-order, checkerboard community. The company offices, stores, post office, and lodging house are in the center. The town is just a mile from Florala—a word



PERCY S. HAYES



BENJAMIN H. THOMAS

City Editor and Managing Editor of the *Pensacola Journal*, which gave first publicity to the intolerable conditions at the camp of the Jackson Lumber Company.

made up of the first three letters of the names of the States of Florida and Alabama. The town is on the line which divides them.

This company in its methods of handling unskilled labor in its camps and mills presents a characteristic phase of the labor problem of the South, with which the Department of Justice at Washington is now actively engaged.

In the spring of 1906 the company needed laborers—needed them much and needed many of them. The regular agencies were unable to supply the demand, and the company tried the experiment of employing an agent of its own.

Eugene P. New-

lander, a young Hungarian, a man of refinement and education, entered into a contract with the company to send 100 men a month

for a year. For this service he was to receive \$100 a month and expenses. He had scarcely sent 200 men when he was induced to go South to Lockhart and join the company's forces.

Experiments with cheap labor are expensive. A man who sells shoe laces on the Bowery is not easily transformed into a lumber jack. Attempts to effect such a transformation brought into play the cowhide and the bloodhounds. The use of these auxiliaries is likely to become known, and stories



OSCAR SANDOR

Now in the penitentiary for his share in the peonage evils.

of their use travel quickly and lose little as they travel.

A prominent citizen of Pensacola had been an eyewitness to the return to a state of peonage of a laborer, and had talked of the fact to others. Commissioner F. W. Marsh, of the Federal Court, heard of the incident, called on the gentleman, learned some of the facts, and on the following day, July 23, 1906, held an official hearing at which four peons and Mayor Von Axelson, of Laurel Hill, gave testimony.

"This man Marsh," said a turpentine boss to me, "is a monomaniac!"

"What is his mania?" I asked.

"Peonage!" he replied.

"You mean the suppression of peonage, don't you?"

"Yes."

About the same time the *Pensacola Journal* published a story of outrage as it was told by a peon who had escaped, and who was found in a dying condition on the streets. The *Journal's* story brought forth a peppery epistle from W. S. Harlan, the general manager of the company, and a newspaper controversy ensued.

The result of the hearing was a group of

indictments by the grand jury later, and a trial before Judge Swayne and a special jury on November 15, 1906.

The officials—the minor officials only of course—of the Jackson Lumber Company were tried in installments. These are the opening sentences of Judge Swayne's charge to the jury that tried the first cases:

"The defendants, W. S. Harlan, S. E. Huggins, and C. C. Hilton, are indicted and on trial before you for a violation of the statutes of the United States with reference to peonage. They are indicted for conspiracy to arrest one Rudolf Lanniger with the intent that he should be returned to a condition of 'peonage'—that is to say, to compulsory service of the Jackson Lumber Company, a corporation, to work out an indebtedness alleged to be due by him to the company, and that in furtherance of said conspiracy, and for the purpose of effecting the same, the said C. C. Hilton did by threats and force, within the northern district of Florida and within the jurisdiction of this court, arrest the said Rudolf Lanniger and restrain him of his liberty."

Lanniger is a Hungarian. He came to New York in June, 1906, and in July was



W. G. GRACE

Camp veterinary of the Jackson Lumber Company, sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment and \$1,000 fine.



ROBERT GALLAGHER

Foreman of the camp, and called by his men "The Bull of the Woods," sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment and \$1,000 fine.

sent South by Frank & Miller, labor agents, to the Jackson Lumber Company. The party of which he was one went by water to Savannah, and from there by rail in charge of Dr. Grace, the veterinary of the company, to Lockhart, Ala.

On his arrival he was assigned to a turpentine camp. He had contracted for a different kind of work and a different wage, but was put to work chipping trees at \$1 a day and board. Work, wages, hours, and conditions were all different from the contract and the representations of the labor agents. Nevertheless he worked for three months. Then he determined to move, and in company with two others he made his escape. On the second day after they left the camp they were overtaken by one of the bosses, who covered him—Lanniger—with a revolver and ordered him to halt. His companions escaped, and he was ordered to walk in front of a horseman to the nearest town, where the boss gave him in charge of a blacksmith.

The boss was identified as C. C. Hilton. Hilton took off his belt and revolver and handed them to the blacksmith with instructions relating to the prisoner. After supper Hilton returned and took him to the railroad station where the prisoner was handed over to another boss, whom Lanniger identified as the defendant Huggins. Huggins took him to Lockhart. After an interview with the manager he was driven out to the logging camp, where he was locked up for the night. Next day he was returned to the turpentine camp, where he remained in dread for sixty-five days. He escaped a second time, but, unable to reach Pensacola, was forced to return. His third departure was in company with the Hungarian consul of Mobile.

This was the case for the Government, and on it the defendants Hilton, Huggins, and Harlan were convicted. Little account could be taken of conditions. These men of Lan-

niger's type had no language to describe the vileness of it. They knew they had to drink ditch water, sleep in windowless shacks on sodden bedding, and march to and from work at the rifle muzzle, but these were small things to them and seldom emphasized.

Huggins is a typical frontiersman. He was probably born among the pines and inherited the knots. His face has the appearance of a turpentine tree newly chipped. It bears the marks of the "shack." He is tall, heavily built. He shambles—usually with a cloud on his face and a chip on his shoulder.

He understands the wild. He belongs there, and men who cannot easily adjust themselves to the life find little mercy or consideration at his hands.

Hilton is different. He is spare and has the washed-out appearance of the "cracker" rather than that of a lumber jack or a turpentine boss. His hair is gray. He wears a mustache on an expressionless face. His sickly grin is an index to a weak character.

These men are both turpentine bosses; they are both ignorant, illiterate men. They never heard of peonage. They didn't know what it was. In all their brutal dealings they violated no law known to them. They knew but one law—the law of beak and fang and claw—the law of forest and jungle.

Harlan differs from both. To look at, he is the stockily built Broadway business man. At close range he is coarse. He has a talent for profanity, and to those who

have worked under him in the office he is vulgar and tricky. He differs from Hilton and Huggins in his grade of intelligence. He is efficient and in a way educated. In the art of extracting the greatest amount of labor for the smallest amount of pay he excels. He is the center and heart of the executive force of the company, and as I mingled with the men of the company—the employees—I heard differences of opinion expressed about all of the officials except Harlan. There was but



W. S. HARLAN

General Manager of the Jackson Lumber Company, sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment and \$5,000 fine.



Nathan Scott and Manuel Jordoneff



Jordoneff and Michael Trudica



Arthur Buckley



Herman Orminsky ("Square Head")

TYPICAL PEONS WHO TESTIFIED IN THE FEDERAL COURT

one opinion of him—one opinion of his sentence. The employees were thankful to God for the prospect of a breathing spell during his sojourn in the federal penitentiary.

The second trial gave to the world a look into the heart of the problem. It revealed the real thing.

Robert Gallagher, woods foreman and called by the men of his camp "the bull of the woods"; W. G. Grace, and Oscar Sandor were the defendants. Grace is the veterinary of the company. Sandor came to Lockhart as a common laborer. He washed dishes the first day, but the day following he was in the office as a clerk and interpreter.

Newlander and Sandor were the only men of education and refinement in the employ of the company. They carried themselves with a dignity and a bearing utterly unknown to the brutal labor drivers of that region.

In the newspapers Michael Trudica's name appeared as "Trurich Mihaly." Michael came to Lockhart in the same gang with Rudolf Lanniger. He arrived at Lockhart July 18th, and on the following day he left the camp.

He was not as content as Lanniger to work in violation of his contract. He said he imagined he was on his way to Lockhart to appeal for fair play, but that is doubtful.

Anyway at noon time he was overtaken by three men in a buggy and three bloodhounds. They overtook him on the road near Laurel Hill. Grace held him with one hand while he covered him with a revolver in the other. Gallagher horsewhipped him, and Sandor sat in the buggy, contenting himself with tongue-thrashing his fellow-countryman in their mother tongue—telling him that if he ran away again he would surely get killed.

Around the incident of Michael's return by force waged the legal battle of the second trial. Two women described the whipping as they saw it from their doors. It so sickened one of them that she turned her head away and trembled. Dr. Craig and E. E. Reese saw the trio take Michael back to peonage. He was forced to walk to Lockhart at the muzzle of a revolver. When he arrived there he was whipped again and taken in a buggy to the camp. He is a devout Catholic, and when asked why he didn't attempt to escape again, he said he was afraid.

Folding his hands and with a reverent look toward heaven he said: "*In the woods they can do anything they want to and no one can see them but God!*"

"Manuel Jordomons" was Jordoneff's newspaper name during the trial. I found him with Michael Trudics and Nathan Scott cleaning brick on Fort Pickens in the Gulf of Mexico. He was very happy then, for his wounds were healed and the long trial was over.

An officer of the Jackson Lumber Company in explaining to me how a conviction was secured said: "One man's story swayed the jury. He told it in tears, and the tears convicted our men!"

It was interesting to know the importance they placed on old Jordoneff's story. A policeman found him exhausted on the streets of Pensacola, suffering from unhealed wounds and a high fever, alleged to be the results of his treatment at the hands of the "bull of the woods." Manuel is a Bulgarian, and throughout the city of Pensacola and the maritime city at anchor in the great harbor but one man could be found who was able to interpret his tale.

Lured by the glittering promise of \$2 a day in a brick yard, Jordoneff came to Lockhart. He was put to work in a pine drift at \$1 a day, and board. The old man knew his physical limitations. Twelve hours a day in a burning sun he might stand for a little

while, but to stay long enough to pay his transportation would be the death of him. While he had enough energy left to make the attempt, he tried to escape and failed.

It was dinner time when Gallagher hauled him up the steps of the dining car, and forcing him into the little office, administered a brutal beating. He was hammered about the head with the butt end of a revolver, and when prostrate he was kicked about the head, abdomen, and shins until the men turned their heads away in loathing and fear.

"What did you do after that?" I asked him.

"Oh," he said, clasping his hands, "I just sat and cried, for I was alone in my language and no one could speak to me. I think to myself, 'My God, they will kill me next time!'"

Manuel was so weak at the trial that he had to be helped around. The fever had not wholly left him, nor were his wounds healed. Ben H. Thomas of the *Journal* passed the hat around the court room and the defendants contributed toward a cot in the hospital. Gallagher put in nearly \$2—all the small change he had.

I labored for days trying to worm out of the old man something of his philosophy of life. It was very simple. Work to the measure of his ability—constant work and fair pay, and occasionally some touch with religion, even in forms he little understood. Manuel is a devout man, and attributes his escape with his life as a special mark of God's favor to him.

Trudics and Jordoneff were very happy when I found them on Fort Pickens, and the commander said they were faithful and hard-working men.

Herman Ormsky is a bright young Russian Jew, who having successfully eluded the terrors of Kishenev and the "black hundred," fell among thieves in Alabama. Herman—who was called "Square Head" at the camp—had never done much manual work. His hands were soft and unaccustomed to tools.

He was lured, as others were, but took the situation more philosophically than most of them. When he ached with pain in the burning sun he leaned against a tree and rested. The bosses did not waste much breath on Herman. He was told that there was another job for him in the barn, and when he arrived they flogged him. They flogged him hard and almost daily. One boss told some of the men that he was

ashamed to flog "Square Head" because he was sick and the skin had peeled off his arms in the sun.

"I know not for what I be hurt," he said to me. "I vork hardt till blood is on my hands; then I get hurted with whip all same!"

He is a studious fellow, and discusses Tolstoi familiarly. It is not wholly his fault if our democratic institutions have not as yet seriously impressed him. He is good-natured and bears no malice to his previous employers. He hopes to return to Russia some time where suffering has purpose.

"There," he said in very broken English, "when we suffer we suffer all together for liberty and freedom; but here we suffer bad punishment only for chust our belly stomach."

Arthur Buckley was born in Brooklyn about eighteen years ago. Miller & Frank were the labor agents who sent him to Alabama, under promises of good pay and fair conditions. Stories of Lockhart met Arthur's contingent at Fort Valley, Ga., and four of them left the train and walked back along the tracks, in the night, toward Savannah. They were arrested next morning and given their choice between the chain gang and Lockhart. Arthur and his three companions chose the latter.

He was at first employed with "Square Head" sawing logs, but later he fired on one of the company engines. While sawing logs he had his first flogging in the barn, thirty lashes. He was not told what the flogging was for, but supposed it was for resting in the forest. Buckley and "Square Head" worked together part of the time and were whipped together—one at a time—in the "whipping barn." They were both under twenty, and were not overfond of work anyway, particularly man's work on boy's pay.

When consuls, investigators, deputy sheriffs, and others began to visit the camp, these boys were considered dangerous to be around,

and one night they were spirited away to a turpentine camp in the woods. There they were kept out of sight. Later they were taken by Huggins on a long journey.

At Lumber City they were deserted in the belief that they were beyond the reach of government officials. They were told how to lie if the necessity for it came. They were

"going to California," so Huggins said. The government officials were wide awake, however, and brought the boys back to Pensacola to tell their stories to the grand jury.

Just what Huggins hoped to accomplish by accusing Buckley of murdering a "nigger" never appeared at the trial. The attorneys for the defense made less of the murder story when they got Arthur on the stand than they did of the story of how he lost a toe nail by an accident.

It was attested by several and contradicted by none that one of Gallagher's methods of punishment was to force

men to their knees at the muzzle of a gun and make them beg for mercy. There were those, however, who preferred flogging to begging.

Harry Lyman and John Cox were chased with guns and bloodhounds, captured, and returned to camp. Lyman had an encounter with a bloodhound before he was overpowered. Gallagher tied them to pine trees, and "Big Harry" whipped them. They got twenty lashes each with a cowhide. Then they were asked to beg for mercy. Lyman refused and got a double dose—forty lashes—and was promised that if he ran away again the bloodhounds would finish him.

Charles Haas, like Buckley and "Square Head," got his daily portion. It varied. Sometimes it was a stick, at others a whip or a strap, and again the toe of a big boot.

The camp consisted of a train of box cars. Some of these were filled with bunks—one was a kitchen, another a dining room. These were guarded by armed men during this experiment with cheap labor. The most



"JUDGE" JAMES JOHNSON

The Justice of the Peace whose verdicts returned escaping peons to the custody of Jackson Lumber Company's camp.

conspicuous example of Gallagher's system of discipline was given in the form of a *tableau vivant* for the benefit of the neophytes.

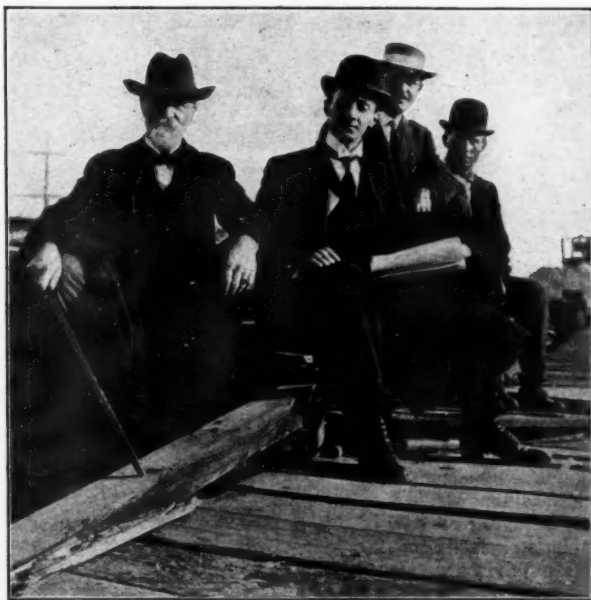
Joe McGinnis on the first night of his arrival in camp refused to share a bunk with an odoriferous foreigner. There may have been other objections. I happened to succeed Joe in the occupancy of that bunk, and I know that my own personal objections went farther than that. Gallagher got Joe out of the box car and showed fight. Joe also had a Celtic bias and fought back, but a flash, a whiz of lead past his face brought him to his knees. Three shots in rapid succession past the face of the trembling Irishman, and he begged for mercy. This was a picture of the law as Gallagher understood it before his course of instruction under Judge Swayne of Pensacola.

Another tableau was arranged in the "whipping barn" when Gallagher put a man's neck in a noose and forced him to his knees to say his prayers as a preliminary to what the victim thought was to be his death by strangling. Gallagher's language in all

these labor lessons was unprintable; but in the case of the rope the victim only understood what was done—not what was said. An interpreter translated the man's promise to raise \$200 as a reparation, and Gallagher withdrew.

This list of witnesses has been selected from a great number of peons, not because they were more brutally treated than others, but because it was their testimony that sent to the penitentiary the underlings of the Jackson Lumber Company, who were scapegoats for the higher officials and stockholders.

C. H. Monecke, a deputy marshal of Florida, told under oath how he had been used by the Jackson Lumber Company and others in arresting laborers and returning them to a state of peonage. He arrested one Joseph Barsoda, who strangely enough had brought his wife with him into the lumber region. It was his wife, too, who came to his rescue when he was in trouble. Details of the attempted escape of Joseph are lacking, but it so happened—providentially happened, I should say—that when he was captured by



OSCAR SANDOR ON HIS WAY TO PRISON

On the extreme right is Michael Trudica, for whose wrongs Sandor is undergoing punishment; next to him is Eugene P. Newlander, contract labor agent for the Jackson Lumber Company; and on the left the deputy sheriff.

Monecke and haled into Judge Johnson's court, Mrs. Harlan needed a domestic! Mr. Harlan was by this time getting an idea as to what constituted peonage. But he had an idea also that, backed by the legal talent of Monecke and Judge Johnson, he could construct a document that would baffle and split up the Supreme Court of the United States itself.

Mrs. Barsoda—so the document said—volunteered to work out her husband's debt in Mrs. Harlan's kitchen. Joseph volunteered to help her in any way the document demanded. Out of such captures Mr. Monecke made from \$5,000 to \$8,000 a year. The use of guns and shackles was frequent and sometimes fatal, but the fatalities fell on the unfortunates and the unknown. Even after the prosecutions had begun, laborers leaving the Jackson Lumber Company carried officially signed passports to Monecke in order to get away.

James Johnson, a justice of the peace in Florala, on oath testified that Harlan and Gallagher used his court as an auxiliary to their business. The usual proceeding was to have the laborers arrested for "obtaining money under false pretenses." Mr. Johnson is a veteran cavalryman of Joe Wheeler's Brigade. He is not a lawyer, nor does he know anything about law—it wasn't necessary that he should. He had an idea that he was administering the law of Alabama, and Mr. Harlan helped to confirm him in that belief. Mr. Johnson wasn't lonely in his callow simplicity. The editor of the *Florala News*, in writing an inspired editorial, said:

The Pensacola papers doubtless thought they were springing a sensation this week when they printed so many columns about desperadoes, man-beaters, and six-shooters, bloodhounds and starva-

tion at the Alabama lumber camps around Florala and Lockhart. The Germans or whatever nationality they were, who were interviewed by the industrious reporters were under contract with the Jackson Lumber Company and were furnished them by labor agencies in the North. The wages received was from \$1 a day and board to \$2.50 per day. And we don't believe they had any kick coming about the kind of provisions either, or does any one else around here. In fact the whole matter came as a surprise to people in this section.

THE COMPANY KEEPS TRAINED DOGS TO RUN DOWN SUCH FELLOWS AS JUMP CONTRACTS AND VIOLATE THE LAWS.

The last paragraph illustrates the editor's ignorance of the law.

When asked on the witness stand what he meant by the reference to the bloodhounds, he said he didn't know. Nor was Mr. Harlan better informed. In his peppery correspondence with the *Pensacola Journal* in speaking of the laborers he said: "They kept trying to escape."

The Rev. W. F. Martin, of Laurel Hill, stated under oath that he was a minister; that he knew the location of the lumber camps and had often visited them. He stated that the accommodations and food at the camp were good. After he had heard stories about ill treatment of the men he made inquiries and

found but one man who claimed to have been mistreated in any manner.

On cross-examination Mr. Martin admitted that he had not visited the camps often. In fact he had been but once, and then on the invitation of the company's physician. The clerk who drove him around told me the story. It was a cooked inspection. He was taken at the right time to the right place, and as a jolly good fellow interviewed the right men—for the company.

The company's physician, Dr. Trammel, told the jury that the men in the camp were



SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S FRIENDS
AMONG THE PEONS

Mr. Irvine is standing at the rear of the group.

treated as well as a man would treat his own family. He volunteered the amazing information that when men were sick of typhoid fever the company expected nothing from them. He also said that the company got out of the men about \$450 per month for medical care, his share of that being \$150 per month. Typhoid fever and intestinal diseases, he said, were the most prevalent maladies in camp.

"Typhoid fever is caused by a germ," he said, "but its origin is difficult to trace." It may be difficult for Dr. Trammel to trace it, but the most stupid lumber jack in Gallagher's camp could trace it for him! He would trace it to the foul, stagnant swamp which is the only water supply. Any negro in the woods could tell him how to minimize the danger—boil the water.

A dozen or more men from the camp perjured themselves on the witness stand. I interviewed them all—separately. I talked as a lumber jack—a brother workingman—as I drove a team of horses with them on a pine drift. All of them, without a single exception, described the place in one word—"hell." Men who testified under oath to the comfort of the place begged me on the eve

hence. The sodden bunks, the vermin, the death-laden water, the long hours and small pay all combined to push the vilest men some place where conditions were less vile.

Outside of judge and jury, the active forces



W. W. FLOURNOY
Counsel for the defense.

were aligned in three divisions—the government, the defense, and the local press. It was a prominent official of the Jackson Lumber Company who told me that the conviction was secured by the story old Jordoneff told. It was the principals in the prosecution—the functionaries of the government—who told me that the most powerful force in the trial was the *Pensacola Journal*.

Percy S. Hayes, city editor and Associated Press correspondent, and Ben H. Thomas, managing editor, went into the fight against peonage heart and soul. They did this facing several disadvantages, one of which was the fact that Harlan had used his influence among the merchants of Pensacola to hold the *Journal* in check. Here, then, was the unofficial South—in the persons of Hayes and Thomas—fighting with heart and brain a condition brought to Florida by capital from the West! These men represented the real South—the South with a soul!

It took a jury but twelve minutes to return a verdict of acquittal in a famous peonage trial in Jacksonville recently. Indeed, it was a mere formality for them to retire at all, for the verdict was demanded by forces they were unable to disregard. Mr. Flagler's paper, the *Florida Times-Union*, poked fun at the trial. The government prosecutor was



EX-JUDGE L. J. REEVES
Counsel for the defense.

of my departure, as I revealed myself to them, to be sure to tell the truth. "That's fierce enough," they said. They seemed afraid I would tell less. Not a man in the camp expected to be there three months

lukewarm, and one of his assistants was at the same time an assistant in the office of the General Manager of Mr. Flagler's Florida East Coast Railway, and the "turpentine bunch" had made their position clear. Business interests demanded that these business men be allowed to do business without federal interference.

But it was different at Pensacola. Business men there and turpentine men, too, kept their hands off and let the law take its course. The usual battle of brains and oratory followed the evidence. Counsel for the defense left nothing undone or unsaid that might help their clients.

Pointing to the defendants, leading counsel in his summing up said—said to these men of unprintable language, men of whips and guns and bloodhounds, "*If God be for you, who can be against you?*"

The verdict was one of guilty, for Gallagher, Grace, and Sandor, and the six men were sentenced at the same time. To each of four of them Judge Swayne gave thirteen months in the federal prison at Atlanta and \$1,000 fine, but to Harlan, who was the heart of the peonage system at Lockhart, he gave eighteen months and a \$5,000 fine. To Gallagher he gave fifteen months and a fine of \$1,000.

Of course an appeal was taken to a higher court. The officials went out on bonds. Meantime Sandor was shouldered out of the company. He soon awakened to the fact that, having done the company's bidding and getting jailed for it, the company had no further use for him. Newlander, his friend and fellow-countryman, had been similarly dealt with. Sandor surrendered himself to the court and asked to be sent to prison to begin his sentence. When asked why he didn't await the result of the appeal, he said: "I prefer the penitentiary to Lockhart!"

Judge Swayne remitted the fine and shortened his term in prison by a month. Sandor was turned over to a deputy sheriff, and Newlander and I accompanied him from the court room. On the sidewalk we met Michael Trudics (Mihaly) and old Manuel Jordoneff. I had photographed both of these peons in Fort Pickens in the gulf, and here they were on a day's leave of absence, and by accident we all met.

At my suggestion we went into a café and over a cup of coffee we talked over the events of the past summer. It was for bringing

Michael back that Sandor was on his way to serve a year in prison, but they were as friendly now as though they had been comrades in arms. Jordoneff, no longer on the verge of death, was overjoyed. His face was red and his eyes sparkled. He had almost forgotten; so had Michael.

Jordoneff kept his eye on the clock. When it was time to go, he stood erect with hat in hand to say good-by. The boat which would convey the peons back to the fort was almost due, and being happy they were punctual and conscientious. We accompanied them to the boat.

That night in Escambia Hotel, Sandor and Newlander unburdened themselves, and I related my experience as a teamster in the camp.

They gave me the combination to a system in which all of us had been a part—a system not only of exploitation but of cruelty and inhuman conditions and theft—but that will be another story.

It was the Hon. Fred Cubberly, now United States commissioner at Cedar Keys, Fla., who discovered the peonage laws of 1867. He was the first man in the United States to prosecute under the statutes. He saw the coercive measures of the taskmasters, and he found a partial remedy in a law the nation had forgotten. That was five years ago. Peonage existed many years before that, and exists now in a variety of subtle forms, but in its more flagrant and brutal forms the Department of Justice has been able to mitigate the evil.

The first case on record is the case of S. M. Clyatt, of Lifton, Ga., who on May 24, 1902, in the United States Court at Tallahassee, was convicted of a violation of section 5,526 of the Revised Statutes. The defendant Clyatt came from Georgia into Florida, accompanied by armed men, and with the assistance of the sheriff of Levy County, Fla., arrested two negroes who had run away from his turpentine camp in Georgia while indebted to him.

The men were forcibly arrested, taken out of the State without legal process, and forced to work for defendant in his camp. There was no defense. Clyatt was sentenced to four years' imprisonment in the federal prison, but he never served a day.

The two negroes disappeared suddenly and forever! They vanished as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. The outcome of the present appeal is awaited with interest.

(To be continued.)

THEODORA, GIFT OF GOD

BY MYRA KELLY

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX



ND then," cried Mary breathlessly, "what did they do then?"

"And then," her father obediently continued, "the two doughty knights smote lustily with their swords.

And each smote the other on the helmet and clove him to the middle. It was a fair battle and sightly."

But Mary's interest was unabated. "And then," she urged, "what did they do then?"

"Not much, I think. Even a knight of the Table Round stops fighting for a while when that happens to him."

"Didn't they do anything 't all?" the audience insisted. "You aren't leaving it out, are you? Didn't they bleed nor nothing?"

"Oh, yes, they bled."

"Then tell me that part."

"Well, they bled. They never stinteth bleeding for three days and three nights until they were pale as the very earth for bleeding. And they made great dole."

"And then, when they couldn't bleed any more nor make any more dole, what did they do?"

"They died."

"And then——"

"That's the end of the story," said the narrator definitely.

"Then tell me another," she pleaded, "and don't let them die so soon."

"There wouldn't be time for another long one," he pointed out as he encouraged his horse into an ambling trot. "We are nearly there now."

"After supper will you tell me one?"

"Yes," he promised.

"One about Lancelot and Elaine?"

"Yes," he repeated. "Anything you choose."

"I choose Lancelot," she declared.

"A great many ladies did," commented her father as the horse sedately stopped before the office of the *Arcady Herald-Journal*, of which he was day and night editor, sporting editor, proprietor, society editor, chief of the advertising department, and occasionally typesetter and printer and printer's devil.

Mary held the horse—which stood in need of no such restraint—while this composite of newspaper men secured his mail, and then they jogged off through the spring sunshine side by side in the ramshackle old buggy on a leisurely canvass of outlying districts in search of news or advertisements, or suggestions for the forthcoming issue.

In the wide-set, round, opened eyes of his small daughter, Herbert Buckley was the most wonderful person in the world. No stories were so intralling as his. No songs so tuneful, no invention so fertile, no temper so sweet, no companionship so precious. And her nine happy years of life had shown her no better way of spending summer days or winter evenings than in journeying, led by his hand and guided by his voice, through the pleasant ways of Camelot and the shining times of chivalry.

Upon a morning later in this ninth summer of her life Mary was perched high up in an apple tree enjoying the day, the green apples, and herself. The day was a glorious one in mid July, the apples were of a wondrous greenness and hardness, and Mary, for the first time in many weeks, was free to enjoy her own society. A month ago a grandmother and a maiden aunt had descended out of the land which had until then given forth only letters, birthday presents, and Christmas cards. And they had proved to be not at all the idyllic creatures which these

manifestations had seemed to prophesy, but a pair of very interfering old ladies with a manner of overruling Mary's gentle mother, browbeating her genial father, and cloistering herself.

This morning had contributed another female assuming airs of instant intimacy. She had gone up to the last remaining spare chamber, donned a costume all of crackling white linen, and had introduced herself, entirely uninvited, into the dim privacy of Mary's mother's room, whence Mary had been sternly banished.

"Another aunt!" was the outcast's instant inference as in a moment of accountable preoccupation on the part of the elders she had escaped to her own happy and familiar country: the world of out of doors; where female relatives seldom intruded, and where the lovely things of life were waiting.

When she had consumed all the green apples her constitution would accept—and they seemed pitifully few to her more robust mind—she descended from the source of her refreshment and set out upon a comprehensive tour of her domain. She liked living upon the road to Camelot. It made life interesting to be within measurable distance of the knights and ladies who lived and played and loved in the many-towered city of which one could gain so clear a view from the topmost branches of the hickory tree in the upper pasture. She liked to crouch in the elder bushes where a lane, winding and green-arched, crossed a corner of the cornfield, and to wait, through the long, still, summer mornings, for Lancelot or Galahad or Tristram or some other of her friends to come pricking his way through the sunshine. She could hear the clinking of his golden armor, the whinnying of his steed, the soft brushing of the branches as they parted before his helmet or his spear, the rustling of the daisies against his great white charger's feet. And then there was the river "where the aspens dusk and quiver," and where barges laden with sweet ladies passed and left ripples of foam on the water and ripples of light laughter in the air as, brilliant and fair bedight, they went winding down to Camelot.

This morning she revisited all these hallowed spots. She thrilled on the very verge of the river and quivered amid the waving corn. She scaled the sentinel hickory and turned her eyes upon the Southern city. It was nearly a week since she had been allowed to wander so far afield and Camelot seemed

more than ever wonderful as it lay in the shimmering distance gleaming and glistening beyond the hills. Trails of smoke waved above all the towers, showing where Sir Beaumanis still served his kitchen apprenticeship for his knighthood and his place at the Table Round. Thousands of windows flashed back the light.

"I could get there," pondered Mary, "if God would send me that goat and wagon. I guess there's quite a demand for goats and wagons. I could dress my goat all up in skirts like the ladies dressed their palfreys, an' I'd wear my hair loose on my shoulders—it's real goldy when it's loose—an' my best hat. I guess Queen Guinevere would be real glad to see me. "Oh, dear," she fretted as these visions came thronging back to her, "I wish Heaven would hurry up."

Between the pasture and the distant city she could distinguish the roofs of another of the havens of her dear desire: the house where the old ladies lived. Four old ladies there were, in the sweet autumn of their lives, and Mary's admiration of them was as passionate as were all her psychic states. She never could be quite sure as to which of the four she most adored. There was the gentle Miss Ann who taught her to recite verses of piercing and wilting sensibility, the brisk Miss Jane who explained and demonstrated the construction of many an old-time cake or pastry, the silent Miss Agnes who silently accepted assistance in her never-ending process of skeletonizing leaves and arranging them in prim designs upon cardboard, and the garrulous Miss Sabina who with a crochet needle, a hairpin, a spool with four pins driven into it, knitting needles, and other shining implements, could fashion, and teach Mary to fashion, weavings and spinings which might shame the most accomplished spider. Aided by her and by the reinforced spool above mentioned, Mary had already achieved five dirty inches of red woolen reins for the expected goat. But the house was distant just three fields, a barb-wire fence, a low stone wall, and a cross bull, and Mary knew that her unaccustomed leisure could not be expected to endure long enough for so perilous a pilgrimage.

Her dissatisfied gaze wandered back to her quiet home surrounded by its neatly laid out meadows, cornfield, orchard, barns, and garden. And a shadow fell upon her wistful little face.

"That old aunt," she grumbled, "she

makes me awful tired. She's always pokin' round an' callin' me."

Such, indeed, seemed the present habit and intent of the prim lady who was approaching, alternately clanging a dinner bell and calling in a tone of resolute sweetness:

here and I shall wait until you come to me."

"I ain't coming," announced the Dryad, and thereby disclosed her position, both actual and mental. "I suppose it's something I've done and I don't want to hear it, so



"*I ain't sorry I've been bad.*"

"Mary, O Mary, dear."

Mary parted the branches of her tree and watched, but made no sound.

"Mary," repeated the oncoming relative, "Mary, I want to tell you something." And added as she spied her niece's abandoned sunbonnet on the grass, "I know you're

there!" Then, her temper having been worn thin by much admonishing, she anticipated: "I *ain't* sorry I've been bad. I *ain't* ashamed to behave so when my mamma is sick in bed. And I don't care if you *do* tell my papa when he comes home to-night."

The intruding relative, discerning her,

stopped and smiled. And the smile was as a bandarilla to her niece's goaded spirit.

"Jiminy!" gasped that young person, "she's got a smile just like a teacher."

"Mary, dear," the intruder gushed, "God has sent you something."

The hickory flashed forth black and white and red. Mary stood upon the ground.

"Where are they?" she demanded.

"They?" repeated the lady. "There is only one."

"Why, I prayed for two. Which did He send?"

"Which do you think?" parried the lady.

"Which do you hope it is?"

Even Mary's scorn was unprepared for this weak-mindedness. "The goat of course," she responded curtly. "Is it the goat?"

"Goat!" gasped the scandalized aunt. "Goat! Why, God has sent you a baby sister, dear."

"A sister! a baby!" gasped Mary in her turn. "I don't need no sister. I prayed for a goat just as plain as plain. 'Dear God,' I says, 'please bless everybody and make me a good girl an' send me a goat an' wagon.' And they went an' changed it to a baby sister! Why, I never s'posed they made mistakes like that."

Crestfallen and puzzled she allowed herself to be led back to the darkened house where her grandmother met her with the heavenly substitute wrapped in flannel. And as she held it against the square and unresponsive bosom of her apron she realized how the "Bible gentleman" must have felt when he asked for bread and was given a stone.

During the weeks that followed, the weight of the stone grew heavier and heavier while the hunger for bread grew daily more acute. Not even the departure of interfering relatives could bring freedom, for the baby's stumpy arms bound Mary to the house as inexorably as bolts and bars could have done. She passed weary hours in a hushed room watching the baby when outside the sun was shining, the birds calling, the apples waxing greener and larger, and the shining knights and ladies winding down to Camelot. She sat upon the porch—still beside the baby—while the river rippled, the wheatfields wimpled, and the cows came trailing down from the pasture—down from the upland pasture where the sentinel hickory stood and watched until the sun went down, and, one by one, the lights came out in distant Camelot. She listened for the light laughter of the ladies,

the jingling of the golden armor, the swishing of the branches and of the waves. Listened all in vain, for Theodora, that gift of God, had powerful lungs and a passion for exercising them so that minor sounds were overwhelmed and only yells remained.

But the deprivation against which she most passionately rebelled was that of her father's society. Before the advent of Theodora she had been his constant companion. They were perfectly happy together, for the poet who at nineteen had burned to challenge the princes of the past and to mold the destinies of the future was, at twenty-nine, very nearly content to busy himself about the occurrences of the present and to edit a weekly paper in the town which had known and honored his father and was proud of, if puzzled by, their well-informed *débonair* son. Even himself he sometimes puzzled. He knew that this was not to be his life's work: this chronicling of the very smallest beer, this gossip and friendliness and good cheer. But it served to fill his leisure and his modest exchequer until such time as he could finish his great tragedy and take his destined place among the writers of his time. Meanwhile he told himself, with somewhat rueful humor, there was always an editor ready to think well of his minor poems and an audience ready to marvel at them; "which is more, my dear," he pointed out to his admiring wife, "than Burns could have said for himself—or Coleridge."

And when his confidence and his hopes flickered, as the strongest of hopes and confidence sometimes will, when his tragedy seemed far from completion, his paper paltry, and his life narrow, he could always look into his daughter's eyes and there find faith in himself and strength and sunny patience.

Formerly these fountains of perpetual youth had been beside him all the long days through. From village to village, from store to farm, they had jogged side by side in a lazy old buggy; he smoking long, silent pipes, perhaps, or entertaining his companion with tales and poems of the days of chivalry when men were brave and women fair and all the world was young. And Mary, enthralled, enrapt, adoring her father, and seeing every picture conjured up by his sonorous rhythm or quaint phrase, was much more familiar with the deeds and gossip of King Arthur's court than with events of her own day and country.

So that while Mary, tied to the baby, yearned for the wide spaces of her freedom,

Mr. Buckley, lonely in a dusty buggy, jogging over the familiar roads, thought longingly of a little figure in an irresponsible sunbonnet, and found it difficult to bear patiently with matronly neighbors, who congratulated him upon this arrangement, and assured him that his little playfellow would now quickly outgrow her old-fashioned ways and become as other children, "which she would never have, Mr. Buckley, as long as you let her tag around

for whose existence she regarded herself as entirely to blame. Had she not—without consulting her parents—applied to high heaven for an increase in live stock, and was not the answer to this application, however inexact, manifestly her responsibility?

"They're awful good to me," she pondered. "They ain't scolded me a mite, an' I just know how they must feel about it. Mamma ain't had her health ever since that baby



"The perambulator balked at the first stone wall."

with you and filled her head with impossible nonsense."

It was not a desire for any such alteration which made him acquiesce in the separation. It was a very grave concern for his wife's health and a very sharp realization that, until he could devise some means of increasing his income, he could not afford to engage a more experienced nurse for the new arrival. He had no ideas of the suffering entailed upon his elder daughter. He was deceived, as was everyone else, by the gentle uncomplainingness with which she waited upon Theodora,

come, an' papa looks worried most to death. If they'd 'a'sent that goat an' wagon I could 'a' took mamma riding. Ain't prayers terrible when they go wrong!" And in gratitude for their forbearance she, erstwhile the companion—or at least the audience—of fealty knight and ladies, bowed her small head to the swathed and shapeless feet of heaven's error and became waiting woman to a flannel bundle.

Only her dreams remained to her. She could still look forward to the glorious time of "when I'm big." She could still unbind

her dun-colored hair and shake it in the sun. She could still quiver with anticipation as she surveyed her brilliant future. A beautiful prince was coming to woo her. He would ride to the door and kneel upon the front porch while all his shining retinue filled the front yard and overflowed into the road. Then she would appear and, since these things were to happen in the days of her maturity—perhaps when she was twelve years old—she would be radiantly beautiful and her hair would be all goldy gold and curly, and it would trail upon the ground a yard or two behind her as she walked. And the prince would be transfixed. And when he was all through being that—Mary often wondered what it was—he would arise and sing, "Nicholette, the bright of brow," or some other disguised personality, while all his shining retinue would unsling hautboys and lyres and—and—mouth organs and play ravishing music.

And when she rode away to be the prince's bride and to rule his fair lands, her father and her mother should ride with her, all in the sunshine of the days "when I'm big"—the wonderful days "when I'm big."

Meanwhile, being but little, she served the flannel bundle even as Sir Beaumanis had served a yet lowlier apprenticeship. But she still stormed high heaven to rectify its mistake.

"And please, dear God, if you are all out of goats and wagons, send rabbits. But anyway come and take away this baby. My mamma ain't well enough to take care of it an' I can't spare the time. We don't need babies, but we do need that goat and wagon."

And the powers above, with a mismanagement which struck their petitioner dumb, sent a wagon—only a wagon—and it was a gocart for the baby, and Mary was to be the goat.

With this millstone tied about her neck, she was allowed to look upon the scenes of her early freedom, and no inquisitor could have devised a more anguishing torture than that to which Mary's suffering and unsuspecting mother daily consigned her suffering and uncomplaining daughter.

"Walk slowly up and down the paths, dear, and don't leave your sister for a moment. Isn't it nice that you have somebody to play with now?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary. "But she ain't what I'd call playful."

"You used to be so much alone," Mrs.

Buckley continued. Mary breathed sharply and her mother kissed her sympathetically. "But now you always have your sister with you. Isn't it fine, dearie?"

"Yes, ma'am," repeated the victim, and bent her little energies to the treadmill task of wheeling the gocart to the orchard gate, where all wonders began, and then, with an effort as exhausting to the will as to the body, turning her back upon the lane, the river, and the sentinel tree, to trundle her juggernaut between serried rows of cabbages and carrots.

Then slowly she began to hate, with a deep, abiding hatred, the flannel bundle. She loathed the very smell of flannel before Theodora was six short weeks old, and the sight of the diminutive laundry which hung upon the line between the cherry trees almost drove her to arson.

The shy, quick-darting creature—half child and half humming bird—was forced to drag that monstrous perambulator on all her expeditions. After a month's confinement to the garden, where knights and ladies never penetrate, she managed to bump her responsibility out into the orchard. But the glory was all in the treetops, and Mary soon grew restless under her mother's explicit directions. "Up and down the walks" meant imprisonment—despair. Theodora should have tried to make her rôle of albatross as acceptable as it might be made to the long-suffering mariner about whose neck she hung, but she showed a callousness and a heartless selfishness which nothing could excuse. Mary would sometimes plead with all gentleness and courtesy for a few short moments' freedom.

"Theodora," she would begin, "Theodora, listen to me a minute," and the gift of God would make aimless pugilistic passes at her interlocutor.

"O Theodora, I'm awful tired of stayin' down here on the ground. Wouldn't you just as lieves play you was a mad bull an' I was a lady in a red dress?"

Theodora, after some space spent in apparent contemplation, would wave a cheerful acquiescence.

"An' then I'll be scared of you an' I'll run away an' climb as high as anything in the hickory tree up there on the hill. Let's play it right now, Theodora. There's something I want to see up there."

Taking her sister's bland smile for ratification and agreement, Mary would set about

her personification, shed her apron lest its damaged appearance convict her in older eyes, and speed toward her goal. But the mad bull's shrieks of protest and repudiation would startle every bit of chivalry for miles and miles around.

Several experiences of this nature taught Mary that, in dealing with infants of changeable and rudimentary mind, honesty was an impossible policy and candor a very boomerang, which returned and smote one with savage force. So she stooped to guile and detested the flannel all the more deeply because of the state to which it was debasing an upright conscience and a high sense of honor.

At first her lapses from the right were all negative. She neglected the gift of God. She would abandon it—always in a safe and shady spot and always with its covers smoothly tucked in, its wobbly parasol adjusted at the proper

angle, and always with a large piece of wood tied to the perambulator's handle by a labyrinth of elastic strings. These Mary had drawn from abandoned garters, sling-shots, and other mysterious sources, and they allowed the wood to jerk unsteadily up and down, and to soothe the unsuspecting Theodora with a spasmodic rhythm very like the ministrations of her preoccupied nurse.

Meanwhile the nurse would be far afield upon her own concerns, and Theodora was never one of them. The river, the lane, the tall hickory knew her again and again. Camelot shone out across the miles of hill and

tree and valley. But the river was silent and the lane empty and Camelot seemed very far as autumn cleared the air. Perhaps this was because knights and ladies manifest themselves only to the pure of heart. Perhaps because Mary was always either consciously or subconsciously listening for the recalling shrieks of the abandoned and prized gift of God.

"Stop it, I tell you," she admonished her purple-faced and convulsive charge one afternoon when all the world was gold. "Stop it, or mamma will be coming after us, and making us stay on the back porch." But Theodora in the boastfulness of her new lungs yelled uninter- ruptedly on. Then did Mary try cajolery. She removed her sister from the perambulator and staggered back in a sitting posture with suddenness and force. The jar gave Theodora pause, and Mary crammed the silence full of promise.



"Mrs. Buckley's baby!"

"If you'll stop yellin' now I'll see that my prince husband lets you to be a goose girl on the hills behind our palace. Its awful nice being a goose girl," she hastened to add lest the prospect fail to charm. "If I didn't have to marry that prince an' be a queen I guess I'd been a goose girl myself. Yes, sir, it's lovely work on the hills behind a palace with all the knights ridin' by an' sayin', 'Fair maid, did'st see a boar pass by this way?' You don't have to be afraid—you'd never have to see one. In all the books the goose girls didn't never see no boars and the knights gave 'em a piece of gold an' smiled on 'em,

and the sunshine shined on 'em, an' they had a lovely time."

Having stumbled into the road to peace of conscience, Mary trod it bravely and joyously. Theodora's future rank increased with the decrease of her present comfort; but her posts, though lofty and remunerative, were never such as would bring her into intimate contact with the person of the queen.

She was betrothed to the son of a noble—and very distant—house after an afternoon when the perambulator, ill-trained to cross-country work, balked at the first stone wall on the way to the old ladies' house. It was then dragged backward for a judicious distance and faced at the obstacle at a mad gallop. Umbrella down, handle up, wheels madly whirring, it was forced to the jump. Again it refused, reared high into the air, stood for an instant upon its hind wheels and then fell supinely on its side, shedding its blankets, its pillows, and Theodora upon the cold, hard stones.

After that her rise was rapid and the distance separating her from her sister's elaborate court more perilous and more beset with seas and boars and mountains and robbers. She was allowed to wed her high-born betrothed when she had been forgotten for three hours while Mary learned a heart-rending poem commencing, "Oh, hath she then failed in her troth, the beautiful maid I adore?" until even Miss Susan could only weep in intense enjoyment and could suggest no improvement in the recitation.

On another occasion Mary was obliged to borrow the perambulator for the conveyance of leaves and branches with which to build a bower withal; and Theodora, having been established in unfortunate proximity to an ant-hill, was thoroughly explored by its inhabitants ere her ministering sister realized that her cries and agitation were anything more than her usual attitude of protest against whatever chanced to be going on. By the time the bower was finished and the perambulator ready for its customary occupant, that young person was in a position to claim heavy damages.

"Don't you care," said Mary cheerfully as she relieved Theodora from the excessive animation. "I can make it up to you when I'm big. My prince husband—I guess he'd better be a king by that time—will go over to your country an' kill your husband's father an' his grandfather an' all the kings an' princes until there's nobody only your

husband to be king. Then you'll be a queen you see, an' live in a palace. So now hush up." And one future majesty was rocked upside down by another until the royal face of the younger queen was purple and her voice was still.

Mary found it more difficult to quiet her new and painful agnosticism, and in her efforts to reconcile dogma with manifestation she evolved a series of theological and economical questions which surprised her father and made her mother's head reel. She further manifested a courteous attention when the minister came to call and she engaged him in spiritual converse until he writhed again. For a space her investigations led her no whither, and then, without warning, the man of peace solved her dilemma and shed light unto her path.

A neighbor ripe in years and good works had died. The funeral was over and the man of God had stopped to rest in the pleasant shade of Mrs. Buckley's trees and in the pleasant sound of Mrs. Buckley's voice. Mary, the gocart, and Theodora completed the group, and the minister spoke.

"A good man," he repeated. "Ah, Mrs. Buckley, he will be sadly missed! But the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be—"

"When?" demanded Mary breathlessly. "When does He take away?"

"In His own good time."

"When's that?"

"'Tis not for sinful man to say. He sends His message to the man in the pride of his youth or to the babe in its cradle. He reaches forth His hand and takes them."

"But when—" Mary was beginning when her mother, familiar with the Socratic nature of her daughter's conversation and its exhaustive effect upon the interlocutor, interposed a remark which guided the current of talk out of heavenly channels and back to the material plain.

But Mary had learned all that she cared to know. It was not necessary that she should suffer the exactions of the baby or subject her family to them. The Lord had given and would take away! The minister had said so, and the minister knew all about the Lord. And if the powers above were not ready to send for the baby, it would be easy enough to deposit it in the Lord's own house, which showed its white spire beyond the first turn in the road which led to Camelot. There the Lord would find it and take it



"There Herbert Buckley found her."

away. This would be, she reflected, the quiet, dignified, ladylike thing to do. And the morrow, she decided, would be an admirable day on which to do it.

Therefore on the morrow she carefully decked Theodora in small finery, hung garlands of red and yellow maple leaves upon the perambulator, twined chains of winter-green berries about its handle, tied a bunch of gorgeous golden rod to its parasol, and trundled it by devious and obscure ways to the sacred precincts of God's house.

"They look real well," she commented. "If I was sure about that goat I might keep the cart, but it really ain't the right kind for a goat. I guess I'd better take 'em back just like they are, an' when the Lord sees how I got 'em all fancied up, he'll know I ain't a careless child, an' maybe I'd get that goat after all."

So the disprized little gifts of God were bumped up the church steps, wheeled up the aisle, and bestowed in a prominent spot before the chancel rail. Some one was playing soft music at the unseen organ, but Mary accepted soft music as a phenomenon natural

to churches and failed to connect it with human agency. Sedately she set out Theodora's bows and ruffles to the best advantage. Carefully she rearranged the floral decorations of the perambulator and set her elastic understudy in erratic motion. Complacently she surveyed the whole and walked out into the sunshine—free. And presently the minister, the intricacies of a new hymn reconciled to the disabilities of a lack of ear and a lack of training, came out into the body of the church, where the gifts of God, bland in smiles and enwreathed in verdure, were waiting to be taken away.

"Mrs. Buckley's baby" was his first thought. "I wonder where that queer little Mary is" was his second. And his third—it came when he was tired of waiting for some solution of his second—was an embarrassed realization that he would be obliged to take his unexpected guest home to its mother. And the quiet town of Arcady rocked upon its foundations as he did it.

"In the church," marveled Mrs. Buckley. "How careless of Mary!" she apologized, and "How good of you!" she smiled. "No,

I'm not in the least worried. She always had a way of trotting off to her own diversions when she was not with her father. And lately she has been astonishingly patient about spending her time with baby. I have felt quite guilty about it. But after to-day she will be free, as Mr. Buckley has found a nurse to relieve her. He was beginning to grow desperate about Mary and me—said we neither of us had a moment to waste on him—and yet could not find a nurse whom we felt we could afford. And yesterday a young woman walked into his office to put an advertisement in his paper for just such a position as we had to offer. She is a German, wants to learn English, and she will be here this afternoon."

"Perhaps your little girl resented her coming," he suggested vaguely. "Perhaps that was the reason——"

"Mary resentful!" laughed Mrs. Buckley. "She doesn't, bless her gentle little heart, know the meaning of the word. Besides which we haven't told her about the girl, as we are rather looking forward to that first interview, and wondering how Mary will acquit herself in a conversational Waterloo. She can't, you know, make life miserable and information bitter to a German who speaks no English. 'Ja' or 'nein' alternately and interchangeably may baffle even her skill in questioning."

Mary, meanwhile, was hurrying along the way to Camelot. She had not planned the expedition in advance. Rather it was the inevitable reaction toward license which marks the success of any revolution. She had cast off the bonds of the baby carriage, her time and her life were her own, and the road stretched white and straight toward Camelot.

It was afternoon and the sun was near its setting when at last she reached the towered city and found it in all ways delightful but in some surprising. She was prepared for the moat and for the drawbridge across it, but not for the exceeding dirtiness of its water and the dinginess of its barges. She had expected it to be wider and perhaps cleaner, and the castles struck her as being ill adapted to resist siege and the shocks of war since nearly all their walls were windows. And through these windows she caught glimpses of the strangest interiors which ever palaces boasted. Miles and acres of bare wooden tables stood under the shade of straight iron trees. From the trees black ribbons de-

pended. In the treetops there were wheels and shining iron bars, and all about the tables there were other iron bars and bolts and bands of greasy leather.

"I don't see a round table anywhere," she reflected. "What do you s'pose they do with all those little square ones?" She sought the answer to this question through many a dirty pane and many a high-walled street. But the palaces and the streets were empty and the explorer discovered with a quick-sinking heart and confidence that she was alone and hungry and very far from home.

She was treading close upon the verge of tears when her path debouched upon the central square of Camelot. And straightway she forgot her doubts and puzzlements, her hunger and her increasing weariness—for she had found "The Court." Across a fair green plaisance, all seemly beset with flower and shrub, the wide doors of a church stood open. Tall palaces were all about, and in every window, on every step, on the green benches which dotted the plaisance, on every possible elevation or post of observation, the good folk of Camelot stood or hung or even fought, to watch the procession of beauty and chivalry as it came foaming down the steps, broke into eddies, and disappeared among the thronging carriages. Mary found it quite easy to identify the illustrious personages in the procession when once she had realized that they would, of course, not be in armor on a summer's afternoon, and at what even, to her inexperienced eyes, was manifestly a wedding.

First to emerge was a group of the younger knights, frock-coated, silk-hatted, pale gray of waistcoat and gloves, white and effulgent of *boutonnaire*. Excitement, almost riot resulted among the much-caparisoned horses, the much-favored coachmen, and the much-beribboned equipages of state. But the noise increased to clamor and eagerness to violence when an ethereal figure in floating tulle and clinging lace was led out into the afternoon light by a more resplendent edition of black-coated, gray-trousered knighthood.

The next wave was all of pink chiffon and nodding plumes. The first wave, after trickling about the carriages and the coachman, receded up the steps again to be lost and mingled in the third, and then both swept down to the carriages again and were absorbed. Then the steady tide of departing royalty set in. Then horses plunged, elderly knights fussed, court ladies commented upon

the heat, the bride, the presents, or their neighbors. Then the bride's father mopped his brow and the bridegroom's mother wept a little. Then there was much shaking or waving of hands or of handkerchiefs. Then the bridal carriage began to move, the bride began to smile, and rice and flowers and confetti and good wishes and slippers filled the air. Then other carriages followed, then the good folk of Camelot followed, an aged man closed the wide church doors, and the square was left to the sparrows, pink sunshine, confetti, rice, and Mary.

The little pilgrim's sunbonnet was hanging down her back, her hair was loose upon her shoulders, "an' real goldy" where it caught the sun, and her eyes were wide and deep with happiness and faith. She crossed the wide plaisance and stood upon the steps, she gathered up three white roses and a shred of lace, she sat down to rest upon the topmost step, she laid her cheek against the inhospitable doors, and, in the language of the stories she loved so well, "so fell she on sleep" with the tired flowers in her tired hands.

And there Herbert Buckley found her. He had traveled far afield on that autumn afternoon; but it is not every day that the daughter of the owner of one half the mills in a manufacturing town is married to the owner of the other half, and when such things do occur to the accompaniment of illustrious visitors, a half-holiday in all the mills, perfect weather, and unlimited hospitality, it behooves the progressive journalist and reporter for miles around to sing "haste to the wedding," and to draw largely upon his adjectives and his fountain pen. The editorial staff of the *Arcady Herald-Journal* turned homeward, and was evolving phrases in which to describe that gala day when his eye caught the color of a familiar little sunbonnet, the outline of a familiar little figure. But such a drooping little sunbonnet! Such a relaxed little figure! Such a weary little face! And such a wildly impossible place in

which to find a little daughter. Then he remembered having seen Miss Ann and Miss Amanda among the spectators and his wonder changed to indignation.

It was nearly dark when Mary opened her eyes again and found herself sheltered in her father's arm and rocked by the old familiar motion of the buggy.

"And then," she prompted sleepily as her old habit was, "what did they do then?"

"They were married," his quiet voice replied.

"And then?"

"Oh, then they went away together and lived happily ever after."

For some space there was silence and a star came out. Mary watched it drowsily and then drowsily began:

"When I was to Camelot——"

"Where?" demanded her father.

"When I was to Camelot," she repeated, cuddling close to him as if to show that there were dearer places than that gorgeous city, "I saw a knight and a lady getting married. And lots of other knights was there—they didn't wear their fighting clothes—and lots of other ladies—pink ones. An' Arthur wore a stovepipe hat an' Guinvere wore a white dress, an' she had white feathers in her crown. An' Lancelot, he was there—all getting married. Daddy, dear," she broke off to question, "were you ever to Camelot?"

"Oh, yes, I was there," he answered, "but it was a great many years ago."

"Did you find roses?" she asked, exhibiting her wilted treasures.

"I found your mother there, my dear."

"And then, what did you do then?"

"Well, then we were married and lived happily ever after."

"And then——?"

"There was you and we lived happier ever after."

And Mary fell on sleep again in the shelter of her father's arm while the stars came out and the glow of joyant Camelot lit all the southern sky.

THE YOUNGER SET

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Fighting Chance," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

CHAPTER III (continued)



ELWYN and Mrs. Ruthven exchanged a dazed nod of recognition, a meaningless murmur, and turned again, apparently undisturbed, to their respective dinner partners.

A great many curious eyes, lingering on them, shifted elsewhere, in reluctant disappointment.

As for the hostess, she had for one instant come as near to passing heavenward as she could without doing it when she discovered the situation. Then she accepted it with true humor. She could afford to. But her daughters, Sheila and Dorothy, suffered acutely, being of this year's output and martyrs to responsibility.

Instead of two or three dozen small tables, scattered among the palms of the winter garden, their hostess had preferred to construct a great oval board around the aquarium. The arrangement made it a little easier for Selwyn and Mrs. Ruthven. He talked to his dinner partner until she began to respond in monosyllables, which closed each subject that he opened and wearied him as much as he was boring her. But Bradley Harmon, the man on her right, evidently had better fortune; and presently Selwyn found himself with nobody to talk to, which came as near to embarrassing him as anything could, and which so enraged his hostess that she struck his partner's name from her lists forever. People were already glancing at him askance in sly amusement or cold curiosity.

Then he did a thing which endeared him

to Mrs. T. West Minster and to her two disconsolate children.

"Mrs. Ruthven," he said, very naturally and pleasantly, "I think perhaps we had better talk for a moment or two—if you don't mind."

She said quietly, "I don't mind," and turned with charming composure. Every eye shifted to them, then obeyed decency or training; and the slightest break in the gay tumult was closed up with chatter and laughter.

"Plucky," said Sandon Craig to his fair neighbor; "but by what chance did our unfortunate hostess do it?"

"She's usually doing it, isn't she? What occupies me," returned his partner, "is how on earth Alixe could have thrown away that adorable man for Jack Ruthven; why, he is already trying to scramble into Rosamund Fane's lap—the horrid little poodle!—always curled up on the edge of your skirt!"

She stared at Mrs. Ruthven across the crystal reservoir brimming with rose and ivory-tinted water lilies.

"That girl is marked for destruction," she said slowly; "the gods have done their work already."

Selwyn, outwardly amiable and formal, was saying in a low voice: "My dinner partner is quite impossible, you see; and I happen to be here as a filler in—commanded to the presence only a few minutes ago. It's a pardonable error; I bear no malice. But I'm sorry for you."

There was a silence; Alixe straightened her slim figure, and turned; but young Innis, who had taken her in, had become confidential with Mrs. Fane. Alixe broke a tiny morsel from her bread, sensible of the tension.

"I suppose," she said, as though reciting to some new acquaintance an amusing bit of gossip, "that we are destined to this sort of thing occasionally and had better get used to it."

"I suppose so."

"Please," she added after a pause, "aid me a little."

"I will if I can. What am I to say?"

"Have you nothing to say?" she asked, smiling; "it need not be very civil, you know—as long as nobody hears you."

They exchanged a few meaningless phrases, then she resolutely took young Innis away from Rosamund Fane, leaving Selwyn to count the bubbles in his wineglass.

But in a few moments, whether by accident or deliberate design, Rosamund interfered again, and Mrs. Ruthven was confronted with the choice of a squabble for possession of young Innis, of conspicuous silence, or of resuming once more with Selwyn; and chose the last resort.

"You are living in town?" she asked pleasantly.

"Yes."

"Of course; I forgot. I met a man last night who said you had entered the firm of Neergard & Co."

"I have. Who was the man?"

"You can never guess, Captain Selwyn."

"I don't want to. Who was he?"

"Please don't terminate so abruptly the few subjects we have in reserve. We may be obliged to talk to each other for a number of minutes if Rosamund doesn't let us alone. The man was 'Boots' Lansing."

"Boots! Here!"

"Arrived from Manila Sunday. *Sans gêne* as usual he introduced you as the subject, and told me—oh, dozens of things about you. I suppose he began inquiring for you before he crossed the troopers' gangplank and somebody sent him to Neergard & Co. Haven't you seen him?"

"No," he said, staring at the brilliant fish, which glided along the crystal tank, goggling their eyes at the lights.

"Boots' says that he is expecting to take an apartment with you somewhere."

"What! Has 'Boots' resigned?"

"So he says. He told me that you had resigned. I did not understand that; I imagined you were here on leave until I heard about Neergard & Co."

"Do you suppose I could have remained in the service?" he demanded. His voice was dry and almost accentless.

"Why not?" she returned, paling.

"You may answer that question more pleasantly than I can."

She usually avoided champagne; but she had to do something for herself now. As for him, he took what was offered without noticing what he took, and grew whiter and whiter; but a fixed glow gradually appeared and remained on her cheeks; courage, impatience, a sudden anger at the forced conditions steadied her nerves.

"Will you please prove equal to the situation?" she said under her breath, but with a charming smile. "Do you know you are scowling? These people here are ready to laugh; and I'd much prefer that they tear us to rags on suspicion of our overfriendliness."

"Who is that fool woman who is monopolizing your partner?"

"Rosamund Fane; she's doing it on purpose. You must try to smile now and then."

"My face is stiff with grinning," he said; "but I'll do what I can for you—"

"Please include yourself, too."

"Oh, I can stand their opinions," he said; "I only meet the yellow sort occasionally; I don't herd with them."

"I do, thank you."

"How do you like them? What is your opinion of the yellow set? Here they sit all about you—the Phoenix Mottlys, Mrs. Delmour-Carnes yonder, the Draymores, the Orchils, the Vendenning lady, the Lawns of Westlawn"—he paused, then deliberately—"and the 'Jack' Ruthvens. I forgot, Alixe, that you are now perfectly equipped to carry aloft the golden hod."

"Go on," she said, drawing a deep breath, but the fixed smile never altered.

"No," he said; "I can't talk. I thought I could, but I can't. Take that boy away from Mrs. Fane as soon as you can."

"I can't yet. You must go on. I ask your aid to carry this thing through. I—I am afraid of their ridicule. Could you try to help me a little?"

"If you put it that way, of course." And, after a silence: "What am I to say? What in God's name shall I say to you, Alixe?"

"Anything bitter—as long as you control your voice and features. Try to smile at me when you speak, Philip."

"All right. I have no reason to be bitter, anyway," he said; "and every reason to be otherwise."

"That is not true. You tell me that I have ruined your career in the army. I did

not dream you would have to resign. Do you believe me?"

"There is no choice," he said coldly. "Drop the subject!"

"That is brutal. I never thought—" She forced a smile and drew her glass toward her. The straw-tinted wine slopped over and frothed on the white skin of her arm.

"Well," she breathed, "this ghastly dinner is nearly ended."

He nodded pleasantly.

"And—Phil?"—a bit tremulous.

"What?"

"Was it all my fault? I mean in the beginning? I've wanted to ask you that—to know your view of it. Was it?"

"No. It was mine, most of it."

"Not all—not half! We did not know how; that is the wretched explanation of it all."

"And we could never have learned; that's the rest of the answer. But the fault is not there."

"I know; 'better to bear the ills we have.'"

"Yes, more respectable to bear them. Let us drop this, in decency's name, Alixe!"

After a silence she began: "One more thing—I must know it; and I am going to ask you if I may. Shall I?"

He smiled cordially, and she laughed as though confiding a delightful bit of news to him:

"Do you regard me as sufficiently important to dislike me?"

"I do not—dislike you."

"Is it stronger than dislike, Phil?"

"Yes."

"Contempt?"

"No."

"What is it?"

"It is that—I have not yet—become—reconciled."

"To my—folly?"

"To mine."

She strove to laugh lightly, and failing, raised her glass to her lips again.

"Now you know," he said, pitching his tones still lower. "I am glad after all that we have had this plain understanding. I have never felt unkindly toward you. I can't. What you did I might have prevented had I known enough; but I cannot help it now; nor can you if you would."

"If I would," she repeated gayly—for the people opposite were staring.

"We are done for," he said, nodding carelessly to a servant to refill his glass; "and I

abide by conditions because I choose to; not," he added contemptuously, "because a complacent law has tethered you to—the thing that has crawled up onto your knees to have its ears rubbed."

The level insult to her husband stunned her; she sat there, upright, the white smile stamped on her stiffened lips, fingers tightening about the stem of her wineglass.

He began to toss bread crumbs to the scarlet fish, laughing to himself in an ugly way. "I wish to punish you? Why, Alixe, only look at *him*! Look at his gold wristlets; listen to his simper, his lip. Little girl—oh, little girl, what have you done to yourself—for you have done nothing to me, child, that can match it in sheer atrocity!"

Her color was long in returning.

"Philip," she said unsteadily, "I don't think I can stand this——"

"Yes, you can."

"I am too close to the wall. I——"

"Talk to Scott Innis. Take him away from Rosamund Fane; that will tide you over. Or feed those fool fish; like this! Look how they rush and flap and spatter! That's amusing, isn't it—for people with the intellects of canaries. . . . Will you please try to say something? Mrs. T. West is exhibiting the restless symptoms of a hen turkey at sundown and we'll all go to roost in another minute. . . . Don't shiver that way!"

"I c-cant control it; I will in a moment. . . . Give me a chance; talk to me, Phil."

"Certainly. The season has been unusually gay and the opera most stupidly brilliant; stocks continue to fluctuate; another old woman was tossed and gored by a mad motor this morning. . . . More time, Alixe? . . . With pleasure; Mrs. Vendenning has bought a third-rate castle in Wales; a man was found dead with a copy of the *Tribune* in his pocket—the verdict being in accordance with fact; the Panama Canal——"

But it was over at last; a flurry of sweeping skirts; ranks of black and white in escort to the passage of the fluttering silken procession.

"Good-by," she said; "I am not staying for the dance."

"Good-by," he said pleasantly; "I wish you better fortune for the future. I'm sorry I was rough."

After a while he found himself in the ball-room. The younger set was arriving; he recognized several youthful people, friends of Eileen Erroll; and taking his bearings among these bright, fresh faces—amid this animated

throng, constantly increased by the arrival of others, he started to find his hostess, now lost to sight in the breezy circle of silk and lace setting in from the stairs.

He said to a girl, behind whose chair he was standing: "All the younger brothers and sisters are coming here to confound me; I hear a Miss Innis announced, but it turns out to be her younger sister——"

"By the way, do you know my name?" she asked.

"No," he said frankly; "do you know mine?"

"Of course, I do; I listened breathlessly when somebody presented you wholesale at your sister's the other day. I'm Rosamund Fane. You might as well be instructed because you're to take me in at the Orchils' next Thursday night, I believe."

"Rosamund Fane," he repeated coolly. "I wonder how we've avoided each other so consistently this winter? I never before had a good view of you, though I heard you talking to young Innis at dinner. And yet," he added, smiling, "if I had been instructed to look around and select somebody named Rosamund, I certainly should have decided on you."

"If a woman keeps at a man long enough she'll extract compliments or yawns," she said; and looking up at a chinless young man who had halted near her: "George, Captain Selwyn has acquired such a charmingly Oriental fluency during his residence in the East that I thought—if you ever desired to travel again——" She shrugged, and, glancing at Selwyn: "Have you met my husband? Oh, of course."

They exchanged a commonplace or two, then other people separated them without resistance on their part.

His sister, Selwyn had once thought, was certainly the most delightfully youthful matron in New York. But now he made an exception of Mrs. Fane; Rosamund Fane was much younger—must have been younger, for she still had something of that volatile freshness—that vague atmosphere of immaturity clinging to her like a perfume almost too delicate to detect. And under that the most profound capacity for mischief he had ever known of.

Mrs. T. West Minster disengaged herself from the throng as he approached.

No—and he was so sorry; and it was very amiable of his hostess to want him, but he was not remaining for the dance.

So much for the hostess, who stood there massive and gem-laden, her kindly and painted features tinted now with genuine emotion.

"*Je m'accuse, mon fils!*—but you acted like a perfect dear," she said. "*Mea culpa, mea culpa;* and can you forgive a very much mortified old lady who is really and truly fond of you?"

"Forgive you?" he repeated with a laugh of protest. "On the contrary, I thank you. Mrs. Ruthven is one of the most charming women I know, if that is what you mean?"

Looking after him as he made his way toward the cloak room: "The boy is thoroughbred," she reflected cynically; "and the only amusement anybody can get out of it will be at my expense! Rosamund is a perfect cat!"

He had sent for his cab, which, no doubt, was in line somewhere, wedged among the ranks of carriages stretching east and west along the snowy street; and he stood on the thick crimson carpet under the awning while it was being summoned.

The Cornelius Suydams, emerging from the house, offered Selwyn tonneau room, but he smilingly declined, having a mind for solitude and the Lenox Club; a phalanx of débutantes, opera bound, also left; then the tide set heavily the other way, and there seemed no end to the line of arriving vehicles and guests, until he heard a name pronounced; a policeman warned back an approaching Fiat; and Selwyn saw Mrs. Ruthven, enveloped in white furs, step from the portal.

She saw him as he moved back, nodded, passed directly to her brougham, and set foot on the step. Pausing here, she looked about her, right and left, then over her shoulder straight back at Selwyn; and as she stood in silence evidently awaiting him, it became impossible for him any longer to misunderstand without a public affront to her.

When he started toward her she spoke to her maid, and the latter moved aside with a word to the groom in waiting.

"My maid will dismiss your carriage," she said pleasantly when he halted beside her. "There is one thing more which I must say to you. Please hurry before people come out," she added, and entered the brougham.

"I can't do this," he muttered.

"I've sent away my maid," she said. "Nobody has noticed; those are servants out

there. Will you please come before anybody arriving or departing does notice?"

And, as he did not move: "Are you going to make me conspicuous by this humiliation before servants?"

He said something between his set teeth and entered the brougham.

"Do you know what you've done?" he demanded harshly.

"Yes; nothing yet. But you would have done enough to stir this borough if you had delayed another second."

He folded his arms, sullenly at bay; yet had no premonition of what to expect from her.

"You were very brutal to me," she said at length.

"I know it; and I did not intend to be. The words came."

"You had me at your mercy; and showed me little—a very little at first. Afterwards, none."

"The words came," he repeated; "I'm sick with self-contempt, I tell you."

"That—money," she said with an effort. "You set—some—aside for me."

"Half," he nodded calmly.

"Why? I did not ask for it. There was nothing in the—the legal proceedings to lead you to believe that I desired it; was there?"

"No."

"Well, then"—her breath came unsteadily—"what was there in *me* to make you think I would accept it?"

He did not reply.

"Answer me. This is the time to answer me."

"The answer is simple enough," he said in a low voice. "Together we had made a failure of partnership. When that partnership was dissolved, there remained the joint capital to be divided. And I divided it. Why not?"

"That capital was yours in the beginning; not mine. What I had of my own you never controlled; and I took it with me when I went."

"It was very little," he said.

"What of that? Did that concern you? Did you think I would have accepted anything from you? A thousand times I have been on the point of notifying you through attorney that the deposit now standing in my name is at your disposal."

"Why didn't you notify me then?" he asked, reddening to the temples.

"Because—I did not wish to hurt you—

by doing it that way. . . . And I had not the courage to say it kindly over my own signature. That is why, Captain Selwyn."

And, as he remained silent: "That is what I had to say; not all—because—I wish to—to thank you for offering it. . . . You did not have very much, either; and you divided what you had. So I thank you—and I return it." . . . The tension forced her to attempt a laugh. "So we stand once more on equal terms; unless you have anything of mine to return—"

"I have your photograph," he said.

The silence lasted until he straightened up and, rubbing the fog from the window glass, looked out.

"We are in the Park," he remarked, turning toward her.

"Yes; I did not know how long it might take to explain matters. You are free of me now whenever you wish."

He picked up the telephone, hesitated: "Home?" he inquired with an effort. And at the forgotten word they looked at one another in stricken silence.

"Y—yes; to *your* home first, if you will let me drop you there—"

"Thank you; that might be imprudent."

"No, I think not. You are living at the Gerards?"

"Yes, temporarily. But I've already taken another place near Lexington and Sixty-sixth. I could go there; it's only partly furnished yet—"

"Then tell Hudson to drive there."

"You are very kind," he said; and gave the order.

Silence grew between them like a wall. She lay back in her corner, swathed to the eyes in her white furs; he in his corner sat upright, arms loosely folded, staring ahead at nothing. After a while he rubbed the moisture from the pane again.

"Still in the Park! He must have driven us nearly to Harlem Mere. It *is* the Mere! See the café lights yonder. It all looks rather gay through the snow."

"Very gay," she said, without moving.

And a moment later: "Will you tell me something? . . . You see"—with a forced laugh—"I can't keep my mind—from it."

"From what?" he asked.

"The—tragedy; ours."

"It has ceased to be that; hasn't it?"

"Has it? You said—you said that w—what I did to you was n—not as terrible as what I d—did to myself."

"That is true," he admitted grimly.
 "Well, then, may I ask my question?"

"Ask it, child."

"Then—are you happy?"

He did not answer.

"Because I desire it, Philip. I want you to be. You will be, won't you? I did not dream that I was ruining your army career when I—went mad——"

"How did it happen, Alixe?" he asked, with a cold curiosity that chilled her. "How did it come about?—wretched as we seemed to be together—unhappy, incapable of understanding each other——"

"Phil! There *were* days——"

He raised his eyes.

"You speak only of the unhappy ones," she said; "but there were moments——"

"Yes, I know it. And so I ask you, *why*?"

"Phil, I don't know. There was that last bitter quarrel—the night you left for Leyte after the dance. . . . I—it all grew suddenly intolerable; *you* seemed so horribly unreal—everything seemed unreal in that ghastly city—you, I, our marriage of crazy impulse—the people, the sunlight, the deathly odors, the torturing, endless creak of the punkha. . . . It was not a question of—of love, of anger, of hate. I tell you I was stunned—I had no emotions concerning you or myself—after that last scene—only a stupefied, blind necessity to get away; a groping instinct to move toward home—to make my way home and be rid forever of the dream that drugged me! . . . And then—and then——"

"*He* came," said Selwyn very quietly.
 "Go on."

But she had nothing more to say.

"Alixe!"

She shook her head, closing her eyes.

"Little girl!—O little girl!" he said softly, the old familiar phrase finding its own way to his lips—and she trembled slightly; "was there no other way but that? Had marriage made the world such a living hell for you that there was no other way but *that*?"

"Phil, I helped to make it a hell."

"Yes—because I was pitifully inadequate to design anything better for us. I didn't know how. I didn't understand. I, the architect of our future—failed."

"It was worse than that, Phil; we"—she looked blindly at him—"we had yet to learn what love might be. We did not know. . . . If we could have waited—only waited!—perhaps—because there *were* moments——" She flushed crimson.

"I could not make you love me," he repeated; "I did not know how."

"Because you yourself had not learned how. But—at times—now looking back to it—I think—I think we were very near to it—at moments. . . . And then that dreadful dream closed down on us again. . . . And then—the end."

"If you could have held out," he breathed; "if I could have helped! It was I who failed you after all!"

For a long while they sat in silence; Mrs. Ruthven's white furs now covered her face. At last the carriage stopped.

As he sprang to the curb he became aware of another vehicle standing in front of the house—a cab—from which Mrs. Ruthven's maid descended.

"What is she doing here?" he asked, turning in astonishment to Mrs. Ruthven.

"Phil," she said in a low voice, "I knew you had taken this place. Gerald told me. Forgive me—but when I saw you under the awning it came to me in a flash what to do. And I've done it. . . . Are you sorry?"

"No. . . . Did Gerald tell you that I had taken this place?"

"Yes; I asked him."

Selwyn looked at her gravely; and she looked him very steadily in the eyes.

"Before I go—may I say one more word?" he asked gently.

"Yes—if you please. Is it about Gerald?"

"Yes. Don't let him gamble. . . . You saw the signature on that check?"

"Yes, Phil."

"Then you understand. Don't let him do it again."

"No. And—Phil?"

"What?"

"That check is—is deposited to your credit—with the rest. I have never dreamed of using it." Her cheeks were afire again, but with shame this time.

"You will have to accept it, Alixe."

"I cannot."

"You must! Don't you see you will affront Gerald? He has repaid me; that check is not mine, nor is it his."

"I can't take it," she said with a shudder. "What shall I do with it?"

"There are ways—hospitals, if you care to. . . . Good night, child."

She stretched out her gloved arm to him; he took her hand very gently and retained it while he spoke.

"I wish you happiness," he said; "I ask your forgiveness."

"Give me mine, then."

"Yes—if there is anything to forgive. Good night."

"Good night—boy," she gasped.

He turned sharply, quivering under the familiar name. Her maid, standing in the snow, moved forward, and he motioned her to enter the brougham.

"Home," he said unsteadily; and stood there very still for a minute or two, even after the carriage had whirled away into the storm. Then, looking up at the house, he felt for his keys; but a sudden horror of being alone arrested him, and he stepped back, calling out to his cabman, who was already turning his horse's head: "Wait a moment; I think I'll drive back to Mrs. Gerard's . . . And take your time."

It was still early—lacking a quarter of an hour to midnight—when he arrived. Nina had retired, but Austin sat in the library, obstinately plodding through the last chapters of a brand-new novel.

"This is a wretched excuse for sitting up," he yawned, laying the book flat on the table, but still open. "I ought never to be trusted alone with any book." Then he removed his reading glasses, yawned again, and surveyed Selwyn from head to foot.

"Very pretty," he said. "Well, how are the yellow ones, Phil? Or was it all débütante and slop-twaddle?"

"Few from the cradle, but bunches were arriving for the dance as I left."

"Eileen went at half past eleven."

"I didn't know she was going," said Selwyn, surprised.

"She didn't want you to. The Playful Kitten business, you know—frisks apropos of nothing to frisk about. But we all fancied you'd stay for the dance." He yawned mightily, gazed at Selwyn with ruddy gravity, and:

"Whisk?" he inquired.

"No."

"Cigar?"—mildly urgent.

"No, thanks."

"Bed?"

"I think so. But don't wait for me, Austin. . . . Is that the evening paper? Where is St. Paul?"

Austin passed it across the table and sat for a moment, alternately yawning and skimming the last chapter of his novel.

"Stuff and rubbish, mush and piffle!" he muttered, closing the book and pushing it from him across the table; "love, as usual, grossly out of proportion to the ensemble. I'm going to bed."

Selwyn had lighted a cigar, and was unfolding his paper; so his brother-in-law moved ponderously away, yawning frightfully at every heavy stride; and the younger man settled back in his chair, a fragrant cigar balanced between his strong, slim fingers, one leg dropped loosely over the other. After a while the newspaper fell to the floor.

Long after his cigar burned bitter, he sat with eyes fixed on the blaze. When the flames at last began to flicker and subside, his lids fluttered, then drooped; but he had lost all reckoning of time when he opened them again to find Miss Erroll in furs and ball gown kneeling on the hearth and heaping kindling on the coals; and her maid beside her, laying a log across the andirons.

"Upon my word!" he murmured, confused; then rising quickly, "Is that you, Miss Erroll? What time is it?"

"Four o'clock in the morning, Captain Selwyn," she said, straightening up to her full height. "This room is icy; are you frozen?"

Chilled through, he stood looking about in a dazed way, incredulous of the hour and of his own slumber.

"I was conversing with the cat a moment ago," he protested, in such a tone of deep reproach that Eileen laughed while her maid relieved her of furs and scarf.

"Susanne, just unhook those two that I can't manage; light the fire in my bedroom; *et merci bien, ma petite!*"

"I don't know how I happened to do it," he muttered, still abashed by his plight.

"We rekindled the fire for your benefit," she said; "you had better use it before you retire." And she seated herself in the arm-chair, stretching out her ungloved hands to the blaze.

"Do you mean to say you are not sleepy?" he asked.

"I? No, not in the least. I will be tomorrow, though."

"Did you have a good time?"

"Yes—rather."

"Wasn't it gay?"

"Gay? Oh, very."

Her replies were unusually short—almost preoccupied. She was generally more communicative.

"You danced a lot, I dare say," he ventured.

"Yes—a lot," studying the floor.

"Decent partners?"

"Oh, yes."

"Who was there?"

She looked up at him. "*You* were not there," she said, smiling.

"No; I cut it. But I did not know you were going; you said nothing about it."

"Of course you would have stayed if you had known, Captain Selwyn?" She was still smiling.

"Of course," he replied.

"Would you really?"

"Why, yes."

There was something not perfectly familiar to him in the girl's bright brevity, in her direct personal inquiry; for between them, hitherto, the gayly impersonal had ruled except in moments of lightest badinage.

"Was it an amusing dinner?" she asked, in her turn.

"Rather." Then he looked up at her, but she had stretched her slim silk-shod feet to the fender, and her head was bent aside, so that he could see only the curve of the cheek and the little close-set ear under its ruddy mass of gold.

"Who was there?" she asked, too, carelessly.

For a moment he did not speak; under his bronzed cheek the flat muscles stirred. Had some meddling, malicious fool ventured to whisper an unfit jest to this young girl? Had a word—or a smile and a phrase cut in two—awakened her to a sorry wisdom at his expense? Something had happened; and the idea stirred him to wrath—as when a child is wantonly frightened or a dumb creature misused.

He recalled some names, and laughingly mentioned his dinner partner's preference for Harmon.

"Who led the cotillon?" he asked.

"Jack Ruthven—dancing with Rosamund Fane."

"What has gone wrong, Eileen?" he said quietly.

He had never before used her given name, and she flushed up.

"There is nothing the matter, Captain Selwyn. Why do you ask?"

"Yes, there is," he said.

"There is not, I tell you—"

"And, if it is something you cannot understand," he continued pleasantly, "perhaps

it might be well to ask Nina to explain it to you."

"There is nothing to explain."

"Because," he went on, very gently, "one is sometimes led by malicious suggestion to draw false and unpleasant inferences from harmless facts—"

"Captain Selwyn—"

"Yes, Eileen."

But she could not go on; speech and thought itself remained sealed; only a confused consciousness of being hurt remained—somehow to be remedied by something he might say—might deny. Yet how could it help her for him to deny what she herself refused to believe?—refused through sheer instinct while ignorant of its meaning.

Even if he had done what she heard Rosamund Fane say he had done, it had remained meaningless to her save for the manner of the telling. But now—but now! Why had they laughed—why had their attitudes and manner and the disconnected phrases in French left her flushed and rigid among the idle group at supper? Why had they suddenly seemed to remember her presence—and express their abrupt consciousness of it in such furtive signals and silence?

It was false, anyway—whatever it meant. And, anyway, it was false that he had driven away in Mrs. Ruthven's brougham. *Where* did he go after the dinner? As for what they said, it was absurd. And yet—and yet—

He sat savagely intent upon the waning fire; she turned restlessly again, elbows close together on her knees, face framed in her hands.

"You ask me if I am tired," she said. "I am—of the froth of life."

His face changed instantly. "What?" he exclaimed, laughing.

But she, very young and seriously intent, was now wrestling with the mighty platitudes of youth. First of all she desired to know what meaning life held for humanity. Then she expressed a doubt as to the necessity for human happiness; duty being her discovery as sufficient substitute.

But he heard in her childish babble the minor murmur of an undercurrent quickening for the first time; and he listened patiently and answered gravely, touched by her irremediable loneliness.

So when she said that she was tired of gayety, that she would like to study, he said that he would take up anything she chose with her. And when she spoke vaguely of a

life devoted to good works—of the wiser charity, of being morally equipped to aid those who required material aid—he was very serious, but ventured to suggest that she dance her first season through as a sort of flesh-mortifying penance preliminary to her spiritual novitiate.

"Yes," she admitted thoughtfully; "you are right. Nina would feel dreadfully if I did not go on—or if she imagined I cared so little for it all. But one season is enough to waste. Don't you think so?"

"Quite enough," he assured her.

"And—why should I ever marry?" she demanded, lifting her clear, sweet eyes to his.

"Why indeed?" he repeated with conviction. "I can see no reason."

"I am glad you understand me," she said.

"I am not a marrying woman."

"Not at all," he assured her.

"No, I am not; and Nina—the darling—doesn't understand. Why—what do you suppose!—but *would* it be a breach of confidence to anybody if I told you?"

"I doubt it," he said; "what is it you have to tell me?"

"Only—it's very, very silly—only several men—and one nice enough to know better—Sudbury Gray—"

"Asked you to marry them?" he finished, nodding his head at the cat.

"Yes," she admitted, frankly astonished; "but how did you know?"

"Inferred it. Go on."

"There is nothing more," she said, without embarrassment. "I told Nina each time; but she confused me by asking for details; and the details were too foolish and too annoying to repeat. . . . I do not wish to marry anybody. There are so many serious things in life to learn and to think of, and that is the very last thing I should ever consider. . . . I am very, very glad I had this talk with you. Now I am rested and I shall retire for a good long sleep."

With which paradox she stood up, stifling a tiny yawn, and looked smilingly at him, all the old sweet confidence in her eyes. Then, suddenly mocking:

"Who suggested that you call me by my first name?" she asked.

"Some good angel or other. May I?"

"If you please; I rather like it. But I couldn't very well call you anything except 'Captain Selwyn.'"

"Try it—unless you're afraid."

"I'm not afraid!"

"Yes, you are, if you don't take a dare."

"You dare me?"

"I do."

"Philip," she said, hesitating, adorable in her embarrassment. "No! No! No! I can't do it that way in cold blood. It's got to be 'Captain Selwyn' . . . for a while, anyway. . . . Good night."

He took her outstretched hand, laughing; the usual little friendly shake followed; then she turned gayly away, leaving him standing before the whitening ashes.

He thought the fire was dead; but when he turned out the lamp an hour later, under the ashes embers glowed in the darkness of the winter morning.

CHAPTER IV

MID-LENT

"MID-LENT; and the Enemy grins," he wrote in his carefully kept diary. "So to church with Nina and the children. Austin, knee deep in a dozen Sunday supplements, refused to stir; poor little Eileen convalescent, but still unsteady on her legs; her maid has taken the grip now, and moans all day: '*Mon dieu! Mon dieu! Che jais mourir!*'"

"Boots Lansing called to see Eileen, but she wouldn't come down, saying her nose was too pink. Drina entertained Boots, and then I talked army talk with him until tea was served. Drina poured tea very prettily. Nina drove Austin to vespers.

"Dined with the family at seven so Drina could sit up; special treat on account of Boots's presence at table. Gerald was expected but did not come.

"Back to my rooms after coffee; appointment with Gerald to talk over Neergard's new Siowitha scheme. Gerald didn't turn up; went over scheme alone; doubtful of it; it's Neergard all over and doesn't appeal to me.

"Lenten party in Boots's rooms across the hall. Heard a knock on my door and, as it opened, solemn voice of Boots:

"'The melancholy Lenten days have come,
The gayest of the Year.'
Then join our melancholy Lenten game,
And quaff the joyless beer!'

So I went across to see what they were about.

"Gerald came in later, overflushed, aromatic, and very apologetic; and they made

him drink lithia and sit on the mantel and repeat doggerel.

"Gerald has a nice voice, but Boots is bad at the piano. Scott Innis came in—*cut* in—and I out. And so to bed.

"Mem: There's something more important for Gerald to 'cut' into (in two)—and *his* share of it is the siphon."

A few mornings after Selwyn had written these mild witticisms he went downtown at the usual hour and found Gerald, pale and shaky, hanging over his desk and trying to dictate letters to an uncomfortable stenographer.

So he dismissed the abashed girl for the moment, closed the door, and sat down beside the young man.

"Go home, Gerald," he said with decision; "when Neergard comes in I'll tell him you are not well. And, old fellow, don't ever come near the office again when you're in this condition."

"I'm a perfect fool," faltered the boy, his voice trembling; "I don't really care for that sort of thing, either; but you know how it is in that set—"

"What set?"

"Oh, the Fanes—the Ruthv—" He stammered himself into silence.

"I see. What happened last night?"

"The usual; two tables full of it. There was a wheel, too. . . . I had no intention—but you know yourself how it parches your throat—the jolly and laughing and excitement. . . . I forgot all about what you—what we talked over. . . . I'm ashamed and sorry; but I can stay here and attend to things, of course—"

"You don't think I'm one of those long-faced, blue-nosed butters-in, do you? You have confidence in me, haven't you? You know I'm an average and normally sinful man who has made plenty of mistakes and who understands how others make them—you know that, don't you, old chap?"

"Y-es."

"Then you *will* listen, won't you, Gerald?"

The boy laid his arms on the desk and hid his face in them. Then he nodded.

For ten minutes Selwyn talked to him with all the terse and colloquial confidence of a comradeship founded upon respect for mutual fallibility. No instruction, no admonition, no blame, no reproach—only an affectionately logical review of matters as they stood—and as they threatened to stand.

The boy, fortunately, was still pliable and

susceptible, still unalarmed and frank. It seemed that he had lost money again—this time to Jack Ruthven; and Selwyn's teeth remained sternly interlocked as, bit by bit, the story came out. But in the telling the boy was not quite so frank as he might have been; and Selwyn supposed he was able to stand his loss without seeking aid.

"Anyway," said Gerald in a muffled voice, "I've learned one lesson—that a business man can't acquire the habits and keep the infernal hours that suit people who can take all day to sleep it off."

"Right," said Selwyn.

"Besides, my income can't stand it," added Gerald naively.

"Neither could mine, old fellow. And, Gerald, cut out this card business; it's the final refuge of the feeble-minded. . . . You like it? Oh, well, if you've got to play—if you've no better resource for leisure, and if nonparticipation isolates you too completely from other idiots—play the imbecile gentleman's game; which means a game where nobody need worry over the stakes."

"But—they'd laugh at me!"

"I know; but Boots Lansing wouldn't—and you have considerable respect for him."

Gerald nodded; he had immediately succumbed to Lansing like everybody else.

"And one thing more," said Selwyn; "don't play for stakes—no matter how insignificant—where women sit in the game. Fashionable or not, it is rotten sport—whatever the ethics may be. And, Gerald, tainted sport and a clean record can't take the same fence together."

The boy looked up, flushed and perplexed. "Why, every woman in town—"

"Oh, no. How about your sister and mine?"

"Of course not; they are different."

A little later he started for home at Selwyn's advice. But the memory of his card losses frightened him, and he stopped on his way to see what money Austin would advance him.

Julius Neergard came up from Long Island, arriving at the office about noon. The weather was evidently cold on Long Island; he had the complexion of a raw ham, but the thick, fat hand, with its bitten nails, which he offered Selwyn as he entered his office, was unpleasantly hot, and on the thin nose which split the broad expanse of face a bead or two of sweat usually glistened, winter and summer.

"Where's Gerald?" he asked as an office boy relieved him of his heavy box coat and brought his mail to him.

"I advised Gerald to go home," observed Selwyn carelessly; "he is not perfectly well."

Neergard's tiny mouselike eyes, set close together, stole brightly in Selwyn's direction; but they usually looked just a little past a man, seldom at him.

"Grippe?" he asked.

"I don't think so," said Selwyn.

"Lots of grippe round town," observed Neergard, as though satisfied that Gerald had it. Then he sat down and rubbed his large, membranous ears.

"Captain Selwyn," he began, "I'm satisfied that it's a devilish good thing."

"Are you?"

"Emphatically. I've mastered the details—virtually all of 'em. Here's the situation in a grain of wheat: The Siowitha Club owns a thousand or so acres of oak scrub, pine scrub, sand, and weeds; and controls 4,000 more; that is to say, the club pays the farmers' rents and fixes their fences and awards them odd jobs and prizes for the farm sustaining the biggest number of beves. Also the club pays them to maintain the millet and buckwheat patches and to act as wardens. In return the farmers post their 4,000 acres for the exclusive benefit of the club. Is that plain?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well, then. Now, the Siowitha is largely composed of very rich men—among them Bradley Harmon, Jack Ruthven, George Fane, Sanxon Orchil, the Hon. Delmour-Carnes—that crowd—rich and stingy. That's why they are contented with a yearly agreement with the farmers instead of buying the 4,000 acres. Why put a lot of good money out of commission when they can draw interest on it and toss an insignificant fraction of that interest as a sop to the farmers? Do you see? That's your millionaire method—and it's what makes 'em in the first place."

He drew a large fancy handkerchief from his pistol pocket and wiped the beads from the bridge of his limber nose. But they reappeared again.

"Now," he said, "I am satisfied that, working very carefully, we can secure options on every acre of the 4,000. There is money in it either way and any way we work it; we get it coming and going. First of all, if the Siowitha people find that they really cannot

get on without controlling these acres—why"—and he snickered so that his nose curved into a thin, ruddy beak—"why, Captain, I suppose we *could* let them have the land. Eh? Oh, yes—if they *must* have it!"

Selwyn frowned slightly.

"But the point is," continued Neergard, "that it borders the railroad on the north; and where the land is not wavy it's flat as a pancake, and"—he sank his husky voice—"it's fairly riddled with water. I paid \$1,000 for six tests."

"Water!" repeated Selwyn wonderingly; "why, it's dry as a desert!"

"*Underground water!*—only about forty feet on the average. Why, man, I can hit a well flowing 3,000 gallons almost anywhere. It's a gold mine. I don't care what you do with the acreage—split it up into lots and advertise, or club the Siowitha people into submission—it's all the same; it's a gold mine—to be swiped and developed. Now there remains the title searching and the damnable job of financing it—because we've got to move cautiously, and knock softly at the doors of the money vaults, or we'll be waking up some Wall Street relatives or secret business associates of the yellow crowd; and if anybody bawls for help we'll be up in the air next New Year's, and still hiking skyward."

He stood up, gathering together the mail matter which his secretary had already opened for his attention. "There's plenty of time yet; their leases were renewed the first of this year, and they'll run the year out. But it's something to think about. Will you talk to Gerald, or shall I?"

"You," said Selwyn. "I'll think the matter over and give you my opinion. May I speak to my brother-in-law about it?"

"Do you think there's any chance of his financing the thing?"

"I haven't the slightest idea of what he might do. Especially"—he hesitated—"as you never have had any loans from his people—I understand—"

"No," said Neergard; "I haven't."

"It's rather out of their usual, I believe—"

"So they say. But Long Island acreage needn't beg favors now. That's all over, Captain Selwyn. Fane, Harmon & Co. know that; Mr. Gerard ought to know it, too."

Selwyn looked troubled. "Shall I consult Mr. Gerard?" he repeated. "I should like to if you have no objection."

Neergard's small, close-set eyes were focused on a spot just beyond Selwyn's left shoulder.

"Suppose you sound him," he suggested, "in strictest——"

"Naturally," cut in Selwyn dryly; and turning to his littered desk, opened the first letter his hand encountered. Now that his head was turned, Neergard looked full at the back of his neck for a full minute, then went out silently.

That night Selwyn stopped at his sister's house before going to his own rooms, and, finding Austin alone in the library, laid the matter before him exactly as Neergard had put it.

"You see," he added, "that I'm a sort of an ass about business methods. What I like—what I understand, is to use good judgment, go in and boldly buy a piece of property, wait until it becomes more valuable, either through improvements or the natural enhancement of good value, then take a legitimate profit, and repeat the process. That, in outline, is what I understand." But, Austin, this furtive pouncing on a thing and clubbing other people's money out of them with it—this slyly acquiring land that is necessary to an unsuspecting neighbor and then holding him up—I don't like. There's always something of this sort that prevents my cordial coöperation with Neergard—always something in the schemes which hints of—of squeezing—of something underground——"

"Like the water which he's going to squeeze out of the wells?"

Selwyn laughed.

"Phil," said his brother-in-law, "if you think anybody can do a profitable business except at other people's expense, you are an ass."

"Am I?" asked Selwyn, still laughing frankly.

"Certainly. The land is there, plain enough for anybody to see. It's always been there; it's likely to remain for a few eons, I fancy.

"Now, along comes Meynheer Julius Neergard—the only man who seems to have brains enough to see the present value of that parcel to the Siowitha people. Everybody else had the same chance; nobody except Neergard knew enough to take it. Why shouldn't he profit by it?"

"Yes—but if he'd be satisfied to cut it up into lots and do what is fair——"

"Cut it up into nothing! Man alive, do you suppose the Siowitha people would let him? They've only a few thousand acres; they've *got* to control that land. What good is their club without it? Do you imagine they'd let a town grow up on three sides of their precious game preserve? And, besides, I'll bet you that half of their streams and lakes take rise on other people's property—and that Neergard knows it—the Dutch fox!"

"That sort of—of business—that kind of coercion, does not appeal to me," said Selwyn gravely.

"Then you'd better go into something besides business in this town," observed Austin, turning red. "Good Lord, man, where would my Loan and Trust Company be if we never foreclosed, never swallowed a good thing when we see it?"

They discussed Neergard's scheme for a little while longer; Austin, shrewd and cautious, declined any personal part in the financing of the deal, although he admitted the probability of prospective profits.

"Our investments and our loans are of a different character," he explained, "but I have no doubt that Fane, Harmon & Co.——"

"Why, both Fane and Harmon are members of the club!" laughed Selwyn. "You don't expect Neergard to go to them?"

A peculiar expression flickered in Gerard's heavy features; perhaps he thought that Fane and Harmon and Jack Ruthven were not above exploiting their own club under certain circumstances. But whatever his opinion, he said nothing further; and, suggesting that Selwyn remain to dine, went off to dress.

A few moments later he returned, crestfallen and conciliatory:

"I forgot, Nina and I are dining at the Orchils'. Come up a moment; she wants to speak to you."

So they took the rose-tinted rococo elevator; Austin went away to his own quarters, and Selwyn tapped at Nina's boudoir.

"Is that you, Phil? One minute; Watson is finishing my hair. . . . Come in, now; and kindly keep your distance, my friend. Do you suppose I want Rosamund to know what brand of war paint I use?"

"Rosamund," he repeated, with a good-humored shrug; "it's likely— isn't it?"

"Certainly it's likely. You'd never know you were telling her anything—but she'd extract every detail in ten seconds. . . . I un-

derstand she adores you, Phil. What have you done to her?"

"That's likely, too."

"Well, she does; you've probably piqued her; that's the sort of man she likes. . . . Look at my hair—how bright and wavy it is, Phil. Tell me, *do* I appear fairly pretty to-night?"

"You're all right, Nina; I mean it," he said. "How are the kids? How is Eileen?"

"That's why I sent for you. Eileen is furious at being left here all alone; she's practically well and she's to dine with Drina in the library. Would you be good enough to dine there with them? Eileen, poor child, is heartily sick of her imprisonment; it would be a mercy, Phil."

"Why, yes, I'll do it, of course; only I've some matters at home——"

"Home! You call those stuffy, smoky, impossible, half-furnished rooms *home*! Phil, when are you ever going to get some pretty furniture and art things? Eileen and I have been talking it over, and we've decided to go there and see what you need and then order it, whether you like it or not."

"Thanks," he said, laughing; "it's just what I've tried to avoid. I've got things where I want them now—but I knew it was too comfortable to last. Boots said that some woman would be sure to be good to me with an art-nouveau rocking chair."

"A perfect sample of man's gratitude," said Nina, exasperated; "for I've ordered two beautiful art-nouveau rocking chairs, one for you and one for Mr. Lansing. Now you can go and humiliate poor little Eileen, who took so much pleasure in planning with me for your comfort. As for your friend Boots, he's unspeakable—with my compliments."

Selwyn stayed until he made peace with his sister, then he mounted to the nursery to "lean over" the younger children and preside at prayers. This being accomplished, he descended to the library, where Eileen Erroll in a filmy, lace-clouded gown, full of turquoise tints, reclined with her arm around Drina amid heaps of cushions, watching the waitress prepare a table for two.

He took the fresh, cool hand she extended and sat down on the edge of her couch.

"All O. K. again?" he inquired, retaining Eileen's hand in his.

"Thank you—quite. Are you really going to dine with us? Are you sure you want to? Oh, I know you've given up some very gay dinner somewhere——"

"I was going to dine with Boots when Nina rescued me. Poor Boots!—I think I'll telephone——"

"Telephone him to come here!" begged Drina. "Would he come? Oh, please—I'd love to have him."

"I wish you would ask him," said Eileen; "it's been so lonely and stupid to lie in bed with a red nose and fishy eyes and pains in one's back and limbs. Please do let us have a party."

So Selwyn went to the telephone, and presently returned, saying that Boots was overwhelmed and would be present at the festivities; and Drina, enraptured, ordered flowers to be brought from the dining room and a large table set for four, with particular pomp and circumstance.

Mr. Archibald Lansing arrived very promptly—a short, stocky young man of clean and powerful build, with dark, keen eyes always alert, and humorous lips ever on the edge of laughter under his dark mustache.

His manner with Drina was always delightful—a mixture of self-repressed idolatry and busily naïve belief in a thorough understanding between them to exclude Selwyn from their company.

"This Selwyn fellow here!" he exclaimed. "I warned him over the 'phone we'd not tolerate him, Drina. I explained to him very carefully that you and I were dining together in strictest privacy——"

"He begged so hard," said Eileen. "Will somebody place an extra pillow for Drina?"

They seized the same pillow fiercely, confronting each other; massacre appeared imminent.

"Two pillows," said Drina sweetly; and extermination was averted. The child laughed happily, covering one of Boots's hands with both of hers.

"So you've left the service, Mr. Lansing?" began Eileen, lying back and looking smilingly at Boots.

"Had to, Miss Erroll. Seven millionaires ran into my quarters and chased me out and down Broadway into the offices of the Westchester Air Line Company. Then these nine merciless multimillionaires in buckram bound and gagged me, stuffed my pockets full of salary, and forced me to typewrite a fearful and secret oath to serve them for five long, weary years. That's a sample of how the wealthy grind the noses of the poor; isn't it, Drina?"

"Have you really done it?" asked Selwyn as the first course was served.

"*I?* No. *They?* Yes. We'll probably lose the Philippines now," he added gloomily; "but it's my thankless country's fault; you all had a chance to make me dictator, you know. Miss Erroll, do you want a second-hand sword? Of course there are great dents in it——"

"I'd rather have those celebrated boots," she replied demurely; and Mr. Lansing groaned.

"How tall you're growing, Drina," remarked Selwyn.

"Probably the early spring weather," added Boots. "You're twelve, aren't you?"

"Thirteen," said Drina gravely.

"Almost time to elope with me," nodded Boots.

"I'll do it now," she said—"as soon as my new gowns are made—if you'll take me to Manila. Will you? I believe my Aunt Alix is there——"

She caught Eileen's eye and stopped short. "I forgot," she murmured; "I beg your pardon, Uncle Philip——"

Boots was talking very fast and laughing a great deal; Eileen's plate claimed her undivided attention; Selwyn quietly finished his claret; the child looked at them all.

"By the way," said Boots abruptly, "what's the matter with Gerald? He came in before noon looking very seedy——" Selwyn glanced up quietly.

"He was here," observed Drina composedly, "and father was angry with him."

"What?" exclaimed Eileen. "When?"

"This morning, before father went downtown."

Both Selwyn and Lansing cut in coolly, dismissing the matter with a careless word or two; and coffee was served—cambric tea in Drina's case.

"Come on," said Boots, slipping a bride rose into Drina's curls; "I'm ready for confidences."

"Confidences" had become an established custom with Drina and Boots; it meant that every time they saw one another they were pledged to tell each other everything that had occurred in their lives since their last meeting. So Drina, excitedly requesting to be excused, jumped up and, taking Lansing's hand in hers, led him to a sofa in a distant corner, where they immediately installed themselves.

Eileen settled deeper among her pillows as

the table was removed, and Selwyn drew his chair forward.

"Suppose," she said, looking thoughtfully at him, "that you and I make a vow to exchange confidences? Shall we, Captain Selwyn?"

"Good heavens!" he protested; "I—confess to you! You'd faint dead away, Eileen."

"Perhaps. . . . But will you?"

He gayly evaded an answer, and after a while he fancied she had forgotten. They spoke of other things, of her convalescence, of the engagements she had been obliged to cancel, of the stupid hours in her room—doubly stupid, as the doctor had not permitted her to read or sew.

"And every day violets from you," she said; "it was certainly nice of you. And—do you know that somehow—just because you have never yet failed me—I thought perhaps—when I asked your confidence a moment ago——"

He looked up quickly.

"What is the matter with Gerald?" she asked. "Could you tell me?"

"Nothing serious is the matter, Eileen."

"Is he not ill?"

"Not very."

"Tell me," she demanded. And, as he remained silent: "Once," she said, "I came suddenly into the library. Austin and Gerald were there; Austin seemed to be very angry with my brother. I heard him say something that worried me; and I slipped out before they saw me."

"What did you hear Austin say?" he demanded.

"I heard—something about dissipation. He was very angry with Gerald. It is not the best way, I think, to become angry with either of us—either me or Gerald—because then we are usually inclined to do it again—whatever it is. . . . I do not mean for one moment to be disloyal to Austin; you know that. . . . But I am so thankful that Gerald is fond of you. . . . You like him, too, don't you?"

"I am very fond of him."

"Well, then," she said, "you will talk to him pleasantly—won't you? He is *such* a boy; and he adores you. It is easy to influence a boy like that, you know—easy to shame him out of the silly things he does. . . . That is all the confidence I wanted, Captain Selwyn. And you haven't told me a word, you see—and I have not fainted—have I?"

They laughed a little, and she straightened

up, sitting Turk fashion, and smoothing her hair, which contact with the pillows had disarranged so that it threatened to come tumbling over eyes and cheeks.

"Oh, hair, hair!" she murmured, "you're Nina's despair and my endless punishment. I'd twist and pin you tight if I dared—some day I will, too. . . . What are you looking at so curiously, Captain Selwyn? My mop?"

"It's about the most stunningly beautiful thing I ever saw," he said, still curious.

She nodded gayly, both hands still busy with the lustrous strands. "It is nice; but I never supposed you noticed it. It falls to my waist; I'll show it to you some time. . . . But I had no idea *you* noticed such things," she repeated, as though to herself.

"Oh, I'm apt to notice all sorts of things," he said, looking so provokingly wise that she dropped her hair and clapped both hands over her eyes.

"Now," she said, "if you are so observing, you'll know the color of my eyes. What are they?"

"Blue—with a sort of violet tint," he said promptly.

She laughed and lowered her hands.

"All that personal attention paid to me!" she exclaimed. "You are turning my head, Captain Selwyn. Besides, you are astonishing me, because you never seem to know what women wear or what they resemble when I ask you to describe the girls with whom you have been dining or dancing."

For some time, now, she had cherished this tiny grudge in her heart—that he had never seemed to notice anything in particular about her except when he tried to be agreeable concerning some new gown. The contrast had become the sharper, too, since she had awakened to the admiration of other men. And the awakening was only a half-convinced happiness mingled with shy surprise that the wise world should really deem her so lovely. Delicate luminous shadow banded her eyes; her hair, partly in shadow, too, became a somber mystery in rose gold.

"Whatever *are* you staring at?" she laughed. "Me? I don't believe it! Never have you so honored me with your fixed attention, Captain Selwyn. You really glare at me as though I were interesting. And I know you don't consider me that; do you?"

"How old are you, anyway?" he asked curiously.

"Thank you, I'll be delighted to inform you when I'm twenty."

"You look like a mixture of fifteen and twenty-five to-night," he said deliberately; "and the answer is more and less than nineteen."

"And you," she said, "talk like a frivolous sage, and your wisdom is as weighty as the years you carry. And what is the answer to that? Do you know, Captain Selwyn, that when you talk to me this way you look about as inexperienced as Gerald?"

"And *do you* know," he said, "that I feel as inexperienced—when I talk to you this way?"

She nodded. "It's probably good for us both; I age, you renew the frivolous days of youth when you were young enough to notice the color of a girl's hair and eyes."

A perfect gale of laughter from the sofa cut her short.

"Drina!" she exclaimed; "it's after eight!—and I completely forgot."

"Oh, dear!" protested the child, "he's being so funny about the war in Samar. Couldn't I stay up—just five more minutes, Eileen? Besides, I haven't told him about Jessie Orchil's party—"

"Drina, dear, you *know* I can't let you. Say good night, now—if you want Mr. Lansing and your Uncle Philip to come to another party."

When the child had taken leave of all, Boots also took his leave; and Selwyn rose, too, a troubled, careworn expression replacing the careless gayety which had made him seem so young in Miss Erroll's youthful eyes.

"Wait, Boots," he said; "I'm going home with you." And, to Eileen, almost absently: "Good night; I'm so very glad you are well again."

"Good night," she said, looking up at him. The faintest sense of disappointment came over her—at what, she did not know. Was it because in his completely altered face she realized the instant and easy detachment from herself and what concerned her?—was it because other people, like Mr. Lansing—other interests—like those which so plainly, in his face, betrayed his preoccupation—had so easily replaced an intimacy which had seemed to grow newer and more delightful with every meeting?

Now he went away, utterly detached from her and what concerned her—to seek other interests of which she knew nothing; absorbed in them to her utter exclusion, leaving her here with the long evening before her and nothing to do—because her eyes were not yet strong enough to use for reading.

Lansing was saying: "I'll drive as far as the club with you, and then you can drop me and come back later."

"Right, my son; I'll finish a letter and then come back—"

"Can't you write it at the club?"

"Not that letter," he replied in a low voice; and, turning to Eileen, smiled his absent, detached smile, offering his hand.

But she lay back, looking straight up at him.

"Are you going?"

"Yes; I have several——"

"Stay with me," she said in a low voice.

For a moment the words meant nothing; then blank surprise silenced him, followed by curiosity.

"Is there something you wished to tell me?" he asked.

"N-no."

His perplexity and surprise grew. "Wait a second, Boots," he said; and Mr. Lansing, being a fairly intelligent young man, went out and down the stairway.

"Now," he said, too kindly, too soothingly, "what is it, Eileen?"

"Why, it is nothing; truly it is nothing. . . . Only I was—it is so early—only a quarter past eight——"

He stood there looking down at her, striving to understand.

"That is all," she said, flushing a trifle; "I can't read and I can't sew and there's nobody here. . . . I don't mean to bother you——"

He walked swiftly to the landing outside and looked down.

"Boots!" he called in a low voice, "I'm not going home yet. Don't wait for me at the Lenox."

"All right," returned Mr. Lansing cheerfully. A moment later the front door closed below. Then Selwyn came back into the library.

For an hour he sat there telling her the gayest stories and talking the most delightful nonsense, alternating with interesting incisions into serious subjects which it enchanted her to dissect under his confident guidance.

Alert, intelligent, all aquiver between laughter and absorption, she had sat up among her silken pillows, resting her weight on one rounded arm, her splendid young eyes fixed on him to detect and follow and interpret every change in his expression personal to the subject and to her share in it.

They discussed, or laughed at, or men-

tioned and dismissed with a gesture a thousand matters of common interest in that swift hour—incredibly swift, unless the hall clock's deadened chimes were mocking Time itself with mischievous effrontery.

She heard them, the enchantment still in her eyes; he nodded, listening, meeting her gaze with his smile undisturbed. When the last chime had sounded she lay back among her cushions.

"Thank you for staying," she said quite happily.

"Am I to go?"

Smilingly thoughtful she considered him from her pillows:

"Where were you going when I—spoiled it all? For you were going somewhere—out there"—with a gesture toward the darkness outside—"somewhere where men go to have the good times they always seem to have. . . . Was it to your club? What do men do there? Is it very gay at men's clubs? . . . It must be interesting to go where men have such jolly times—where men gather to talk that mysterious man-talk which we so often wonder at—and pretend we are indifferent. But we are very curious, nevertheless—even about the boys of Gerald's age—whom we laugh at and torment; and we can't help wondering how they talk to each other—what they say that is so interesting; for they somehow manage to convey that impression to us—even against our will."

"I am happier here," he said, watching her.

"Then—then—am I, also, one of the 'good times' a man can have?—when he is at liberty to reflect and choose as he idles over his coffee?"

"A man is fortunate if you permit that choice."

"Are you serious? I mean a man, not a boy—not a dance or dinner partner, or one of the men one meets about—everywhere from pillar to post. Do you think me interesting to real men?—like you and Boots?"

"Yes," he said deliberately, "I do. I don't know how interesting, because—I never quite realized how—how you had matured. . . . That was my stupidity."

"Captain Selwyn!" in confused triumph; "you never gave me a chance; I mean, you always were nice in—the same way you are to Drina. . . . I liked it—don't please misunderstand—only I knew there was something else to me—something more nearly your own age. It was jolly to know you were

really fond of me—but youthful sisters grow faster than you imagine. . . . And now, when you come, I shall venture to believe it is not wholly to do me a kindness—but—a little—to do yourself one, too. Is that not the basis of friendship?”

“Yes.”

“Community and equality of interests—isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“And—in which the—the charity of superior experience and the inattention of intellectual preoccupation and the amused concession to ignorance must steadily, if gradually, disappear? Is that it, too?”

Astonishment and chagrin at his misconception of her gave place to outright laughter at his own expense.

She sat huddled up like a schoolgirl, lovely head thrown back, her white hands clasping her knees; he, both feet squarely on the floor, leaned forward, his laughter echoing hers.

“What blessed nonsense you and I are talking!” she said; “but it has made me quite happy. Now you may go to your club and your mysterious man-talk—”

“I don’t want to—”

“Oh, but you must!”—she was now dismissing him—“because, although I am convalescent, I am a little tired, and Nina’s maid is waiting to tuck me in.”

“So you send me away?”

“Yes,” she said, “I must send you away.” And her heart beat a little faster in her uncertainty as to his obedience—then leaped in triumph as he rose with a reluctance perfectly visible.

“To-morrow,” she said, “I am to drive for the first time. In the evening I may be permitted to go to the Grays’ mid-Lent dance—but not to dance much. Will you be there? Didn’t they ask you? I shall tell Suddy Gray what I think of him—I don’t care whether it’s for the younger set or not! Goodness me, aren’t you as young as anybody! . . . Well, then! . . . So we won’t see each other to-morrow. And the day after that—oh, I wish I had my engagement list. Never mind, I will telephone you when I’m to be at home—or wherever I’m going to be. . . . Good night, Captain Selwyn; you’ve been very sweet to me, and I’ve enjoyed every single instant.”

When he had gone, an innocent instinct led her to the mirror, where she stood a moment looking back into the lovely reflected face with its disordered hair.

“After all,” she said, “I’m not as aged as I pretended. . . . I wonder if he is laughing at me now. What a curiously interesting man he is. I shall telephone him that I am not going to that *mi-carème* dance. . . . Besides, Suddy Gray is a bore with the martyred smile he’s been cultivating. . . . As though a happy girl would dream of marrying anybody with all life before her to learn important things in! . . . And that dreadful, downy Scott Innis—trying to make me listen to him! . . . until I was ashamed to be alive! And Bradley Harmon—ugh!—and oh, that dreadful mushy widower, Percy Draymore, who got hold of my arm before I dreamed—”

She shuddered and turned back into the room, frowning and counting her slow steps across the floor.

“After all,” she said, “their silliness may be their greatest mystery—but I don’t include Captain Selwyn,” she added loyally; “he is far too intelligent to be like other men.”

Yet, like other men, at that very moment Captain Selwyn was playing the fizzing contents of a siphon upon the iced ingredients of a tall, thin glass which stood on a table in the Lenox Club.

The governors’ room being deserted except by himself and Mr. Lansing, he continued the animated explanation of his delay in arriving.

“So I stayed,” he said to Boots with an enthusiasm quite boyish, “and I had a perfectly bully time. She’s just as clever as she can be—startling at moments. I never half appreciated her—she formerly appealed to me in a different way—a young girl knocking at the door of the world, and no mother or father to open for her and show her the gimcracks and the freaks and the side shows. Do you know, Boots, that some day that girl is going to marry somebody, and it worries me, knowing men as I do—unless you should think of—”

“Great James!” faltered Mr. Lansing, “are you turning into a *schatschen*? Are you planning to waddle through the world making matches for your friends? If you are I’m quitting you right here.”

“It’s only because you are the decentest man I happen to know,” said Selwyn resentfully. “Probably she’d turn you down, anyway. But”—and he brightened up—“I dare say she’ll choose the best to be had; it’s a pity though—”

"What's a pity?"

"That a charming, intellectual, sensitive, innocent girl like that should be turned over to a plain lump of a man."

"When you've finished your eulogy on our sex," said Lansing, "I'll walk home with you."

"Come on, then; I can talk while I walk; did you think I couldn't?"

And as they struck through the first cross street toward Lexington Avenue: "It's a privilege for a fellow to know that sort of a girl. If you think you have the simple feminine on your hands—forget it, Boots!—for she's as evanescent as a helio flash and as stunningly luminous as a searchlight. . . . And here I've been doing the benevolent prig, bestowing society upon her as a man doles out indigestible stuff to a kid, using a sort of guilty discrimination in the distribution—"

"What on earth is all this?" demanded Lansing; "are you perhaps *non compos*, dear friend?"

"I'm trying to tell you and explain to myself that little Miss Erroll is a rare and profoundly interesting specimen of a genus not usually too amusing," he replied with growing enthusiasm. "Of course, Holly Erroll was her father, and that accounts for something; and her mother seems to have been a wit as well as a beauty—which helps you to understand; but the brilliancy of the result—aged nineteen, mind you—is out of all proportion; cause and effect do not balance."

"Help!" said Boots feebly, attempting to bolt; but Selwyn hooked arms with him, laughing excitedly. Arm in arm they swung into the dark avenue, singing "Barney Riley" in resonant undertones, while the wind in the gaslit avenue grew keener on the street corners.

"Cooler followed by clearing," observed Boots in disgust. "Ugh; it's the limit, this nipping, howling hemisphere."

"I prefer it to a hemisphere that smells like a cheap joss stick," said Selwyn.

"After all, they're about alike," retorted Boots—"even to the ladrones of Broad Street and the dattos of Wall. . . . And here's our bally bungalow now," he added, fumbling for his keys and whistling "taps" under his breath.

As the two men entered and started to ascend the stairs, a door on the parlor floor opened and their landlady appeared, enveloped in a soiled crimson kimono and a false front which had slipped sideways.

"There's the Sultana," whispered Lansing, "and she's making sign language at you. Wigwag her, Phil. Oh! . . . good evening, Mrs. Greeve; did you wish to speak to me? Oh!—to Captain Selwyn. Of course."

"If you please," said Mrs. Greeve ominously, so Lansing continued upward; Selwyn descended; Mrs. Greeve waved him into the icy parlor, where he presently found her straightening her "front" with work-worn fingers.

"Captain Selwyn, I deemed it my duty to set up in order to inform you of certain special doin's," she said haughtily.

"What 'doings'?" he inquired.

"Mr. Erroll's, sir. Last night he evidently found difficulty with the stairs and I seen him asleep on the parlor sofa when I come down to answer the milkman, a-smokin' a cigar that wasn't lit, with his feet on the angelus."

"I'm very, very sorry, Mrs. Greeve," he said—"and so is Mr. Erroll. He and I had a little talk to-day, and I am sure that he will be more careful hereafter."

"There is cigar holes burned into the carpet," insisted Mrs. Greeve, "and a mercy we wasn't all insinuated in our beds, one windowpane broken and the gas a blue an' whistlin' streak with the curtains blowin' into it an' a strange cat onto that satin dozy-do; the proof being the repugnant perfume."

"All of which," said Selwyn, "Mr. Erroll will make every possible amends for. He is very young, Mrs. Greeve, and very much ashamed, I am sure. So please don't make it too hard for him."

"I ain't agoin' to be mean to nobody," she said; "my gentlemen is always refined, even if they do sometimes forget themselves when young and sporty. Mr. Erroll is now abed, sir, and asleep like a cherub, ice havin' been served three times with towels, extra. Would you be good enough to mention the bill to him in the morning?—the grocer bein' sniffy." And she handed the wadded and inky memorandum of damages to Selwyn, who pocketed it with a nod of assurance.

"There was," she added, following him to the door, "a lady here to see you twice, leavin' no name or intentions otherwise than business affairs of a pressin' nature."

"A—lady?" he repeated, halting short on the stairs.

"Young an' refined, allowin' for a automobile veil."

"She—she asked for me?" he repeated, astonished.

"Yes, sir. She wanted to see your rooms. But havin' no orders, Captain Selwyn—although I must say she was that polite and ladylike and," added Mrs. Greeve irrelevantly, "a art rocker come for you, too, and another for Mr. Lansing, which I placed in your respective settin' rooms."

"Oh," said Selwyn, laughing in relief, "it's all right, Mrs. Greeve. The lady who came is my sister, Mrs. Gerard; and whenever she comes you are to admit her whether or not I am here."

"She said she might come again," nodded Mrs. Greeve as he mounted the stairs; "am I to show her up any time she comes?"

"Certainly—thank you," he called back—"and Mr. Gerard, too, if he calls."

He looked into Boots's room as he passed. "Come in, Phil," Boots called out, "and look at the dinky chair somebody sent me!" But Selwyn shook his head.

"Come into my rooms when you're ready," he said, turning away toward his own quarters.

Before he entered, however, he walked the length of the hall and cautiously tried the handle of Gerald's door. It yielded; he lighted a match and gazed at the sleeping boy where he lay very peacefully among his pillows. Then, without a sound, he reclosed the door and withdrew to his apartment.

As he emerged from the bedroom in his dressing gown he heard the front door bell below peal twice, but paid no heed, his attention being concentrated on the chair which Nina had sent him. First he walked gingerly all around it, then he ventured nearer to examine it in detail, and presently he tried it.

"Of course," he sighed—"bless her heart!—it's a perfectly impossible chair. It squeaks, too." But he was mistaken; the creak came from the old stairway outside his door, weighted with the tread of Mrs. Greeve. The tread and the creaking ceased; there came a knock, then heavy descending footsteps on the aged stairway, every separate step protesting until the incubus had sunk once more into the depths from which it had emerged.

As this happened to be the night for his laundry, he merely called out, "All right!" and remained incurious, seated in the new chair and striving to adjust its stiff and narrow architecture to his own broad shoulders.

As he lighted his pipe there came a hesitating knock at the door; he jerked his head sharply; the knock was repeated.

Something—a faintest premonition—the vaguest stirring of foreboding committed him to silence—and left him there motionless. The match burned close to his fingers; he dropped it and set his heel upon the sparks.

Then he walked swiftly to the door, flung it open full width—and stood stock-still.

And Mrs. Ruthven entered the room, partly closing the door behind, her gloved hand still resting on the knob.

For a moment they confronted each other, he tall, rigid, astounded; she pale, supple, relaxing a trifle against the half-closed door behind her, which yielded and closed with a low click.

At the sound of the closing door he found his voice; it did not resemble his own voice either to himself or to her; but she answered his bewildered question:

"I don't know why I came. Is it so very dreadful? Have I offended you? . . . I did not suppose that the men cared about conventions."

"But—why on earth—did you come?" he repeated. "Are you in trouble?"

"I seem to be now," she said with a tremulous laugh; "you are frightening me to death, Captain Selwyn."

Still dazed, he found the first chair at hand and dragged it toward her.

She hesitated at the offer; then, "Thank you," she said, passing before him. She laid her hand on the chair, looked a moment at him, and sank into it.

Resting there, her pale cheek against her muff, she smiled at him, and every nerve in him quivered with pity.

"World without end; amen," she said. "Let the judgment of man pass."

"The judgment of this man passes very gently," he said, looking down at her. "What brings you here, Mrs. Ruthven?"

"Will you believe me?"

"Yes."

"Then—it is simply the desire of the friendless for a friend. Nothing else—nothing more subtle, nothing of effrontery; n-nothing worse. Do you believe me?"

"Do you mean that you have differed with—"

"Him?" She laughed. "Oh, no; I was talking of real people, not of myths. And real people are not very friendly to me, always—not that they are disagreeable, you

understand, only a trifle overcordial; and my most intimate friend kisses me a little too frequently. By the way, she has quite succumbed to you, I hear."

"Who do you mean?"

"Why, Rosamund."

He said something under his breath and looked at her impatiently.

"Didn't you know it?" she asked, smiling.

"Know what?"

"That Rosamund is quite crazy about you?"

"Good Lord! Do you suppose that any of the monkey set are interested in me or I in them?" he said, disgusted. "Do I ever go near them or meet them at all except by accident?"

"But Rosamund," she said, laughing, "is now cultivating Mrs. Gerard."

"What of it?" he demanded.

"Because," she replied, still laughing, "I tell you, she is perfectly mad about you. There's no use scowling and squaring your chin. The fact is that the handsomest and smartest woman in town is forever dinning your perfections into my ears—"

"I know," he said, "that this sort of stuff passes in your set for wit; but let me tell you that any man who cares for that brand of humor can have it any time he chooses. However, he goes outside the residence district to find it."

She flushed scarlet at his brutality; he drew up a chair, seated himself very deliberately, and spoke, his unlighted pipe in his left hand:

"The girl I left—the girl who left me—was a modest, clean-thinking, clean-minded girl, who also had a brain to use, and employed it. Whatever conclusion that girl arrived at concerning the importance of marriage vows is no longer my business; but the moment she confronts me again, offering friendship, then I may use a friend's privilege, as I do. And so I tell you that loosely fashionable badinage bores me. And another matter—privileged by the friendship you acknowledge—forces me to ask you a question, and I ask it, point-blank: Why have you again permitted Gerald to play cards for stakes at your house, after promising you would not do so?"

The color receded from her face and her gloved fingers tightened on the arms of her chair.

"That is one reason I came," she said; "to explain—"

"You could have written."

"I say it was *one* reason; the other I have already given you—because I—I felt that you were friendly."

"I am. Go on."

"I don't know whether you are friendly to me; I thought you were—that night. . . . I did not sleep a wink after it . . . because I was quite happy. . . . But now—I don't know—"

"Whether I am still friendly? Well, I am. So please explain about Gerald."

"You are a little rough with me; a-almost insolent—"

"I—I have to be. Good God! Alixe, do you think this is nothing to me?—this wretched mess we have made of life! Do you think my roughness and abruptness comes from anything but pity?—pity for us both, I tell you. Do you think I can remain unmoved looking on the atrocious punishment you have inflicted on yourself?—tethered to—to *that!*—for life!—the poison of the contact showing in your altered voice and manner!—in the things you laugh at, in the things you live for—in the twisted, misshapen ideals that your friends set up on a heap of nuggets for you to worship? Even if we've passed through the sea of mire, can't we at least clear the filth from our eyes and see straight and steer straight to the anchorage?"

She had covered her pallid face with her muff; he bent forward, his hand on the arm of her chair.

"Alixe, was there nothing to you, after all? Was it only a tinted ghost that was blown into my bungalow that night—only a twist of shredded marsh mist without substance, without being, without soul—to be blown away into the shadows with the next and stronger wind—and again to drift out across the waste places of the world? I thought I knew a sweet, impulsive comrade of flesh and blood; warm, quick, generous, intelligent—and very, very young—too young and spirited, perhaps, to endure the harness which coupled her with a man who failed her—and failed himself.

"That she has made another, and perhaps more heart-breaking, mistake is bitter for me, too—because—because—I have not yet forgotten. And even if I ceased to remember, the sadness of it must touch me. But I have not forgotten, and because I have not, I say to you, anchor! and hold fast. Whatever *he* does, whatever you suffer, whatever happens, steer straight on to the anchorage. Little girl, do you understand me?"

Her gloved hand, moving at random, encountered his and closed on it convulsively.

"Do you understand?" he repeated.

"Y-es, Phil."

Head still sinking, face covered with the silvery fur, the tremors from her body set her hand quivering on his.

Heartsick, he forbore to ask for the explanation; he knew the real answer, anyway—whatever she might say—and he understood that any game in that house was Ruthven's game, and the guests his guests; and that Gerald was only one of the younger men who had been wrung dry in that house.

No doubt at all that Ruthven needed the money; he was only a male geisha for the set that harbored him, anyway. What had she expected when she married him? Only innocent ignorance of the set he ornamented could account for the horror of her disillusion. What splendors had she dreamed of from the outside? What flashing and infernal signal had beckoned her to enter? What mute eyes had promised? What silent smile invited? All skulls seem to grin; but the world has yet to hear them laugh:

"Philip?"

"Yes, Alixe."

"I did my best, w-without offending Gerald. Can you believe me?"

"I know you did. . . . Don't mind what I said—"

"N-no, not now. . . . You do believe me, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Thank you. . . . And, Phil, I will try to s-steer straight—because you ask me."

"You must."

"I will. . . . It is good to be here. . . . I must not come again, must I?"

"Not again, Alixe."

"On your account?"

"On your own. . . . What do I care?"

"I didn't know. They say—that—that you might marry again—"

"Well, you can nail that lie," he said hotly.

"Do you think I'd take that chance again even if I felt free to do it?"

"Free?" she faltered; "but you *are* free, Phil!"

"I am not," he said fiercely; "no man is free to marry twice under such conditions. It's a jest at decency and a slap in the face of civilization! I'm done for—finished; I had my chance and I failed. Do you think I consider myself free to try again with the chance of further bespattering my family?"

"Wait until you really love," she said tremulously.

He laughed incredulously.

"I am glad that it is not true. . . . I am glad," she said. "O Phil! Phil!—for a single one of the chances we had again and again and again!—and we did not know—we did not know! And yet, there were moments—"

Dry-lipped he looked at her, and dry of eye and lip she raised her head and stared at him—through him—far beyond at the twin ghosts floating under the tropic stars locked fast in their first embrace.

Then she rose, blindly, covering her face with her hands, and he stumbled to his feet, shrinking back from her—because dead fires were flickering again, and the ashes of dead roses stirred above the scented embers—and the magic of all the East was descending like a veil upon them, and the Phantom of the Past drew nearer, smiling, wide-armed, crowned with living blossoms.

The tide rose, swaying her where she stood; her hands fell from her face. Between them the grave they had dug seemed almost filled with flowers now—was filling fast. And across it they looked at each other as though stunned. Then his face paled and he stepped back, staring at her from stern eyes.

"Phil," she faltered, bewildered by the mirage, "is it only a bad dream, after all?" And as the false magic glowed into blinding splendor to engulf them:

"O boy! boy!—is it hell or heaven where we've fallen—?"

There came a loud rapping at the door.

(To be continued.)

BEARS AND HOLY WRIT

BY ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK VERBECK



It was Sunday evening. But, to tell the truth, we might very easily have forgotten it had not our host, somewhat to our astonishment, reached down a huge old calf-bound Bible from the shelf above his bed, and, with finger guiding eye, begun in slow-muttering solemnity to peruse it.

A few minutes later Captain Jimmy, getting us outside the door, whispered some warning enlightenment. Grandfather "Baldy" McCollum, it appeared, did not merely hold a commanding place among Great Smoky bear-hunters; he was almost equally famous for his powers of controversy upon the Scriptures. Indeed, he did not yield therein even to preachers. And some years before, at the Turkey Cove Sunday school, he had had "a terrible scandalous contention with the Reverend Callander himself." It was a "contention" which had begun in the senior class room—the preacher having "ketched the old feller up in his argyment"—and it had continued with violence, our informant was compelled to confess, over most of the Sunday-school floor.

Except for this most regrettable of incidents, however, "Baldy" had always been an example to the mountains. He had neither "blockaded" (made illicit whisky), nor "mixed into feuds," nor even taken part in any of the "reg'lar 'cuttin's and shootin's at New Year's." Throughout his eighty years he had lived a life of earnest and philosophic tranquillity, devoting himself entirely to the study of Holy Writ and the slaughter of bears. In a final aside, Captain Jimmy hinted that, although we had made our pilgrimage to hear the old man talk

about the latter, while he was thus piously giving his mind to the former, we might save ourselves humiliation by not attempting to lead him into the subject of bears at all.

And, in common justice, let it be recorded that it was "Baldy" himself who began it. He had been for some time—and manifestly with the greatest relish—rereading the story of Samson. And suddenly lifting his head, and catching the eye of the Camera Crack upon him, he announced that 'more now than ever it did make him think of that slick-brained Kennedy feller that used to live over on the Carolina side.'

"Who was Kennedy? Ain't ever heerd about Kennedy? Why, that there happened back before the war! I didn't reckon there was anybody east of the Rockies hadn't heerd that story by now!

"Well, Kennedy, he came from up North, and he was all for raisin' taters. Said there wasn't any land on yurth to beat this for taters. And so it might be, too, so it might be! But across the spur he had a neighbor, Gorman his name was, who was all for hogs. And this Gorman's hogs, they calculated from the start that they'd lard up on Kennedy's taters; and nothin' Kennedy could do would keep them over in their own bottom. He could 'a' lit into Gorman about it; but no man wants to be unneighborly, that-a-way, and, what's more, Gorman was a powerful great big nasty-tempered feller. So Kennedy, he tried this, and he tried that, but nothin' would do! And soon he reckoned he didn't have more'n enough taters left to throw at them hogs. And then one day, when he'd chucked out an old bit of b'ar pelt that he'd been usin' for a hearth rug, he noticed that when them hogs stumbled on it, they ran like blue snakes. And that there,

it give Kennedy an idear. It ain't b'ar-shootin' time, but he takes down his old Harper's Ferry and hits the trail for the back notches, and there he gets a varmint—not a very big one, but one just sizable for his purpose. And next day when Gorman's hogs come down, he ketches one of them in his corncrib, and brings out that fresh b'ar's hide, and sews him up in it, and lets him go again.

"Well, now, hogs they like their own kind nigh as much as sheep does. So this feller, as soon as he gets the use of the eyeholes he starts to join his brothers and sisters. But, by Hickory Gee, with one uplifted, twenty-shoot-power holler, they let him know he wasn't *goin'* to join them—not in *this* world, anyhow!

"Kennedy, he was able to watch them for near an hour. They'd run a mile or two, and then, all turnin' round to face that b'ar, they'd lay down and just glare and pant. And that b'ar, he couldn't do anything to show his friendly feelin's but lay an' pant, too. Then, and all about the same time, they'd stagger onto the hoof again, and again run to a gasp, and lay down and glare at each other, thirty or forty rod apart, some more. They had headed straightaway from Gorman's. And in that direction they kept a-goin'. If they ever come finall' to a stop, nobody ever heerd of it. And, as Gorman said, maybe two or three times every day till he died—he could bear the *loss* of them there hogs, but what he did feel was just a shortenin' his life, was tryin' to puzzle out what anunder the Dome had *got away* with them!"

"Nor Kennedy, he never told about it till Gorman did go up. And ever afterwards his neighbors called him Samson. Why did they call him Samson? Why, shorely because he used that b'ar hide exactly like Samson used the foxes when he was gettin' in his work on the Philistines. And I'll tell ye more, too—"Baldy" sat forward with finger crooked and eyes agleam—"if every-thing was knowed about old Samson, I'll just bet ye he *did* play that b'ar jig on them, too! Don't you reckon his father-in-law would have a drove of hogs, and wouldn't he be livin' right nigh to him? Didn't Samson turn every sort of crittur to his purpose, too, that he met up with? The more I've put thought on it, the sartiner it's come home to me that he'd never let any no-account, up-cove, Northern incomer get ahead of him on

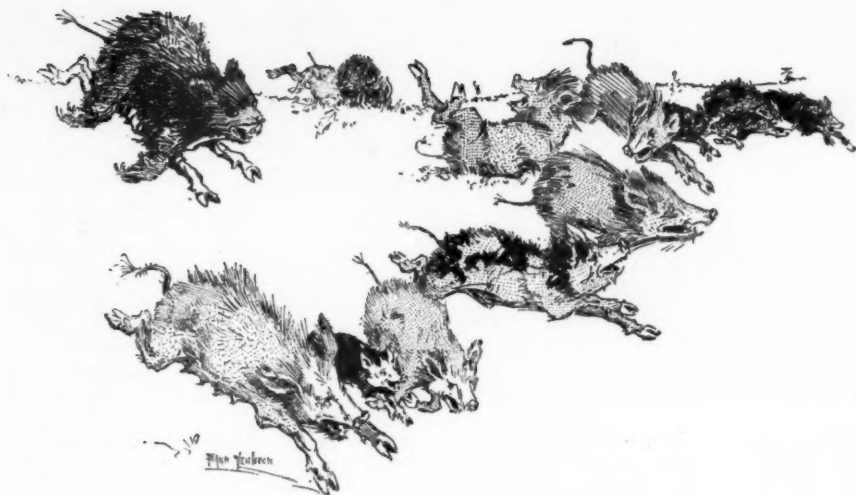
a trick like that! I'll just go ye a ten-dollar note on it!"

"Baldy" had, I say, begun it himself. We therefore felt justified in encouraging him, to a certain extent, to continue. There were, moreover, various details of natural history which we had always wanted to set ourselves right upon. For example, certain authorities declare that in spring a bear comes out fat, and others declare that he comes out lean. As a final authority, what had Mr. McCollum to pronounce upon the point?

Grandfather McCollum was not as prompt as might have been in answering. And, when he did make answer, in his first words there was a certain shortness.

"A b'ar goes in full fat," he said, "and full fat he comes out again in springtime. In the fall his innards get so lined and padded with suet from the autumn gorge on nuts and mast that there ain't any place to *put* any more food! And that suet, it stays in him all winter. But come warm weather, the fat sort of turns into drippin'. And in the first four or five days he's out it just *runs* away from him! It seems like it's a race whether the fat or the hair can go the quickest! And then with that b'ar, it's as if all his three months' fast swoops down on him for famine in one ravenin' hour! Lord, he don't know what's got him, and he just roars and bellers with it! He gnaws the bark off trees an' eats young willer shoots, an' grass, an' gravel—anything that'll go to fill him! If he's within scent of *meat*, he's *got* to have it! It ain't any matter of bein' merely hungry. And if he smells *pig* he'll go against all the guns in the mountains to get it! Why, one time Drill Brose, he had a big old boar pig runnin' loose. He wasn't a razorback, but a *sawback*. If there'd been a bottom rail anywheres that he couldn't 'a' got anunder, I reckon he'd just 'a' turned in and *cut* it through! And now he was winter lean at that. You'd 'a' sworn there wasn't enough meat on him to smell. He was all bristles and tushes an' bone. I'd 'a' feared him a heap sight more'n any b'ar, and Drill, as I'm goin' to show ye, was good an' skared of him hisself. But this old b'ar that'd just lost his fat in the spring, he smelled that boar pig! And he come right down into the barnyard in noon-day light and grabbed him!"

"When a b'ar ketches up a hog, he don't try to bite him dead; he wrops his arms 'round him, pressin' his back again' his own breast, and goes off skedaddlin' on his hind



"*'They let him know he wasn't goin' to join them.'*"

legs. But this winter-lean hog of Drill's, his back spines bein' jaggeder nor flints, I reckon they hurted that b'ar's chest. Anyways he has to drop him. And when he does drop him, it shorely seems like that boar pig is one of them Gadarene swine the devils were driv' into!"

Here, without apparent rhetorical reason, "Baldy" came gradually to a dead stop.

"Heh!" he exclaimed at last. "Now, there's a thing that's never struck me before. In all the Sacred Writin's, while there's b'ars mentioned a-plenty, and hogs a-plenty, I don't really believe there's any mention made of b'ars goin' *after* hogs. Now, how in the Nation would you explain that?"

We did not attempt to explain it, but reminded him, with all tactfulness, that he had not finished telling us what had happened to Drill Brose's "sawback."

"I'd started on that," he corrected, "but, as you all have seen, what appeared to be only a fool yarn has opened out into a question of Scriptur'. O' course, if ye think ye'd *care* to hear the end of it—I was tellin' ye that Drill's pig turned on that b'ar like one of the Gadarene swine. And then that b'ar, hungry as he was, that b'ar— Jinks, though, *pigs* were the same then and now. Look what Peter says about them streakin' right back to the wallow after they've been washed. Ain't that just the pig we've got to-day? You couldn't be mistook in it! As for the *b'ars*, there's simply no doubt about it at all! See

what's said about *them*. Look at that verse: 'We roar all like b'ars.' You once hear a b'ar let out when the dogs hitch into him, and you'll know what that means. Then John speaks of his vision as havin' feet like a b'ar. And only them that's seen a sight o' b'ars would know how cur'ous a b'ar's foot is—halfway betwixt a man's and an animal's. It would pretty nigh *be* a man's, if a man growed hair between his toes. And, as far as that goes, I once knowed a feller down on Saddle Mountain that *had* hair between his toes, bunches of it. He'd show it to ye, too, if he knowed ye well. If he didn't, he was always mortal shy about it. And that's a cur'ous thing, too, if ye think it out to an end. For is there anything to shame ye in havin' hair between your toes?"

The postmaster knew "Baldy" somewhat better than we did. And this time he caught him at the crossroads, and let him use his own finger post.

"But they say as some bears will lose their hair, too," he interpolated in our behalf; "I've heard tell that if a bear gets a cravin' for honey, and can get all he wants of it, he'll eat so much that his hair will fall out and leave him balder than a rat-tail. I've heard tell that that makes them terrible savage, too, though why it would I never could understand."

"I can tell ye why it is," vaunted our host. "What's more, I can tell ye a story about it,



"Drill's pig turned on that b'ar like one of the Gadarene swine."

that no other man in the Smokies could tell ye! About their goin' savage, it's just like this: A b'ar can take his share of honey in due season, and it won't hurt him none. But when a b'ar gets runnin' after honey trees till he won't, and can't, eat any other food, that's different again. It's exactly like young uns and sweets. You let 'em eat all the long-toms they want, and they'll neither be nourished none nor have any appetite left for vittals that *will* nourish them. And in time their innards get more and more fermented and festered up till they're in a 'tarnal torment, and everybody else in worse torment that's around them. Ordinarily a b'ar's a good-tempered sort of varmint, not pickin' on nobody, least of all *mankind*. But one of these honey b'ars can be about the ugliest-natur'd brute that you could chance on. And when they lose their hair it makes them a heap sight worse. For the other b'ars they won't recognize anything as b'ar that *ain't* got hair on. They won't clan in with or associate with them at all. And mind ye, now, no man on yurth can stand bein' turned off like that by all his kith an' kin just because of a little baldness. Instead of gettin' sympathy, to be cast out like ye had the lock step! 'Y gee, it makes them so boilin' dangerous! We call them 'rangin' b'ars, and rangin' b'ars they've been called ever since Bible times—"

Here, a second time, like a craft that, without intending to, has dropped an anchor, "Baldy" came to a halt, and marvelingly hove to.

"Well! Shorely now! Seem like you lads just started me talkin' to-night to bring up points of Scriptor'. For—as I've said already

—there's b'ars from Genesis to Revelations, and there's honey aboundin' everywhere. But why is there nothin' said about b'ars havin' such a *hankerin'* for it?"

Again we gave it up, unanimously and at once.

"I suppose a feller might argue," he suggested, pulling a venerable forelock, "that all the honey in Scriptor' is

spoke' of as bein' in the rocks, and therefore the b'ars couldn't get it if they did want to."

"Shore!" said Captain Jimmy. "Nary doubt but there you have the *precise* answer!"

"Ye say so! Then I argue ye down so quick you'd never knowed I pulled the tricker!" cried "Baldy"; "for don't it tell how Jonathan found honey on the ground; and additional to that, it was *droppin'*! If it was droppin', where from? Where but from a tree?"

He rocked himself into a very wheeze and paroxysm of triumph.

"By cracks, you-all don't want to argue with me! I bet there ain't any man in the mountains could argue with me!" Then he turned his eyes from Jimmy to our corner of the fireplace. "But I don't doubt that you two are college eddicated, and could get me by the slack and pitch me clear off the ledge at arguin'. Maybe, too, ye have a natural eetchin' to try, now?"

We negatived any such idea with all possible vigor.

"It'd help to pass the evenin', o' course."

Yes, it would help to pass the evening. And there were other things which would also help to pass the evening. We looked from the cluster of bear jaws nailed grinningly above that hickory bed to the dado of "claw hands" running along the wall, and then at the great hide beneath our feet. But we could only bite our fingers in impotence.

"Oh, if ye make it your faith never to argue on *anything*!" said "Baldy" with mildly contemptuous resignation. "I once knowed a feller that read right out of First Samuel how David slew that there lion and b'ar that came up against him; and if ye'll believe me, I couldn't get him to stand up on that!"

"Oh, well," said the Camera Crack, with intention to ingratiate, "I guess I'd have taken a chance against you there, anyway!"

"Then if ye *had*," shouted "Baldy," this time in a veritable ecstasy, "I'd have ketched ye up on it! I'd have argued ye right into the top of the tree! Let me just show ye, now. Does it say that he *actually* did slay them, or that he only give Saul to understand that he did? The last, shorely! But ye mind, too, that that same David, man and boy, was powerful foxy an' keen in his intellects. His son, Solomon, didn't get all his smartness from a passel of women, never think it! And look, now, at the way he *told* of that adventure. He says that the lion and the b'ar, they came up against him. There's

David done was this: He sees them two varmints a-comin' for him, and he takes that lamb it speaks about, and gives it a hoist so it lands right betwixt them. What happens then? Why, an Injun could tell ye! In ten seconds they're eatin' each other up like green corn. All David has to do is to look on and get his strength up!

"Well, the lion, he whips, though I'll just tell ye I've knowed b'ars that could whip any lion that ever traveled in a show, lock, stock, an' barrel! But let that go, *none* the less. There's only the lion left now, and you can bet your Billy Baxters that *he's* got about all he's good for, too! When David twists into his be'rd, ye might say that that lion'd *rather* be killed right up than not! David said later



"When a b'ar ketches up a bog."

two of them, all right—but then he sort of slides around a corner in his story, and gives particulars only as to the killin' of one of them. 'I caught *him* by his be'rd,' he says, 'and smote *him*, and slew *him*.' 'Y gee, that's how it was he got Baldy McCollum's eye onto that yarn of his! But *secondly*, now, has a b'ar a be'rd? No more'n a speckly hen! But a lion has—whiskers, anyway. He's got 'em all down his neck, like Horace Greeley's.

"Now, you can swear to it, what young

on that he slew 'em both? And so he did, one by policy, and t'other by muscle! But he'd learned early that there's always a heap more things can happen than there's any need of tellin' about. If ye want more proof still, look at Samson again. Did he ever let it out to the Israelites about his sewin' up that Philistine hog in the fresh b'ar's skin?"

It was perhaps an hour later that we made one last attempt. Nailed above the mantel

shelf was an unusually big "claw hand," flanked by two smaller ones. One might be reasonably confident that they did not come from any plantigrades of Bible times. And, from the place of honor accorded them, one might well also infer that when they were taken not the least interesting of stories came with them. At the next pause we broke desperately out of the labyrinth and asked for it.

And it was a flanking movement which appeared to promise entire success.

"How did I come to get them there hands?" His face mellowed into a kind of wrinkly effulgence. "Ain't anything on yurth I'd rather tell about! For there's a thing connected therewith that I got some reason, I reckon, for bein' proud of. It's a yarn which cleared up somethin', too, that had been taxin' me about b'ars nigh all my life.

"It had its start-off in gettin' me ketched about as tight and nasty as ever I want to be. I was out after the varmints on the lower Balds. I hadn't my dogs with me; I'd loaned them to Little Bud here. I was huntin' alone, too, which was takin' double chances, and, in a manner of speakin', *deserved* to get me into trouble.

"And it sartinly did! I'd been followin' up a b'ar trail that in some places was so steep I could stand up and bite the ground. And when I got into the worst of it—fallen poplars and chestnuts every which way around me—I come on a b'ar pup. He was maybe five months old, but capable. And I stood a-figurin' if there wasn't some way I

could get him home alive without too much work. As an average you lose money on tryin' to bring up b'ar pups. They eat the keep of a family and then break chain and clear out just when they're big enough to realize on.

"But this little dud, he ketched my fancy by the way he sot up there and just cussed and swore at me to beat a riverman! I was girdin' at him with the cleanin' rod to see if he had any words he hadn't used yet, when I heard some one cough behind me! I turned, and it *wasn't* some one coughin'! Next minute my gun barrel was bent so as it wouldn't be any trick at all to shoot around a tree with it, and that mother d'ar, with her foot on what was left of the stock, was studyin' how she'd do for *me*!

"Well, I was took in a crotch. But I had my knife yet, and I allowed I might be able to open a hole for myself with it. In the mean time another pup had come up, and he was a lot sassier than the first. He was for raidin' right in on me, if the old she hadn't knocked him back. And then the old lady opened her jaws and closed in herself. I made one try with the steel, but a b'ar's arm is the quickest thing south of the lightnin'. That knife went ten yard up in the air, and fell as far behind me. With the next slip she had me sprawled there on the flat o' my face, and feelin' just about as silly as ever I feel since I been born!

"But that was only the beginnin' of it. In ginerel, a b'ar won't eat man—not when there's anything else to eat. But next thing



"They won't recognize anything as b'ar that ain't got hair on."



"That was only the beginnin' of it."

that old she reaches over, takes a piece out of my shoulder, and quitoes it to that first pup of hers! I could watch him eat it, too! Nor he never stopped a-cussin' me while he was eatin' it. Then she takes me on the other side, and chooses out another hunch, and tosses it to that second pup!

"Well, shoats, I ain't a feller for lettin' myself get wroughted up when I'm out huntin'. But to see them two mis'able little whelps puttin' me down like pork tenderlines and cryin' out for more—y gee, I own now, I did come so *near* to bein' angered! And mind, ye, too, I was in a consid'able mort o' danger! It was worryin' me a lot. 'My Hickory,' I thinks, 'I don't see how any good can come out of this!'

"And right then and there the good in it shined out like the sun at noon! For twenty years I'd been puzzlin' myself how them two she b'ars on the way to Bethel had really come to do for forty-two children and all at one go. And, sirree, right there, without my even knowin' I was *thinkin'* about it, the explanation come to me!" He smacked one wizened knee and then the other. "Them two she b'ars had *their* pups along with them! And they weren't workin' *together*, neither. Both of them, like all womankind, were lookin' out for their own. Nary doubt they'd ketched them young uns in the school-house. What'd forty-two of them be doin' all in a bunch anywheres else? And havin' ketched them, each of them old shes, she says to herself: 'Maybe I can't use more than three

or four children—not more'n *five* at the outside—but I ain't goin' to stand by and see that old vixen get more for *hers* than I do for *mine*!' And so they went at it, claw and jaw, both bound to have the biggest pile, no matter if twenty pups couldn't 'a' et them all by Christmas! I reckon, too, if old Elisha's baldness hadn't made him look so bone thin, they'd have gone after him to boot."

We waited several minutes, but he still sat gloating. Finally we ventured it.

"And what about that she that was feedin' you to *her* pups?"

Mr. McCollum had shown us in the beginning that he knew what length of courtesy is due to the stranger within one's gates. But the forbearance of a host may be strained somewhat too far. He turned about and regarded us.

"Seem like some people need a heap sight of joggin' to keep them inter'sted. I'd got a day's march a-past that, and was tellin' about the b'ars that attacked them children of the Scriptur's. Seem like ye ain't found it worth your while to listen to me!"

It was plain that though "Baldy" was a man slow indeed to be angered, he was now not any too remote from that mood which had brought on so "scandalous a contention" with the Reverend Callander in the Turkey Cove Sunday school. Captain Jimmy was already kneeling us with palpable anxiety. And the postmaster began hurriedly to talk of something else.

RESTITUTION

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER



HE great brownstone house frowned down on her as she hurried up the steps. Its stern dignity always chilled her. And now it seemed like a silent, sinister reproof.

"Is Dr. Carlton in?" There was a breathless catch in her voice.

"Step into the reception room, please. The doctor is engaged just now."

"Oh, no! I cannot wait. I must see him at once!"

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but the doctor is with a patient and there are others waiting."

"Give this card to Dr. Carlton and tell him I wish to see him immediately." There was an imperative note in her voice, and even at that moment she felt a thrill of something like joy—triumphant joy, at the thought of how surely she could command the attention of this man, this grave, earnest man whom years of conscientious work had placed so high in his profession, who always put his work before everything else. And yet for her he would lay it all aside; a dozen patients might wait while he came to her.

It was hardly a moment before the maid returned.

"The doctor will see you in the library, ma'am."

It was a dim room, massive, with almost a cloistral effect. The light from the high, stained-glass windows brought into relief the dark Persian rugs and heavy carved chairs.

There was a strangling feeling in her throat; a sickening wave of presentiment was surging through her. She leaned back in the chair and closed her eyes. A subtle odor of iodoform, from the office, permeated the air. She saw, in swift mind-picture, an operating room with white marble walls, cases of shining instruments and rolls of bandages, white-capped nurses, and grave-faced surgeons.

Again she was lying on an operating table with this same sick fear at her heart and this same odor all around her.

She wondered vaguely why she should have suffered so then. What could there be in the thought of mere physical pain to have brought such anguish—to have brought any anguish at all? Oh, if it might only be that she were waiting for—just physical pain! If fate would take her back to that operating room, how unflinchingly, how joyfully she would bear it all—and more, a thousand times more, if only last night might be blotted from her life.

A step outside. The door opened and closed.

"Margaret! Something has happened!"

"Yes."

"My darling, what is it—you look so pale!" He was holding both her hands in his.

"The mail—the second delivery—has it come yet?"

"The second delivery?" He looked at her wonderingly.

"Oh, you must tell me! Has it come—the second delivery—has it come?"

He looked at his watch. "No, not yet. It is not due for fifteen minutes."

She hid her face in her hands. "I am in time then—I am in time! Oh, I was afraid I would be too late!"

He caressed her hands tenderly. "I know now what it is, dear. You wrote me a letter last night, that you do not want me to read. You wanted to get here before it was delivered. Isn't that it, dear?"

She did not seem to hear him.

"In fifteen minutes—it will be here in fifteen minutes! Who receives it—what is done with it?"

"The maid brings it in here."

"All of it?"

"Yes, dear, all of it. My poor little girl,

don't worry about it so. If you wrote something last night that you feel now you don't want me to read, I will give it to you unopened, if you wish it. You know that, don't you?"

"And you think it is that? Oh, if it were only that—if it were nothing more than that! How you will despise me when you know! Oh, it was such a hideous thing!"

A moment's intense silence. He was leaning heavily against a desk, his eyes fixed on a small bronze lizard that lay there.

"You—you—wrote to—to her?"

She winced at the last word as though he had struck her.

"No. I did not write to her. It was more hideous even than that. I sent her—one of your letters—one of your most passionate love letters to me."

Through the stillness sounded the rhythmic click of a horse's hoofs on the asphalt of the side street, and the faint cry of a street vender, distant, mournful as a chant of the misericordia.

"If to do that was in your heart, why have you waited so long?" His voice was strained and tense.

"I don't know. I think I have had it in my thoughts for weeks but always crushed it down. Last night the jealousy and hatred and bitterness that swept over me was too strong. That your first thought should always be for her—to shield and protect her. She, who has the protection of your name—your home—everything. And I—I have nothing. It is of her you are always thinking; it is she you are always most anxious to protect.

"Monday, when I thought I had lost my pulse with your last note in it, your greatest anxiety was for her—the fear that it might in some way reach her. You were more concerned about the vaguest possibility of its reaching her than you were about the almost certain shame and disgrace it would have brought to me. Surely in that case her hurt could not be so great as mine. I had everything to lose—everything. Oh, I know you were deeply anxious about me, too; you would have done everything in your power to shield me; but that was your second thought—your first was of her. It is always of her.

"And last night all my love for you was concentrated into a great burning jealous hatred of her—this woman you are always so anxious to shield; whose happiness you

place before everything else. I wanted to hurt her—to make her suffer, too. I took out your letters and read one after another with feverish eagerness. I wanted to find the one that would hurt her most. And then came the thought that I would let fate decide. Fate contrives more cruelly than mere human planning. So I looked away and picked up the first letter I touched. It was one you wrote on my birthday last April. I made this copy before I sent it."

She took from her dress a crumpled paper and laid it before him.

This will come to you on your birthday, together with a locket, a little heart-shaped trinket, which I hope you will like to wear for my sake. But whether you care to wear it or not, it is yours—invariably, imperatively yours as is the heart that prompts me to send it to you.

You who know me so well—who have so softly and silently stolen behind the most impregnable reserves of my being—you should know how little store I set by the ordinary tokens and ceremonies of life.

Why I should want to send you this little trinket to-day, I hardly know, unless it is the result of a moment last night—a moment when I was all alone in the library thinking of you, when the thought of all that you are to me rose before me, imperious, all compelling to some finite deed that should weakly commemorate it.

And yet, how poor a token I send you of so supreme a moment! My effort to express myself here seems stilted, pompous, and involved, as does my outward manner to the world—the manner which only you know to be an outward crust, and which only you have penetrated.

Simple words are best, for what is there to say but "I love you!" and that the heart which says so is only yours to wear or to break if you wish, since it can know no beat of real joy save at your feet.

YOUR RICHARD.

He read it and laid it down quietly. He made no comment. She could not see his face; it was turned from her.

"I think I made that copy so that I might read it over and over again and know each word as she would read it. All night I sat by the window with that in my hand and a wild, fierce joy in my heart that the morning would bring her something from which you could not shield her. A wretchedness greater than she had ever known, and which all your care and anxiety could not keep from her."

He took up the little bronze lizard from the desk and turned it over in his hand, while he spoke:

"And you think she is happy. You think she does not suffer, too. You would not think that if you had seen her one evening last week when I found her up in the third

story alone in the dark, crying as though her heart would break. I tried to comfort her, asked what it was—what I could do. At first she would say nothing, but after a while she sobbed out that I did not seem to need her any more. That every day she felt I was growing farther away from her. That I was all she had, and if she should lose my love she could not live. I did what I could to comfort her; told her that she imagined much of it, because she was not well; that my work had been harder for the past year and took more of my time and thought. It was only a few nights later, at dinner, that she suddenly burst into tears and left the room. When I followed her, she said it was because she was sick and nervous. But I knew."

His voice broke. He put down the paper weight and walked over to the window.

"And I have tried so hard that she should feel no difference. I have tried to be more thoughtful and anxious for her comfort than ever before. I have neglected none of the little attentions I know she loves. But instinct tells her that I am not the same. You know I have never loved her with the complete, conscious love I have given you; but I gave her always a warm affection, sincere sympathy, and solicitous care that all these years she has taken for love and has been satisfied and happy with—until now.

"And now that she is no longer young and almost an invalid—to fail her now when her need for me is so great. A woman who has lived with me for twelve years, who has given me the best of her life; a good woman, who has tried to make me happy——"

Again his voice broke. He turned from the window and walked back to the desk.

A sharp, shrill sound from the street—the postman's whistle. The faint opening and closing of a door. Silence and then the sound of footsteps in the hall. A knock at the library door and the maid was laying the mail on a table.

A yellow envelope from a drug store, a long white one from a trust company, two circulars, and a medical journal. *It was not there!*

She shrank back, white and faint. "Oh—oh—could—could she——"

"No," he answered quietly; "she is out driving. There is some mistake."

He rang for the maid.

"Susan, is this all the mail? Did you bring it all in here?"

"Why, yes, sir."

"You are sure there was no other letter?"

"No, sir."

"I am expecting a letter that is not here. Look along the hall carefully. You might have dropped it."

"I will look, sir, but I'm sure I didn't drop anything. Perhaps Mrs. Carlton took it by mistake, sir."

"Mrs. Carlton!"

The maid looked up wonderingly at the sudden huskiness in his voice.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Carlton came in just as the postman did. She looked over the mail, took a letter, and gave me the rest. Shall I ask her about it, sir?"

"No—no, I will see her myself. That will do, Susan." The door closed after her.

He bowed his head on his hands. "Mary, Mary—my poor wife."

She threw herself on her knees beside him.

"Oh, don't—don't—it is more than I can bear. It may not be too late. Go to her at once. She may not have read it yet!"

He started up and then stopped. There was a hurried step and the rustle of silk outside. She turned to him with frightened, questioning eyes. But he did not see her. His face was turned toward the door.

"Oh, no—no. She must not come in here! Oh, it would be too pitiful. You must not let it be!"

He did not move or speak. His eyes were still on the door and in his face was infinite pity and tenderness for the woman who was coming toward them.

The steps were very near. Now they were at the door. With a stifled cry she slipped behind the heavy tapestry of the window. There was a straining sound from above of fixtures giving away. She was bearing her whole weight on the curtain. She relaxed her hold and leaned back against the window for support.

The door opened.

"Richard! Are you in here, dear? Oh, Richard, Richard, my dear husband!" A quick rush, a glad little cry, and she was in his arms. "It has just come—your letter, dear, your beautiful letter! The most precious birthday gift I ever had. And yesterday I was wretched because I thought you had forgotten—what day it was. And all the time you were planning this! Do you know how happy it has made me? Do you, dear? Oh, I don't think you can know because—because—" And then, sobbing, she hid her face against his breast.

"Mary, Mary," he whispered huskily. "Don't, dear! You have just said you were so happy."

"Oh, yes—yes—I am now. Because I know you love me now. You could not have written that letter unless you loved me very dearly. But, oh, I have been heartsick for so long! Your love is so much to me—it is all I have. And somehow for months I have felt that I was losing it. Despair was creeping into my heart. I am not young any more. There is nothing in me to attract you again. If I lose your love I could not win it back now. Oh, I know I could not. And all the future lay black and desolate before me. Health and youth and beauty have all left me. And to feel that your love was leaving me too!

"Oh, Richard, now don't you understand what your letter means to me? It has made me happier than anything else in the world could have done! Because it shows that you *do* love me—have loved me all along. And all these months I have been breaking my heart without cause. I have been morbid, dear, because I am not well. But, oh, I won't be any more. I can never doubt your love again. And the locket! After my wedding ring it will be the most precious thing I own. Have you sent it by mail too? And did you address it on the typewriter as you did the letter, so I would not know until I opened it that it was from you?"

She put up her hands and drew his head down close to hers.

"Richard! How pale you are. You are ill?"

"No—no—only a headache—and a little tired."

"Oh, my dear husband, why do you work so hard? How good and patient you are with me, dear. I won't keep you any longer; no, not a second. I only want to tell you again that I am the happiest woman in the world to-day."

She nestled her face close against his, kissing him gently on forehead, eyes, and lips. A moment later the door closed softly.

A sound of sliding curtain rings grated on the tense stillness of the room. A rustle of a dress and she, with white strained face, was standing beside him, trying with feverish, trembling fingers to unfasten a locket from a chain at her throat. Her collar was open and there was a faint mark on the whiteness of her skin where the locket had lain. It came off at last and lay free in her hand. She held it out to him.

"Margaret—you mean——"

"Yes."

"You—you would have it so——"

"Yes."

She laid the locket on the desk before him, and then—with a broken little sob she turned toward the door.

"Margaret!"

But the door had closed after her. Almost instantly came the closing of another door—the outside door. And a moment later again the click of hoofs in the side street, swiftly trailing off into silence.

He took up the locket. It was still warm. With a great shuddering sob he bowed over it.

EARTH-WEARY

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

PALE brow too white for trceries of pain,
Frail hands too soft for this world's thorn and rue,
Unearthly eyes beneath whose drooping lids
There lay too much of heaven shining through.

Pale, weary feet that strove to keep the road,
But longed across the poppy fields to roam;
Then God looked down—saw anguish in her eyes,
And through a poppied sunset led her home.



THE WRECKING TRAIN READY TO START

THE RAILROAD "WRECKER" AND HIS WORK

By A. W. ROLKER



THE career of the "wrecker" on a big railroad is like that of a fireman in the fire department of a big city, only more strenuous. Like the fireman, the wrecker is on duty every second, day and night, and like the fireman the wrecker braves blizzards and sleet storms, often facing hardships and cruel suffering and even death for the saving of life and property. But whereas even in emergency the fireman never covers an area greater than the most populous section of a city, the line traversed by the wrecker covers a hundred or more miles, and whereas the fireman is in touch with at least such comforts as he may snatch while on his feet, not infrequently the wrecker is landed in the heart of a wilderness miles and miles from the nearest town and the pangs of hunger are added to privation.

Sometimes, when a big wreck has happened and cars and engines are piled high on crushed and mangled bodies, the wrecker is

rushed through darkness and snowdrift to work from twenty-four to forty-eight hours without even a chance to take his cap off; and just as his "job" is nearly completed, along comes another alarm that sends him sixty or seventy miles in an opposite direction where box cars and coal cars have heaped themselves thirty feet high, paralyzing the road and costing thousands of dollars' worth of loss in time and prestige almost every hour.

Despite these hardships, the danger, the excitement, and the bustle of the work endear it to the men, and the wrecker who loses his place on a crew is never perfectly happy afterwards. Yet cases have been where these men, goaded to the limit of human endurance by hunger and fatigue and exhaustion, have flatly mutinied, refusing to continue work; and in one instance, during a blizzard on a Western plain, a wreckmaster tried to stand with cocked revolver to keep a crew from deserting.

What it means to the wrecker when a fast

express is wrecked is something that no man can appreciate unless he has seen it. No thousand pounds of dynamite exploded at a given point could wreak more havoc than a train coming to a sudden stop when running sixty or seventy miles an hour. As the wheels of the big locomotive, weighing from 100 to 125 tons, leave the track, there is a cloud of dust and a shower of clay and gravel and stones, a dull, crunching, grinding, rending, splintering crash that may be heard a mile away, and in an instant, even before the human brains of those aboard have had time to realize what has happened, all is over. The locomotive, that wonderful machine which a tenth of a second before was an almost breathing thing of might and beauty, the handsome, massive cars, the latest example of the builder's art in the construction of the modern palace on wheels, are masses of bent,

found a hundred yards away bent and twisted as if they were hairpins instead of the toughest of steel weighing thirty-five or more pounds to the foot. In a twinkling, property representing a money value of more than a quarter of a million dollars has been wiped out clean as if 250 \$1,000 notes had been thrown into a roaring furnace. And worst of all, the entire system is as if cut in two. Trains laden with anxious, impatient passengers are held up and stretch one after another, sometimes forming a string two or three miles long. Every hour's delay, every minute's delay advertises the gravity of the accident, imprinting it on patrons' minds, and adds to the confusion of the schedule, which, often, it requires days to straighten out.

This is the time when everything depends upon the grimy man in cap, peajacket, and overalls, who for a space becomes more important than the president of the road. As a rule he is not the husky, gigantic hero you might picture to yourself. On the contrary, he is the ordinary type of railroad man whom you have seen leaping from the top of one car to another while the "fast freight" dashes onward at the rate of



A WRECKING TRAIN
ON THE BROOK-
LYN "L"

twisted, split, shattered junk and kindling.

A hole, three or four feet deep and a hundred or more feet long, has been gouged clean out of the ground as if made by a gigantic chisel. Railroad ties, ground into match sticks, litter the woods and fields. Rails are



RESULT OF A COLLISION ON THE NEW YORK ELEVATED
RAILROAD

thirty or forty miles an hour. He may not be able to lift a ton, but he knows how to handle machinery that can lift 125 of them. He may not weigh more than 150 pounds, but so long as his paper of "loose chewing" holds out he can, if necessary, subsist on this and bad words for ten hours at a stretch without thinking of asking for food. Sometimes the roughness



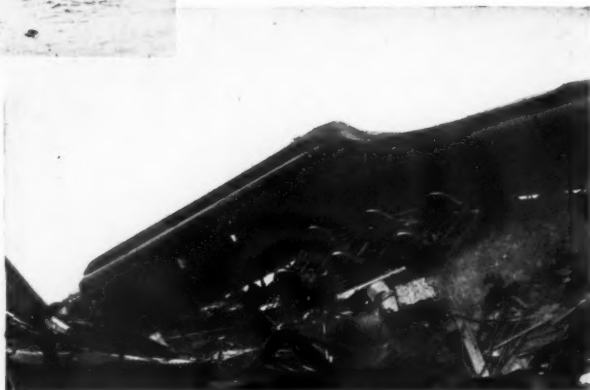
A CRANE AT WORK

REMOVING THE CAR
AFTER THE ATLANTIC
CITY DISASTER

of his work creeps into his face and makes it hard; and the lurch of the train gets into his gait; also, his hands, this time of the year, are split open with frost, and coal dust and grime and black grease have settled black into the cracks. Altogether he is not the sort of rough-and-ready person you would be anxious to invite to your

home; but he is a brave, hard-working, honest sort of man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow if ever bread was hard-earned, and whose grim face has appeared to many an ill-fated man as the face of a rescuing angel.

The train which may be said to be the home of this man stands upon a siding among a maze of tracks in the unlovely, barren yard adjoining a roundhouse or a car shop. A disreputable-looking affair it is—designed for knocks and usage rather than to appear in a glitter of varnish and polished windows—consisting essentially of two flat cars and what seem to be two ancient railroad coaches be-



BEFORE THE WRECKER ARRIVES

neath the coat of grease and dust of which is dull paint of a rusty red.

The front car of this train is the "crane car"—a marvel of powerful, stumpy derrick on wheels—consisting of a flat car with a revolving platform under an upright girder eight feet high, bent at the top into a goose neck from which leads a ponderous steel chain connecting with a donkey engine, which can lift a locomotive weighing a hundred tons and swing it clear off the ground just as readily as you might pick up a horse-shoe on a country road. Behind this "crane car" is a flat car with spare trucks and extra rails and ties and switches to repair tracks or to build temporary tracks around obstructions that will take too long to remove. Behind this car comes one of the rusty coaches, bumped, bruised, and gouged without, but within a marvel of systematic order and neat storage. Hydraulic jacks, capable of lifting houses; hawsers, big around as a man's calf; steel chains with links weighing three pounds each, huge blocks and tackles, axes, crowbars, sledges, crosscut saws, picks, shovels, lanterns, and a hundred and one other tools are compactly arranged in racks and compartments. Every hammer, every nail is in place so that night or day, darkness or light, every man can lay a hand on anything he wants at an instant's notice. And last but not least comes the living car for the crew of twelve or fifteen picked men where, if all goes well, a cook prepares meals of ham and eggs and tinned things, where he makes piping hot coffee winter's nights when a sixty-mile-an-hour zero gale cuts ears and faces, and icy steel peels skin from bare hands, and where there are bunks to stretch out on after the men have worked sometimes for days without seeing the inside of a bed.

On the long Western stretches of our big roads where trains are few and wrecks proportionally scarce, wrecking outfits are stationed along the line at intervals from 150 to 200 miles, both trains rushing to the scene of any serious accident that may happen in the district lying between them. In these sections, comparatively free from trouble, the wrecker works in machine shops or in roundhouses between smash-ups, and often, to get an engine for his train, the wreckmaster is compelled to rob the first train down the line of its locomotive. But near the terminals of the big roads, where even the slight derailment of a coal car is felt seriously, there are permanent wrecking crews

with trains stationed from forty to sixty miles apart, and a heavy, fast express locomotive is ever in readiness.

The dispatch which flashes into the wreckmaster's office and starts the whole outfit in motion reads something like this: "No. 389, Engineer Jones, Conductor Black, with fifty-three loads, wrecked two miles west of Varnishwalla. Both tracks obstructed and badly damaged. X. Y. Z."

Should this come into a station where members of the wrecking crew are attending to various duties about a shop or a roundhouse, three long blasts from a steam whistle sound the alarm; and if a locomotive is within cannonshot, inside of a few minutes every man is aboard and the engineer opens the throttle. Should the alarm come in at night when the crew must be summoned from its homes by telephone, from fifteen to twenty-five minutes are necessary before the train, entire road thrown wide open to it, gets under way. In any case, night or day, hail, rain, ice, snow, or sunshine, with safety valve snorting, every pound of steam crammed on, and the fireman heaping on coal, the locomotive fairly bounds across the ribbons of steel, taking crossings, tunnels, and cuts just as fast as her gigantic drivers can whirl her, taking tall bridges and skyscraping trestles like a scared cat along a fence, and never slackening until the glimmer of a red light or the flutter of a scarlet flag ahead gives warning.

The trouble may be slight, like a switch engine loafing off an open switch; in which case a couple of jacks or the crane lifts the engine, and within fifteen minutes sets it back upon the rails. An axle may have broken under a fifty-ton coal car so that it has to be jacked up while the crane revolves, lifts a ponderous four-wheel truck from the flat car behind and deposits it on the rails in front of the car, neatly as you might help yourself to an olive. Or, freight, like steel girders or an entire bridge truss, may have toppled from a passing freight car and landed across tracks.

On the other hand, the wreck may be a serious one with a score of the first cars knocked into flinders, and thirty cars behind telescoped or climbed all over one another or stood upside down or on end, and scattered about the scenery as a boy might scatter a tin toy train by kicking it across his playroom.

Whatever the condition, like so many terriers sailing into a pit of rats, the wreckers dive into the work. There appears to be no



CLEARING AWAY WRECKAGE OF A HEAD-ON COLLISION OF PASSENGER TRAINS

head nor tail to the attack, and yet every man knows his place; the one man who is supreme, the one who decides at a single glance what to do, and the one upon whose official shoulders rests this mountain of junk and wreckage is called wreckmaster.

The wreck may be an appalling sight which, it might seem, would require a week to clear. But within five minutes after the wrecker arrives things begin to move—not piece by piece or singly, but by heaps and mounds and dozens. If conditions warrant, the wreckmaster sends for the repair gang and within an hour or two from 100 to 200 Italians or Japanese swarm like flies over the landscape laying and tamping ties, spiking rails so quickly that you can fairly see the tracks creep over the ground around the obstruction. And while this temporary switch is going down, the wreckers are performing miracles in the line of clearing things. While the crane crew burrows and tunnels and crawls beneath the locomotive to pass chains about the big machine to remove this most formidable of all obstructions, the rest of the

men have cut off the wreck-train locomotive to put her to work. Hawsers are passed about heaps of wreckage piled high as a barn. A warning "toot" to stand clear and amid a crunching and splintering as if a house were falling in the mountain of tangled, split oak is dragged over rails and ties until it topples of itself into an adjoining field.

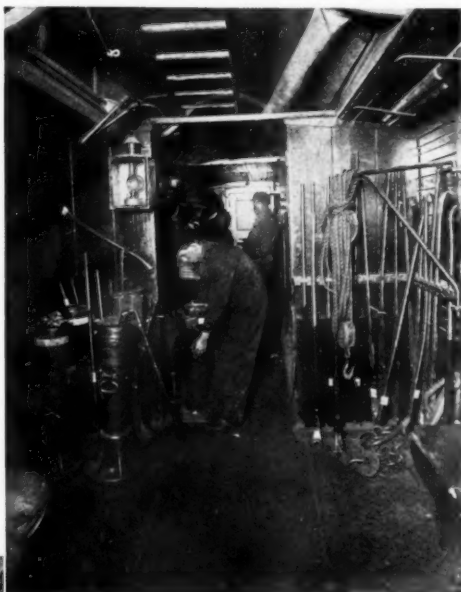
What the locomotive cannot pull out of the way, the crane lifts. Within twenty minutes after arrival its donkey engine tugs and puffs and snorts at the bent, battered leviathan weighing a hundred or more tons and lying on its back, wheels in air and nose pointing in the direction it came from. Up comes the ponderous heap of junk, almost imperceptibly at first but steadily as if an unseen hand were lifting it into space. Wheels of its car clamped to the rails to prevent capsizing, the crane groans and trembles under the enormous strain, but in something like an hour the sorry-looking victim, boiler stove in, cowcatcher, cab, smokestack, and pilot truck stripped, and crusted with mud and

clay and ashes, is turned right side up and set upon its wabby legs, where it stands like a mortally wounded giant, ready to hobble on to a siding.

"Clear the tracks at any cost." This is the unqualified order to the wreck-master, and under the touch of his wonderful engines confusion vanishes like magic. Anything that can be thrown into a ditch quicker than it can be hauled out of the way is sent flying. There is no time to investigate what is inside of partly damaged cars. Freight cars and coal cars worth \$1,000 each, sometimes laden with costly furniture, with pianos, glassware, or art pieces, are sent crashing over and over down forty-foot embankments.

Neither property nor men the wreck-master spares; for all this may take place while the world sleeps, after the wrecker has spent twenty-four hours of continuous duty elsewhere and fifty or a hundred miles from the nearest town, and while the night is so dark that you cannot see your hand in front of your eyes. For

his jacks, passing chains or hawsers through out torrential rainstorms, when bridges are



THE TOOL CAR



GALLEY OF A WRECKING TRAIN

eight or ten hours at a stretch the wrecker may crawl beneath shattered cars, planting

threatened and he must grope and flounder through knee-deep mud and icy water, soaked through to the skin, chilled to the marrow and chattering with cold. Or he may work in a blizzard amid blinding snow dust whipped by a seventy-mile gale of arctic cold that heaps drifts while he lugs frost-nipped chains and bars and staggers up to his knees in snow, sticking to his post for the sheer love of the fight and for the sake of the snowplow stalled on one side of the wreck, praying to get through. Should the wreck be in the open and merely that of a freight train he thanks his stars. It is the coal wreck with its mountains of coal that must be shoveled away by hand which the wrecker detests. And if this train piles itself up within a cut where throwing overboard is impossible, and from where every stick of timber and every pound of coal must be hauled, sometimes for the distance of a mile, then the limit of the wrecker's profanity is reached.

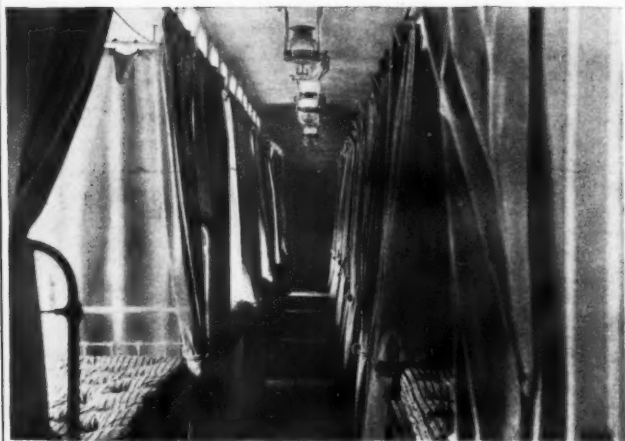
Not until he gets at least one track cleared

may the wrecker breathe at all, and not until both are cleared may he breathe easier. Long before then the repair gang with its gravel train and flat cars with ties and rails and switches is at work. But the wrecker

and crackling as they envelop the wreck, consuming every vestige of wood and leaving only fire-rusted wheels and axles and bars to be removed by a section gang, which takes away even ashes and cinders and, frequently,



THE OPERATING ROOM



WARD ROOM OF A HOSPITAL CAR

may not leave the spot until he has destroyed the wreck, not a bolt, not a brake wheel of which may remain to suggest to the timid patrons of the road that such a thing as an accident ever happened. A barrel of kerosene is rolled out of the tool car, and within ten minutes flames leap high in air, snapping

restores the spot of burnt grass to its former beauty.

There are two distinct sides to the work of the wrecker, and this is especially true of wrecked passenger-train "jobs." The first viewpoint is the one of business, best illustrated by an anecdote wherein, manifestly,

the names of the company may not be used.

A gentleman who made periodical trips between New York and California was known for his preference for the A. C. & L. R. R., one of two roads plying between these points. Recently, instead of coming in on the A. C. & L. he took the S. P. route.

"How is it you have forsaken the A. C. & L.?" asked a friend.

"Last time I came in I noticed a number of wrecks scattered along the line of the A. C. & L. and decided the S. P. was the safer," was the answer.

As a matter of fact, the S. P. had just as many wrecks as the A. C. & L., but its management had the good sense to clear away all evidences of trouble at once.

The other viewpoint of the passenger wreck is not that of the board of directors but of the wrecker. Satisfied and content though the wrecker may be with his strenuous job, there is one thing he dreads, not as if he were a hard-headed, rough man of action, but almost as if he were a woman. This is the passenger-train wreck when dozens may be killed in the most horrible manner while scores are injured frightfully.

"I've put in twelve years on a wrecking crew and I've seen many a lively smash-up and spent many a tough night; but what's worse than anythin' about this business is what you see when a 'passenger' goes piling herself up," said a veteran wrecker recently. "You can get used to working day and night, you can get used to living on half of a bad, cold meal, and you can get used to freezing and to getting soaked to the skin, but what you never get used to is seeing Things, all stoved in and flattened, that you pull from under heaps. I've handled 'em so you wouldn't hardly know what it was you were lookin' at, and I've handled 'em so smashed and mashed that you wouldn't know where to catch hold first. Them's the sort of things that comes to you nights. I've seen a whole crew turn away from grub after a mussy job like that."

Still, every wrecker knows that just as long as human eyes cannot look inside of steel, just as long as a human brain may fail or a human hand may falter, just as long as the most perfect mechanical safety devices may get out of order, and just as long as lunatics and vicious men remain at large, there will be train wrecks to the end of all time, no matter how conscientiously heads of railroads

may try to guard against these catastrophes. The greater the road the more it is prepared for emergency in fatal accidents. All of the big railroads, like the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Erie, and the big companies whose tracks gridiron the vast West, are equipped with hospital cars for this very purpose. These cars are sent out attached to wrecking trains.

In every detail the railroad hospital car is perfect and complete as a ward or an operating room in St. Luke's Hospital. Every conceivable comfort to make as humane as possible the transportation of those severely wounded, every conceivable surgical instrument, every conceivable appliance to insure proper surgical cleanliness, and every convenience not only for the temporary but for the permanent accommodation of the badly injured, is there. Victims so seriously injured that removal to another hospital might result fatally may remain right in this car for weeks and be attended to either by private nurses or by the trained nurses in the company's employ.

Perhaps the most perfectly equipped hospital car of any railroad is the one recently turned out for the Erie. The body of this car, mounted on six-wheel Pullman car trucks and provided with the most delicate springs, resembles a combination smoker and baggage car with the usual sliding doors on each side near one end. There is nothing in its exterior to suggest its extraordinary purpose. As you enter, however, a surprise awaits you, for it is as if you were entering a long, narrow ward of an up-to-date hospital. Everything from the ceiling to the walls and to the sixteen enameled beds arranged lengthwise each side of the aisle against the windows is of an immaculate ivory white. Light, ventilation, and heat appliances are installed. During winter heat is maintained continually to have the car ready for immediate service. The floor covering, the curtains screening each bed, even the shades in front of the double windows are of white rubber. Nowhere is there a texture to afford a hiding place for microbes or germs.

At one end of this car, next the big sliding door, is the operating room with its operating table, glass-topped surgeons' tables, sterilizing apparatus, tanks with oxygen, running hot and cold water, closets for surgical instruments, and drawers full of fresh linens, pillowcases, sheets, towels, and woolen blankets. Everything a surgeon might require for

amputation, for the sewing and bandaging of wounds, and for the surgery of bones is found here. In fact, the list of surgical appliances and accessories contained in this car covers three closely typewritten sheets.

Under the body of the car is stored an adjustable stairway to lead from the sliding door to the ground, so the wounded may be transported without danger or jar when lifted. Also, here are stretchers and crutches, and acetylene gas generators, so that the car may be flooded with light should the surgeons have to work at night. Axes, crowbars, and saws and chemical fire extinguishers, everything conceivable with which to rescue victims pinned beneath wreckage is stored under the car—even telegraph instruments, telegraph-pole "climbers," and coils of copper wire so that a telegraph line can be broken into at any point if necessary.

But it is not until a fatal dispatch announces a catastrophe and the wrecker's train backs in to hook the handsome car to its rusty caboose that the neat, comfortable quiet of this car turns into a hustle and bustle of grim preparation. On the company's list are six surgeons and as many nurses, who are summoned by telephone the instant the news of a wreck comes in, and who have fifteen minutes' leeway in which to report. If the injured are very numerous, dispatches are sent to the nearest big town, where the wreckers stop just long enough to pick up additional surgeons and nurses who have been summoned by the local representative; and away goes the hospital at the rate of seventy or eighty miles an hour, while the nurses get out bed sheets and blankets and make ready the beds, start the sterilizing apparatus, and whatever else is in their department, while the surgeons roll up sleeves, put on aprons, and speculate on the work to come.

It is on the humble wrecker, however, that the brunt of the work falls. "Above all, save human life," is his unwritten order. Dripping with blood, cool-headed and steady amid excitement and shambles that would unnerve the strongest, the wrecker performs the hardest and most greswome part of the work, often risking his life to save others.

It is into the midst of confusion the wrecker plunges; and from the moment of his coming there is a head and a tail to the rescue, even as a skillful general may change an utter

route of his men into an orderly retreat. Every man in the crew knows exactly where he is at, what he is to do, and how he is to do it. There is no use for the wreckmaster to pass orders among these marvelously drilled men. From six to eight of them leap off the train with stretchers and begin to gather the injured, women and children first. Not a moment is to be lost. The men raise victim after victim and bear them to the hospital car swiftly and skillfully, as only a Red Cross squad may work on a battlefield.

While the stretcher men are at work the rescue detail chops and saws and hews and pries its way, smashing through the wreckage, crawling beneath tottering heaps of debris where the single misstroke of an ax might bring tons of oak and steel crashing down upon them. Sometimes for hours this work goes on, the men dragging forth wounded with blanched, set faces, fighting down their natural aversion to the dreadful scene. Now and then a wrecker is overcome and has to quit his job, but soon he is back again, swinging ax or sledge, and attacking madly wherever he hears a groan or a cry from beneath the mass.

When the last victim has been cared for and the last body removed, when even idlers have been turned away, sickened by the sights, then the wrecker's real work begins. The train may be a Sunset Limited or an Empire State Express or a Florida Special, each car worth from \$30,000 to \$35,000; yet the wrecker goes to work exactly as he did while clearing away the wreck of an ordinary freight train. Compared with the blockading of the road no expense within reason may stand in the way, and no Pullman sleeper, no parlor car, no dining car is spared; if it can be thrown out of the way quicker than it can be pulled to one side, it is dumped into a ditch to be burned or hurled down an embankment. The crane groans, the hydraulic jacks lift and strain, and the wrecking locomotive snorts and puffs while the wreck mountains move and crunch and topple to one side. Kerosene and the torch do the rest. Within twenty hours after the wreck curious passengers may gaze morbidly from car windows, looking in vain for the least trace of the catastrophe, so thoroughly has the wrecker done his work.

HOULMÉ. HANUM, THE DISCONTENTED*

BY DEMETRA VAKA BROWN



I HAD been for over an hour in bed, but sleep would not come. I wondered whether the young Turkish girl, in her little bed at the foot of mine, was asleep, and I fell to thinking about her. She was half-sister to Djimlah Hanum, my childhood friend, whose guest I was in Selim Pasha's household. Since Houlmé, however, had been brought up by her maternal grandfather, I had never seen her until the present visit. Her home was in Asia Minor, but where I don't know, though she told me.

She was very friendly to me from a distance, like a timid dog, but never came near me, only sending me her smiles; and now and then I thought I read in her large Eastern eyes the desire to ask questions. Perhaps she wanted to know something concerning the outside world, but never till to-night did she speak to me.

She had come to my room like a vestal. She did not look modern and did not move like ordinary women. I always thought of her as Antigone. She came to give me my flower bath, which was a great honor to a mortal like me, for her grandmother had been a sister of the Sultan. I anticipated that now, at last, she would talk to me; but she gave me my bath almost without a word. Then, when she asked permission to spend the night with me, and after the slaves had made her bed at the foot of mine, I again expected some conversation from her; and again young Houlmé crept into her little bed, stretched her arms out, palms upward, and prayed that Allah, the only true God, should guard the living and help the dead, and quietly laid herself down to sleep.

My thoughts on Houlmé were interrupted

pleasantly by a nightingale. I have heard nightingales all over Europe, but they do not sing as they do in the East. The reason perhaps is because all over the world they are mere birds, while in the East they are the mythical Bul-Buls, the souls starved for love. It is believed that once a Bul-Bul loved a rose, and the rose aroused by the song woke trembling on her stem. It was a white rose, as all roses at the time were white, innocent, and virginal. It listened to the song, and something in its rose heart stirred. Then the Bul-Bul came ever so near the trembling rose and whispered words which the rose could not help hearing. "*Ben severim sana Gul-Gul.*" At those words of love the little heart of the rose blushed, and in that instant pink roses were created. The Bul-Bul came nearer, and though Allah, when he created the world, meant that the rose alone should never know earthly love, it opened its petals and the Bul-Bul stole its virginity with a kiss. In the morning the rose in its shame turned red, giving birth to red roses; and although ever since then the nightingale comes nightly to ask of the divine love, the rose refuses; for Allah never meant rose and bird to mate. Thus, although the rose trembles at the voice of the nightingale, its petals remain closed.

That night the memory of this story was particularly dear to me, because it brought back to me my childhood dreams. In order to enjoy better the nightingale I sat up. The little platform on which my bed was made creaked and Houlmé spoke.

"Are you awake, too, young Hanum?"

"I have been unable to sleep," I said.

"I have not been asleep either. There is no sleep to-night for mortals."

She got out of bed, went to a closet, and brought out two white silk burnouses.

* This is the third of Mrs. Kenneth Brown's articles describing the intimate domestic life of Turkish women as she observed them during a recent visit to her girlhood home in Constantinople.

"Come, young Hanum," she said. "Come, let us no longer stay in our beds."

I threw over my shoulders the soft garment. Houlmé put hers on. She took my hand, and we went out on the little balcony.

It was one of those wonderful Oriental nights, when the beauty of nature is intoxicating, maddening. The sky was indigo blue without the shadow of a cloud; the stars were brilliantly lighting the hills and the garden and a half-grown moon was traveling fast toward the Bosphorus. Except for the singing of the nightingale all was still.

"That is why we cannot sleep." It was Houlmé speaking. "There is too much love on the earth to-night; and we being of the earth cry for our own. My poor heart has traveled over endless seas and is with him now, and my young life is crying for him."

It was a strange night, and that Mohammedan girl standing next to me in her glorious beauty, and talking a language mysterious as the East, captivated my imagination. As I looked at her, at her large black eyes and arched eyebrows, her ivory complexion and her lovely mouth, I felt that she could do things that an ordinary woman could not. And the night had loosened her tongue, as it had the nightingale's.

"I sometimes think," she went on, "that it is wrong for women to think and to know much, for they kill nature with their thoughts. Men, great men, never think when it comes to love; they only love and taste life. It is as it should be, as Allah meant life and love to be. What has our poor woman's mind to do with the workings of the universe? If it were not for my foolish thinking, I should not be craving love now like the Bul-Bul."

There is something about Turkish women that those of other nations cannot easily realize. They may be more educated than our college girls, they may speak four or five languages, and read the masterpieces of each of these languages, but they remain children of nature, as we do not. If you spend a day with them and they love you, you will know their hearts and minds as they truly are. There is no false shame or prudery about them. They speak as they think and feel.

Houlmé apparently felt very much that lovely midsummer night, and her heart was breaking for something I could not well make out. She drew me to her and kissed me.

"Glorious one, do you suffer as I do?"

"I don't know how you suffer," I answered. She clasped her hands to her bosom. "Oh!

I suffer as if my poor heart were on fire. It is crying out for that other heart which, but for my foolishness, would be near me now."

I did not care to ask anything for fear of stopping her half confession.

"Houlmé," I said instead, "you are very beautiful. I would give anything to be as beautiful as you are."

"Why should you like to have my beauty, beloved Hanum? You said you did not wish to be married; beauty is only good to a woman to give to the man she loves; you ought not to have any, and Allah ought to have made you black."

I shuddered. On a night like this, everything seemed possible, and I looked around for the wicked *ev-sahib* who might change my color.

"Foreign Hanum," said Houlmé, "tell me a little about the women of England. Are they so beautiful that they can make men forget their vows to other women?"

"Some of them are very handsome," I answered, "but not as beautiful as you women of the East. To my mind you are the only kind of women that could make men forget their vows, and Mahomet knew what he was about when he made his laws."

"You are not right about our Prophet, beloved Hanum, for he never meant women to be kept apart from men; but what you say gladdens my poor heart—or are you speaking thus because you have divined my sorrow and wish to comfort me?"

"I know nothing about you, Houlmé, except what little you have told me to-night."

"Oh! glorious Hanum, sometimes I should like to feel as you women of other lands, though I know it to be wicked to wish to be different from what the great Allah made me. But I am sorry I have been brought up as a woman of the West."

"But you are not," I said. "You are less of the West than any Mussulman girl I met. What makes you think that you are like us?"

"Because, young Hanum, I was brought up by foreigners. I speak English, French, and German as well as I do my own language, and I know more of your literatures than I know of our own. The thoughts of your great writers have made a great change in my poor Eastern thoughts. You see, young Hanum, I was brought up by my maternal grandfather, who is a Turk of the new school, which believes that women ought to be educated to be the companions of men. He brought me up with my cousin Murat,

to whom I was betrothed as soon as I was born. He is only four years older than myself, but I shared his studies and his games till I reached womanhood and had to take *tearchaf*. I was then fourteen. Of course from that moment I did not see my cousin, as I was living in the haremlik and he in the selamlık. When I was eighteen my respectable grandfather called me to him and said that the time had come for me to be the wife of Murat Bey. As I said before, my grandfather is of the new school and does not believe in forcing marriage upon women. He asked me if I were ready? I was ready—not to marry—but to ask a favor.

"I must tell you, young Hanum, that from the day I took myself to the haremlik to be a woman and not a child I gave my limited mind to the studies of your great writers. From them I understood that there was a greater love than the love based on affection, and I wanted to make sure that Murat preferred me to other women. I asked therefore my learned grandfather to send Murat for three years out in the world, in the different capitals of Europe, in some diplomatic post. If at the end of the three years Murat loved me still, and thought me worthy to be his wife, I should marry him. He has been for a year in Vienna, then for a year in Paris, and now he is in England. As was my wish then, Murat never writes me—but he sends me books and presents all the time. Since he has gone I take one daily paper from Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and London. I also take several monthly periodicals, so that my mind may be ready for my cousin when he comes back to me. From what I read in your papers, I do not like your world, and I am glad that I am a Mohammedan girl. But I know also this, that it is wrong, wrong for women to think."

"It is a dangerous experiment," I said, "not for women to think, but to do what you have done. You sent the man you love away before he really knew you. If he had seen you as a woman, I doubt whether all the beauties of Europe could make him forget you. On the other hand, it is hardly fair to expect a youth to remember a child of fourteen. Why don't you write to each other, in order that at least he may know your mind?"

"Because I do not wish him to be reminded of me except by his own heart."

"Houlmé," I said, "are you not rather romantic? What in the name of all flowers made you do such idiotic things?"

"You don't understand me very much, young Hanum; that is why you think me romantic. The day before I took *tearchaf*, Murat Bey took me to his father's grave and there he promised me to remain faithful to me all his life after he became my husband. He vowed that I shall remain his only wife, unless Allah did not send us boys. He gave me then a dagger with a poisoned blade and asked me to stab his heart if he ever was untrue to me after our marriage. As I grew older, and read much about life, I knew that it was unfair to Murat Bey to tie him down to such a great promise, unless I gave him a chance to see the world and many women."

"Does he know why he was sent abroad?"

"Oh, yes! I wrote him a long letter and explained to him my thoughts. At first he did not like the idea, for he said he knew that he loved me and wanted to be married to me; but at last he consented."

"Suppose that he falls in love with another woman and marries her, what will you do?"

"I shall use the dagger for my own heart," she said simply.

To think that she would kill herself for an idea! For Murat could be no more than an idea to her, she never really having known him as a man. I looked at her and wondered what things she might be capable of doing when she should love a real man.

"Houlmé," I asked, "suppose your cousin came back and you married him, and after a few years of marriage he wanted another wife, as so many good Moslems do, would you use your dagger?"

Her beautiful black eyes were wonderful on that glorious Oriental night; they looked like big stars, and as they met mine I had no need of an answer.

At that moment a light breeze from the sea passed, and in the stillness of the night we heard the moving of the leaves and flowers.

"They are awakening," said Houlmé. "The nightingale has reached their hearts. You can hear the rose tremble on its stem."

With the Eastern legend behind the notes I could fancy the Bul-Bul implore the awakening rose for a love that was never to be granted.

Houlmé was listening with all her heart in her eyes. One would say in watching her that she understood every syllable the lover bird sang. The song of the nightingale rose to a transcendent pathos and then abruptly stopped.

"Poor little feathered lover," the young Turkish girl murmured, "you have been de-

nied a little love which would make your singing immortal, and we shall hear you no more."

Houlmé made allusion to the Oriental belief that on some such night as this the nightingale's song, at its tenderest, most passionate note, does reach the heart of the rose, and that if then the rose still denies him, he dies. As the little body is never found it is believed that the other silent nightingales make his grave at the foot of the rosebush.

Whether this thought brought graves to the mind of my companion I don't know, but of a sudden she was on her feet and announced to me that she was going to the little cemetery to pray. There was no use arguing with her, as I saw her mind was made up, and in a few minutes, like two white phantoms, we were in the garden where Houlmé filled her arms with roses. Then she opened a gate, ever so little, made in the thick wall, and we were out in the open fields. She walked along majestically without the slightest misgiving of her misconduct, and in a short while we were in the little cemetery. Once there she walked directly to one grave, covered it with her flowers, threw herself on it and prayed. To me, crouching under the cemetery wall and imagining each tombstone either a phantom or, worse yet, a human form advancing toward us, it seemed as if she prayed an eternity. At last she got up, turned her tear-stained face to me, and asked me to give a prayer for an unhappy woman.

On our way home I asked her if she knew whose grave it was. Not till we found ourselves again on our balcony did she speak.

"That grave, dear blossom, is Chakendé Hanum's," she said.

"Who was Chakendé Hanum?" I asked.

Houlmé looked at me incredulously.

"You have been here so many days and no one has told you Chakendé Hanum's story?"

"No one," I answered, "and I am glad, for I would rather that you tell me her story since you love her grave so."

The light sea breeze became more audacious every moment and brought to our balcony the perfumes of the thousands of flowers growing beneath us, as Houlmé began.

"Chakendé Hanum was the daughter of Nazim Pasha. She was educated in the Western fashion. She was as beautiful as a houri and as good as Allah's own heart. She was given as a wife to Djamal Pasha, a young and dashing courtier. They were very

much in love with each other, and he promised her that she should remain his first and only wife. Their marital life was blessed with two boys and one girl. Chakendé grew more beautiful as happiness became her daily portion.

"One day when she was returning with her retinue from a visit she had made in Stamboul, on the bridge of Galata and in a closed carriage she saw her husband in company with a foreign woman. That night when he came home, she questioned him, and he only answered that the lady was a foreigner. Chakendé Hanum understood that her husband did not wish to be asked any more questions. Early in the morning, however, she sent for her brother, and from him she learned what was generally known.

"She took a few of her slaves and went to her country place. She stayed there for several days, giving the situation her whole thought; then she came back to her husband. She told him that she knew the truth, that she had thought the matter over, and had decided to give him back his word, as to her remaining his only wife. Thus he could marry the foreign lady. It was then that Djamal Pasha turned her from Allah. He laughed at her, and said that Mademoiselle Roboul of the French theatrical company was the kind of a woman that men loved but did not marry. Chakendé Hanum said nothing, but that very same day went into her garden and plucked roses from a laurel tree. You know, young Hanum, what you can do with those roses?"

A shiver ran down my back as I nodded.

"A few nights later when Djamal Pasha was about to retire, Chakendé Hanum prepared his sherbet for him. Her hand did not tremble, though her face was white as she handed it to him. It did not last long; Djamal Pasha died from an unexplained malady; but Chakendé Hanum kept on plucking laurel roses daily. After a little while they put her in her little grave, too, five years ago."

We sat silent for a while. The moon had traveled fast and was now near the water, bridging the Bosphorus with her moonglade. The garden, the hills, and the water changed with the changing slant of the rays, and became more wondrously enchanting still, though that had not seemed possible before, and enthralled me with the fascination of the East—the East whose language and ways of dealing with right and wrong had been alien to me for six years.

"It is wrong for women to think—it is wrong, at least, for us women of the East." It was Houlmé Hanum who spoke again. "They educate us and let us learn to think as you women of the West think, but the course of our lives is to be so different. Since they let us share your studies they ought to let us lead your lives, and if this cannot be done, then they ought not to let us study and know other ways but our own. If Chakendé Hanum were an Eastern woman in her thoughts as she was in her heart, she would have been with us now a happy woman, making her motherless children happy, too."

"Houlmé," I said, "for some of you, Occidental education is like strong wine to unaccustomed people. It simply goes to your heads. Look at Djimlah, your sister; she certainly is as educated as you are, but she could never behave the way you or Chakendé Hanum did."

"True," Houlmé assented. "My sister is educated as far as speaking European languages goes, but she has never been touched by Occidental thought. To her, her husband is her lord, the giver of her children. To me, and to those who think as I do, a man must be more. He must be to his wife what she is to him, all in all. Is not this what the Occidental love is? I did not use to think this way till I read your books. I wish I had never, never known. I do not like to hurt the feelings of my venerable grandfather, for I am the only child of his only daughter, as Murat is the only child of his only son, and I know that he did by me what he thought best. Sometimes, however, I should like him to know that with his new ideas he has made me miserable by allowing me to acquire thoughts that are not in accordance with our mode of living."

"Houlmé, if your cousin came back, and you became his wife and had any daughters, how would you bring them up?"

"I have thought of this very much indeed," was her answer, "and I should like to talk it over with Murat when he becomes my husband. I do not think Turkish parents have any right to experiment with their children. I should not like to give to my daughters this burden of unrest. I should like to bring them up as true Osmanli women."

"Then you disapprove of the modern system of education that is creeping into the harems? Were you to be free to see men and choose your husbands, would you still disapprove?"

"Yes. It took you many generations to come to where you are. Back of you there are hundreds of grandmothers who led your life and worked for what you have to-day. With us it is different: we shall be the first grandmothers of the new thought, and we ought to have it come to us slowly and through our own efforts. Mussulman women, with the help of Mahomet, ought to work out their own salvation, and borrow nothing from the West. We are a race apart, with different traditions and associations."

"Is this the thought of the educated women of the harems to-day?" I asked.

Houlmé's face saddened as she said:

"No, young Hanum, I am alone in this thought as far as I can make out. The others say that we must immediately be given freedom and liberty to do as we like with ourselves. Indeed, they look upon me with mistrust as if I were a traitor."

"Have they any definite plans of what they want to do?"

"I doubt whether you would call them definite plans, but I should like very much to have you come with me to our next meeting, which will be in two days. There are forty of them now and I think that they will do more harm than good, as they are going about it in a very irrational way. Their motto is, 'Down with the Old Ideas.' Naturally they refuse to obey their parents and husbands."

"How old are they, on the average?"

"The youngest of them all is seventeen and the oldest twenty-nine. They are all unmarried with the exception of five who have left their husbands."

"You are not in sympathy with their movement though you belong to it?"

"No, young Hanum, for I am afraid that it is more romanticism that guides them than thought for our beloved country. I call them to myself, 'Les Romanesques des Harems,' though they call themselves 'Les Louise Michel.'"

"Goodness gracious!" I exclaimed, "Louise Michel was an anarchist!"

"So are they," said Houlmé, "and because I tell them that through anarchy we can do nothing, they will not hear me."

I promised Houlmé to go with her to the meeting and speak to them if they would listen. Moreover, I realized that Houlmé Hanum, instead of being romantic as I was inclined to think of her at first, was a sane, deep thinker, such as is rarely found among women reformers,

THE BROKEN SANCTUARY*

BEING AN ADVENTURE OF VISCOUNT ROCKHURST, LORD CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER,
SOMETIME FRIEND OF CHARLES II, AND NICKNAMED BY HIS
MAJESTY "MERRY ROCKHURST"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "Rose of the World," "If Yoult but Knew," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER



RED dawn was breaking over London; through the undrawn curtains of the parlor in Lord Rockhurst's small house in Whitehall, the first rays darted in to mingle with the dying gleam of a pair of candles that guttered in their sockets.

Chitterley—my lord's old confidential servant, who had shared with him all fortune's vicissitudes, through prosperity and peace, through war and exile, since the last reign—rose from the high-backed chair upon which he had been dozing and stretched his stiffened limbs wearily. Muttering to himself, as old people will, he fell with sudden alacrity to replenishing the small cresset which burned at his hand; only just in time, for it was fast going out.

"All good spirits praise the Lord! Now I pray no misfortune may have happened this night! Heaven be merciful to us; these be times of terror!"

He flung a new handful of herbs upon the rekindled embers, and watched with satisfaction the column of fragrant smoke that rose circling, now blue, now white, to hang in clouds under the ceiling.

"'Twas your only remedy against the tainted air," had said Dr. Garth; and Dr. Garth was the King's physician.

"Morning already—and no sign of his lordship. Had it been a year gone now, I had got me to my bed, and ne'er a qualm.

But these be no times for frolic—and e'en if they were, my lord has had little stomach for it these weeks ago."

He shook his head, moved to the window, groaning for the aches in his joints, and peered into the street, in the hope of catching at last a glimpse of his beloved master, striding down Whitehall. Dim though Chitterley's eyes might be, he would know a furlong away the swing of the tall figure, the cock of the sword under the folds of the cloak, the proud tilt of the hat. But the street was deserted. It seemed as if the day was rising again over the stricken city but to make visible its desolation. The unwholesome mists of the night still stagnated under the reddening light; there was none of that air of rejuvenescence, of waking life-cheer which morning ought to bring. The stillness was not of repose, but of hopeless expectancy. One of those street fires, which were kept burning at all crossroads to combat the pollution, could be seen in the distance toward Charing Cross, smoldering fitfully, unattended, the last thin shafts of tar smoke rising straight, dismal through the heavy air. Somewhere in the palace, behind the Holbein Gate, a bell rang the hour. It sounded like a knell for those that were that day to die. Presently a woman's figure appeared in this solitude, creeping round a corner, holding on to the walls, dragging herself painfully.

Chitterley shuddered; and muttering his haunting, "Lord, have mercy upon us!"

drew back from the windows to go tease again the reeking herbs in the cresset and shift needlessly my lord's chair.

"Not even a pomander could I persuade him to take with him."

He turned to extinguish the candles. There came a knock at the outer door. Hardly trusting his deaf ears, he paused to listen—everything, anything, was an added terror these days of terror. The knock was repeated, faintly, then vehemently.

"'Tis not my Lord; he hath the house key. Pray heaven this be no ill news! Coming, coming!" he cried shrilly as yet another summons rang.

Hardly had the door rolled back under his feeble hands when he found himself thrust on one side: a woman in low-cut dress with disheveled laces hanging in shreds at her shoulders, brushed past him, and walked tottering into the room beyond, to sink upon the great chair.

Like an old watch dog's, Chitterley's first thought was of his duty.

"Madam—madam!" he protested. "His lordship is not within—" Then, as she turned upon the querulous sound, and looked vacantly at him, he staggered back: "God a' mercy; Madam Mantes!"

An ice-cold clutch seemed to be at his heart. Madame de Mantes it certainly was, the grand French lady of the Court, whom Lord Rockhurst had many a time entertained, in this his house, in days (alack, how far off they seemed!) when people laughed and made merry; and among the gay she had been the gayest, among the bright and beautiful, the brightest and most fair. Chitterley could remember how in that very chair—they called it the King's chair, for that his Majesty always sat in it when he visited, as he loved to do, his neighbor, "my Merry Rockhurst," for an hour of pleasant converse—she had sung fit to make his old heart young again. Yet this was Madame de Mantes. Torn and haggard, through the strands of her uncurled hair, her glazed eyes looked at him, from red and swollen lids, piteously, scarcely as if she could see. Except for a patch of rouge her face was livid. He thought of the figure crawling along the walls, and dread was upon him.

"How hot it is—" she complained in a dry, whispering voice. "Fires, fires everywhere! Give me to drink!"

The man hesitated a moment upon the blind impulse of flight. But the long habit

of fidelity was stronger even than fear of the pestilence. He took up a flask from a table—the *en cas*, after the foreign manner, awaiting the master's return—poured out a glass of wine, and tendered it to her.

"Hot? Eh, but your hand is cold, my lady!"

She drank; seemed to gain a little strength.

"Cold?" She took up the word with an inconsequent laugh. "So would you be, *mon ami*, had you been roaming the streets, for months—years—as I have been, to-night. You are a kind old man. The others ran from me—one robbed me and beat me, and he, too, ran away—"

And then Chitterley marked how cruelly in sooth the woman had been dealt with; her gown and bodice rent where seemingly the jewels had been snatched; and there was blood on her neck, trickling from the torn lobe of her little ear.

"*Mon beau Rockhurst!*" she went on in that loud whisper, as of one light-headed. "I drink to you, to you." She lifted the cup again, but stopped, catching at her throat. "It is fire! Why did you give me fire to drink?"

He seized the glass from her failing hand.

"God a' mercy! you are raving, madam! You must—"

She turned her red glance to him, then beat the air with a fierce gesture, imposing silence, and seemed to strain her ear to sounds inaudible.

"Oh, don't laugh, Rockhurst, don't laugh! Oh, if you like not a salt cheek, I can be merry—"

Chitterley had drawn back, step by step, to the farther end of the room. Then, of a sudden, very loud and angrily, he spoke:

"Madam, you are ailing. You are ill. You must go home!" She came back to her surroundings with a start and a cry.

"*Mon Dieu*, where am I? Ill? I am ill! I am strangling. I can't breathe." She clutched at her throat with both hands, feeling with frantic fingers; then, with a scream that rose and seemed to circle about the silent room like some phantom bird: "*Misericorde!* they are there. *La peste!* I have the *peste*."

Chitterley's gray hair bristled on his head.

"A physician!" he cried and turned to fly; but, in her delirium, she was quicker than he in his senile confusedness. She caught him by the wrist, with both her hands, now burning as though, indeed, she had drunk fire.

"No! You shall not leave me! I am dying. I will not die alone!" The fleeting of madness returned to her fever-wasted brain. "We are put in this world with five senses, and 'tis but common sense to pleasure them. Aye, Rockhurst—but when it comes to dying—!" Her grip relaxed; she wrung her hands. "How can such as we die? Old man, a priest, a priest!"

He felt that he would be less than man if he did not help her. Priest and physician—she should have both—poor soul, poor soul!

He tried to make her understand him, speaking loud as to the deaf, in little words as to a child. The priest, the physician—aye, she should have them—quickly—she might trust to him; but she looked at him, uncomprehending, with eyes ever wilder. A step farther on her awful journey, she seemed already worlds away from her fellow-humans.

Then, as if his meek, aged countenance, all puckered in distress, were a spectacle of unspeakable horror, she flung out both arms to ward him from her; stared round the room like a hunted thing, and ere he could call or arrest her, had darted through the half-open door of the inner room and flung it, clapping, into the lock between them.

"My lord's own room!" Chitterley stood a second helplessly; there came a groan from within; the sound of a heavy fall.

The old man called upon heaven and ran on his errand of mercy.

The wretched woman found herself in a darkened room, with heavy curtains closely drawn, illumined only by a dying night lamp. She staggered toward a couch, fought for a moment vainly for breath. Then strength, and with it, mercifully, consciousness, gave way; she fell face downward, clutching the silken hangings.

It seemed as if it had become suddenly broad day in that room where Chitterley had kept his night's vigi—that room, famed in Whitehall for gatherings of wit and beauty, convened for his Majesty's pleasure. A shaft of sunshine, yellow through the sullen mists, struck the chair where Charles had been wont to sit; where but a few moments ago had agonized one whose gay winsomeness and bird song he had so often commended.

The vapor of Sir George Garth's sovereign remedy rose but in feeble wisplike ex-

halations, ever fainter and wider apart—like to the breath of some dying thing. Occasionally a sigh or a groan and a muffled word or two came dully from the neighboring room; but after a while these ceased, and the only sound to be heard was that of a blue-fly, bloated and busy, circling about, emphasizing the stillness, to settle ever and anon with a heavy buzz on the wine which Jeanne de Mantes had spilled from her last cup.

Presently there approached, along the flags of Whitehall, the sound of steady foot-falls. They mounted the steps and halted before the door. A key grated in the lock and Lord Rockhurst led Mistress Diana Harcourt across the threshold.

She entered without a word, let herself fall in her turn into the King's chair, and lifted her face—blanched indeed with the miseries of the night, its terrors, the long vigil, the weary wandering, yet full of a brave, sweet strength—toward him.

None of her serenity was reflected on Rockhurst's countenance. His face was dark as with an inner conflict; he averted his eyes as hers sought them. There was a moment's heavy silence. He broke it, at length, standing over the fireless hearth, without looking at her.

"Now that you are under my roof, Diana, I trust you will consider yourself as if already"—he hesitated and then brought out the words harshly—"as if already in your father's house. I fear me," he went on after a pause, "you are dead weary after our wanderings this night—fruitless search for shelter—the flaming cross barring us from every threshold when it was not mean selfishness and childish fears that drove us to the street again. Your brother fled basely—"

She interrupted, wincing under the bitterness of his accents.

"Ah, poor Ned," she pleaded; "he is but a boy. And his wits were never of the strongest. In his way he loves me. And truly, I am glad he has escaped."

"You have a strong heart, child!"

Though the words were kind, voice and look were hard. She shivered and drooped her head.

"You are cold," he went on, with a sudden softening in his tone. "Indeed, 'tis the chill hour of the day." He glanced hastily round the room, and catching sight of the spilt wine and the soiled cup, frowned, then

laughed contemptuously. "So—even old Chitterley hath forgot his duty. These, in sooth, are days of test. I will rouse him and you shall have fire and refreshment."

She heard his strong tread on the stairs without, the opening and shutting of doors within the house. Quickly he came back to her.

"Aye, even my old Chitterley gone," he cried, with a bitter twist of the lip. "Neither brotherly love, nor lifelong service and companionship! Nay, what should still hold, these times, when no man knows the hour when his life will be withdrawn? Are you human—you, Diana, who sit so still and have no woman's plaint?"

His voice broke with sudden passion. She raised her eyes and strove to smile; but the shudder of fatigue seized her.

Without another word he lifted the cresset of charcoal from its stand, blew upon the expiring glow, cast fresh fuel upon it; then, the flame once more enkindled, flung the whole on the hearth. She watched him, and gave a little feminine cry of protest as he next seized the first thing at hand, a couple of books, and tore them ruthlessly to feed the fire.

"Oh, my lord!" she began, as the flame roared up the chimney; but the faint laugh died on her lips when she met his glance.

"I must leave you," he said when he had thrown in a couple of logs. "I must leave you; it will go ill, indeed, if within the hour I return not with coach and horses. If I have to plead King's service, I shall carry you out of the infection."

The door closed on him. Left alone Diana sighed deeply. All the bright look of courage faded from her face. How harshly he had spoken; how coldly he had looked upon her—when not averting his eyes as from something troubling. Diana Harcourt, widow of twenty, bound by a freak of fate, through the merest impulse of womanly pity, to Rockhurst's young son—so faithful a lover, so gallant a youth!—knew her heart given to Rockhurst himself. What shame—what treachery! Moments were when she deemed her hidden love as secretly returned; and then she felt herself strong and proud, and took a kind of high spiritual glory in the thought of how true they both would remain to honor and plighted troth. "Loved he not honor more," as the chivalrous song had it, she would have none of his love. But, to feel it in this sacred silence, in this noble

self-denial, that was a kind of pain more exquisite than any joy she had ever known.

Yet moments were, again, such as this, when his formal manner, the somberness of his countenance, smote her with distressing conjecture. Was this solicitude but for his boy's sake, after all? Was the self-betrayal—sweet and terrible—that had so often seemed to hover on his lips, but the gallantry of the high-bred courtier? Or—worse suspicion yet!—had he read her folly, and was it but compassion that spoke in his lingering gaze?

As she sat staring dully into the fire he had kindled for her, vividly the troubled scenes of this night of catastrophe rose before her. Her grandmother's great card-room, lit and decked as usual; the dwindled company, each with the heavy knowledge of the peril, without and about, stamped upon his countenance, each with his hypocrite smile for my Lady Chillingburgh who glared upon them from out her chair and forbade the pestilence to exist since she would have none of it.

Next, the fair French lady from the Court, courtesying in her waves of amber satin and fixing her, Diana—aye, and the Lord Constable—with such singular looks. Diana minded her truly, how those fierce eyes had followed Rockhurst, and how Cousin Lionel had smiled as he watched. Tush! the poor creature knew not what she was doing—was she not stricken, ill, and in fever—she might well have mad eyes.

It was Lionel who brought her; Lady Chillingburgh's own grandson who gave the citadel to the enemy it had so long defied. In rapid succession the horrid events reenacted themselves in Diana's brain. She heard her brother screaming on the stairs, saw him break in upon them, a foolish country lad, frenzied in his panic. She saw the frightened faces of their guests, and Lionel's ever-mocking smile—"sheer poltroonery!" he was saying—and she sought and found the comfort of Rockhurst's strong protective glance.

Then came the end—the huddled figure in the great chair; the face of her that had had so stout a heart conquered in death, but less piteous, less awful sight than the living face of the French madame.

"*The plague is there!*" She heard Lionel's cry of warning; then all was black about her.

And now Diana relived the moment when she had awakened from her swoon. Dark-

ness and silence were all about her. She thought that nightmare had but given way to some exquisite dream. Rockhurst's arm was supporting her, her head rested on his shoulder, and the solitude of a somber night held them safe. Above their heads outstretched tree branches swayed murmuringly as the breeze stirred. She heard his heart beats beneath her ear, and an unknown joy ran like music in her veins; life, reality seemed thrust as far away from her as yonder flickering lights in the black distance. It seemed indeed a dream; surely one might accept happiness in a dream! Sighing, she yielded herself to it one moment—one moment—alas, even as she stirred it was hers no longer! Beneath her hands the fine turf, in her nostrils the scent of fading roses; she knew where she was—somewhere under the beeches of Chillingburgh House gardens. She remembered; she understood. He had snatched her, unconscious, from the danger of the infected house. And, as she moved, his clasp relaxed. He spoke to her, coldly enough, she thought:

"You are better? It is well."

Then had begun their strange pilgrimage through the London streets; the long, long night. She went beside him, through the tangle of unknown, unlit ways, seeing him only, ever and anon, painted as it were against the darkness by the glare of the smoky street fires in the open spaces. In his white hand, the sword drawn, guarding her from the prowling thieves of the night—inhuman wretches, to whom the stricken city's extremity was fortune's boon—ever slinking after them like pariah dogs. They had spoken little; mostly words of bare need. But once he had told her she was brave; and once that she was strong indeed. She had at one moment noticed a great pity in his eyes. He need never have pitied her. She had been happy, being with him.

She started from her heavy reverie. Some one was knocking at the casement. Outside the window the lines of a man's head and shoulders, a man hatless, with disordered periwig, were silhouetted blackly against the morning light. She sprang to her feet, terror stifling the scream in her throat. She remembered the marauders that had slunk after them in the night, more to be dreaded these desperate days than pestilence itself. But it was her own name that met her ear, urgently cried:

"Diana, open! 'Tis I, Lionel."

Before the words had penetrated to sense she had recognized the voice. Upon the impulse of her relief she hastened to the window and flung the casement apart.

"Cousin Lionel!" But this was a cousin Lionel she had never before known. About his livid face the dank curls hung in wild dishevelment—he, whose person had ever seemed as sedately ordered as his mind! He motioned her from him so fiercely that she fell back in fresh alarm.

"Aye, Diana," said he, answering her look. "You may well be afraid; 'tis like enough I have it. And were it not that I am here to save you from worse than plague—for the sheer love I bear you, there should be leagues between us. Stand where you are, Diana! Come not a step nearer!"

He drew himself with effort up to the window sill from some ledge whereon he had climbed; and then, seated, he looked in upon her again; and to his pallid countenance came a ghostly semblance of the old sarcastic smile.

"Never inquire how I tracked you. I knew that the Rakehell who chivalrously took you from the charge of your own kin, to rescue you from the plague, forsooth! would find no shelter for you but that of his own honorable habitation!"

"Lionel!" Anger drove fear from her.

"You would have been safer at Chillingburgh House—once the Frenchwoman gone—and so my lord knew as well as I. Our grandame never died of the sickness, child, but of a fit of anger—and not before her time either! But let that pass. I saw thee on the Strand, Diana, a while ago, marked thee hither, and knew the trick played on thee. A-tramp the whole night, till your body and your spirit be worn out. Is't not so? And my lord—so tender, so protecting, so fatherly. Is't not so?"

"Lionel——!"

The man changed his tone.

"Diana, 'tis but a few hundred paces to her Majesty's House of the Blue Nuns, in St. Martin's Lane, where our kinswoman, Madam Anastasia, would shelter you in honor and safety. Come forth now from this place; 'tis worse, I tell you, than the pesthouse. I will go before thee; I can yet protect thee along the street if I may not approach thee."

Never had Diana heard that ring of passion from his lips. Even when he had pleaded for her love there had run an undercurrent

of mockery and cynicism in the tenderest word. Truly, these days changed all men's nature. But Diana was not swayed; she was afire at the odiousness of the slander cast on him she loved.

"I thank you, cousin," she returned coldly. "But I have placed myself under my Lord Rockhurst's protection; and since you have been pleased to watch me, sir, you will have seen the Lord Constable leave this house but a few moments ago. It was in search of a coach, and it is his purpose to escort me out of the town, even this day, to my own home."

The man on the window sill gave a fierce laugh.

"Art as simple, Diana, as thou would'st fain make out? Dost really believe thy protector—'tis a fine name in sooth—will find thee that coach?"

"Not a word more!" broke in the other. She had as strong a spirit as his own. "Who should know Lord Rockhurst better than I? Ah, who has better reason to know him? If all the world were to believe evil of him, yet would I still trust him with my life."

"And is there naught you value more than life?"

"How dare you, cousin!"

"Is your good name nothing to you?"

"How dare you!" she repeated.

"Nay, Diana, listen to me. Shall I tell thee what's to happen? The Rakehell will return to thee in a little while, dejected, aye, heartbroken. Far and wide, not a horse, not a coach, not a driver to be had for love or money. He has bargained, pleaded, threatened, in vain. So thou must even trust thyself to him further—to him who is as thy father." Diana started, bit her lip. The words struck her; and vehemently she thrust them from her. "Then, Diana," went on Ratcliffe, ever more cuttingly, "will he discover something strange in the character of his protective feelings. Thou, too, will read in thine own—filial heart. Behold, the end is not difficult to guess!"

"Oh, foul-mouthed!" cried the young widow, recoiling. Indignation and terror mixed were in her voice. To have the veil thus torn by sacrilegious hands from the innermost shrine; the sanctuary of her tender secret thus broken. Ratcliffe clutched the window frame with both hands and thrust his face into the room, his features working again with that unwonted passion.

"Diana—ah, Diana, for heaven's sake,

you must understand! These days, it seems, all barriers are broken down, all laws violated with impunity. And now, even you, even you, Diana, will surely pay the price if you accept the protection of Rakehell Rockhurst!"

Diana swept a gesture of final scorn.

"Begone, Lionel! Away with you as you came! I pity you—thief of men and women's good report. Alas! cousin, do I not know what purpose you have in this slander? Shame that even in this hour of God's wrath you should wake to no worthier mind!"

The man fixed her, a breathing space or two, without speaking. Had she been less incensed she might have noted something in his look singularly belying the thought she imputed to him—might have seen a purpose as earnest as it was selfless.

"One word, then, and I go. Di, from the days when we were children together, I have loved thee. Dost remember how I called thee my little wife? You'll have none of my warning now, so be it! In a little while you'll want me, you'll call on me. I shall be near, I shall hear thee. Stay; here is the gold whistle you once gave me—that Christmas—years ago. You have, of course, forgotten it. I have kept it close, you see." He hesitated a second, poising the bauble at the end of its long ribbon, frowning. Then he cast it into the room. "Risk for risk—all is risk! My lips have not touched it since the pestilence came so nigh them. Di, hark to me, Di. When you want my help this day, you have but to whistle; I'll hear and help—I go. Yet not so far but what I can guard my own."

She stood, her head averted; her foot beating the floor, image of scornful defiance. He slipped down from his perch to the ledge and poised himself yet a second, looking in on her as when he had first appeared.

"Thou, in the Rakehell's hands—and the world gone mad around thee! Shalt whistle sooner than thou thinkest."

She wheeled to silence him; he was gone. A bitter conflict rose in her mind as she stood staring at the blank window space. In spite of herself the memory of his look, of the deep earnestness of his voice, began to shake her sense of security. He thought he had the sickness, yet he came to warn her! Another man would have had little reck of aught but himself, with that shadow of doom spread over him. Yet he hated Rockhurst—

oh, how he hated him!—and had he not all but killed Rockhurst's son for aspiring to her? With the perspicacity of his relentless love for her, he had read her secret. Reason enough then that he should strive to poison her mind against one whom she knew so noble. Yet again, unscrupulous, daring, cruel even in his very love for her, Ratcliffe had taken piteous pains to guard her against himself. Now he was lurking in the lanes below, for her sake, instead of hying him to the nearest physician, so urgent did he believe her danger. Was there, could there be danger?

Her ear caught the sound of the key in the lock; she knew it was Rockhurst returning. On a sudden impulse she picked up the whistle, and thrust it into her bodice. Her heart beat to suffocation as she heard his hand on the door.

II

ROCKHURST came in slowly and stood a moment, contemplating Diana before he spoke. The bronze of his face singularly blanched; his grave eye alight with a threatening fire. Then he spoke quickly:

"I have beaten the neighborhood. Whitehall is as a desert, the name of the King itself an empty sound. The whole town is fled, dying, or dead." He took her hand, clasping it with a pressure so fierce as almost to draw a cry from her. "For love or money, it is impossible to obtain horse, coach, or man."

Her fluttering heart slowed down to the dull beat of misery. She sought to draw her hand from his.

"Oh, my lord!"

Unheeding, he went on:

"Pestilence is rushing onward like a flood. There is no rock, no hilltop that is not fated to be swallowed up in time. Diana, we are as those doomed by the Deluge, who have taken refuge on the mountain only to watch the deadly waters rise, only to count the hours left to them!"

He broke off; she had wrenched her hand from his grasp and had shrunk away from him, covering her face. Not the dreadful import of his words frightened her, but the fire of his glance, the mad exultation of the voice that thus pronounced their doom.

"What!" he exclaimed, his tones vibrating to a tenderness more terrible still to her ears, "have I scared thee? Brave heart, afraid at last?"

"Yes, yes, I am afraid," she murmured behind her clasped fingers. But, even as she spoke, her strong nature reacted against the folly of weakness. She dropped her hands, drew herself proudly up, and turned, looking him steadily in the eyes:

"No, my lord, 'twas but an evil thought."

He returned her gaze fixedly and she saw how the blood began to rise, slow, dark, in his cheek.

"Yet, why should I say we are doomed?" he went on, under his breath. "Why should not this house be as the ark of refuge? Diana"—the dreadful joy broke out again in eye and accent—"have you understood how it stands with us? There is no help for it; we are shut in together. Heaven itself has sealed the way that would divide us—"

So, it had come! That moment she had sought in her dreams with a fierce abandonment to its ecstasy; that moment, the very thought of which, in waking hours, she had prayed against with tears, as if the mere passage of its forbidden sweetness through her heart were sin! It had come, in this bitterness, this shame, this shattering of the ideal she held so high. She moved from him without a word, let herself drop mechanically into the King's chair, and sat, her hands clasping the carven arms, staring straight before her. Rockhurst fell on his knee beside her.

"Diana, Diana, I love you! And ah, Diana, you love me—"

She flung out her hands to push him from her. All her wounded heart spoke in the cry: "Do not say it, my lord! I have so dreaded to hear you say it!"

But her very pain was triumph in his ears. As masterfully as he caught and imprisoned her hands once again, so did his passion seize and crush her woman's scruples. "We are alone in a dying world! Who knows if we shall see another dawn! Shall we not take the day that is given us, make use of life while life is still ours?" And while she looked at him, speechless, her eyes dark in the sorrowful pallor of her face, he cried in a tone that pierced to her very marrow: "Diana, come to my arms and teach me, let me teach thee, how sweet life can be—how sweet death can be!"

She had ceased to struggle against him. Her hands lay inert in his.

He put his arm about her then; and, motionless, she submitted. But the tears slowly, slowly welled to her piteous eyes. Then

he drew back from her, rose and stood again, gazing at her. The exultation, the fires of ecstasy fading from his face, and something hard, ruthless, taking their place.

"I can get a priest to wed us, in Whitehall, ere the day be an hour older," he said, frowning upon her. Through the tears she would not shed, her great eyes dilated upon him.

"And what will you say—what shall we say—to your son, to my betrothed, my lord?"

Rockhurst started as if he had been struck. A masterful man, who all his life had dominated others, he bent his brows with a terrible resentment on her who dared thwart him at this supreme moment of his will; dared lift against him the one weapon that could pierce his armor.

"You took the trust, my lord, even as I yielded my promise."

His anger broke forth, the more ruthlessly that he was, for the first time of his life perhaps, abandoning himself to an unworthy part, a part of weakness. Broken phrases escaped his lips, contradictions lost in the irresistible logic of passion:

"My son—my son? I shall answer for myself to my son. Nay, what account have I to render to my son! A beardless boy, shall he come between us? Diana, your eyes have lied a thousand times or you love me! That promise to Harry was no promise, wrested from you, from me, because of a white face, pleading—of a red wound! And, if he be true flesh of mine, he will have none of you, with your heart another's. Why, my dear"—his voice changed—"think you Harry will ever have his bride, will ever see his father again?"

So long as his eye flamed, as his voice harshly chid her, she felt strong. But against that note of tenderness, she weakened. A sense of physical failing came over her. She thought of the moment when, in the darkness of the garden, she had awakened to find herself in his arms. Perhaps, in truth, death was very near to them. To slip from the moorings of life, on the tide of his great love—ah, he had said it, it would be sweet! She clasped her hands to her breast; but at the touch of Lionel's gold bauble, something in herself that Rockhurst's words had lulled, started into vivid life again; something that would not let her accept the easier course. If death were, even at this moment, gloating upon them, the better reason to look on it with loyal eyes. Were Harry indeed fated never to meet bride or father again, then

must father and bride remain sacred in noble memory! And not because she and Rockhurst were so fain to break it, was a promise less binding a promise. One sentence of Lionel's rang in her ear, "Behold, the end is not difficult to guess," and the echo of her own voice crying back to him: "Oh, foul-mouthed!"

Quickly she made her choice; and brave in her pain had a smile as she turned to speak:

"Once, my lord, you saved me, when I scarce knew myself in danger. To-day it is given to me to pay my debt. And I save you. Give me your arm again, kind, beloved friend, and through the hot contamination of these streets, as once through the pure snow, bring me to honorable shelter."

For a second the unexpected check, the unlooked-for strength of her resistance kept him silent. Then gently, as if to an unreasonable child:

"And to what shelter? Poor Diana!"

Her smile took something of the divine maternal pity which lurks in every good woman's heart for the man she loves:

"But a stone's throw from this place, my dear lord, her Majesty's House of the Blue Nuns will not refuse to open its doors to me, as, indeed, I should have minded me sooner."

She rose and moved steadily toward the door, striving to seem as though she had no fear of his arresting her. But before she had time to raise the latch, his clasp of iron was on her wrist.

A cry rising from the street drove them apart like a sword. "Father, father!"

They looked at each other with staring eyes, blanched cheeks. Then the cry rose again: "My Lord, my Lord Rockhurst! Father, are you within?"

The color rushed back to Diana's face; a flame of joy leaped to her eye.

"This is no spirit call, but good human sound. Harry, honest Harry here! Ah, my lord, in time to save us!"

The revulsion of feeling, the unconscious admission of her words, a fierce flame of insane jealousy suddenly kindled by the glad note in her voice, broke down the last shred of Rockhurst's self-control. His passion escaped him tigerish:

"By the Lord God of heaven or the devil lord of hell, thou shalt not go to him!"

The young voice was uplifted again without. "Knock once more, Robin. I hear stirrings within," and a lusty shout succeeded: "Ho, Chitterley 'tis I, Harry Rockhurst!"

Rockhurst caught Diana in his arms. "Mine, Diana, mine, and none shall come between us!" He held her for a second against his breast, and she heard the great hammering of his heart. Then she found herself thrust within a curtained room, heard the door close upon her, the shooting of a bolt. A prisoner—and darkness all about her, a strange suffocating darkness, thick with the fumes of a burned-out lamp.

As the Lord Constable unbolted the outer door, he was met by the precipitate entrance of his son.

"Good heavens, Chitterley—" The broken words were cut short.

"My lord! Yourself in person! Thank God, thank God!"

Young Rockhurst cast himself impetuously upon his father's breast, sobbing with excitement. The latter suffered the embrace in silence, supported the boy, as he clung to him in sudden weakness, into the room, led him to a chair. Then he stood a second in gloomy silence, staring at the young bowed figure, sitting where she had sat, his face hidden in his hands, even as hers had been. Tears—and this weakling would wed Diana—Diana, who had not suffered hers to fall! Yet Rockhurst loved his son; and there was a strange rending pain at his heart.

Into the oppressive stillness, broken only by Harry's catching breath, there came from the inner room a stir as of curtains wrenched apart, as of creaking casements thrust open; and next a stifled cry. Rockhurst, expecting the instant of revelation, braced himself as a man may for the meeting of his death stroke. There was a long sweet whistle—some call in the street doubtless—no further sound. Ah, Diana would not betray him! Diana loved him!

As if the shrill sweet signal had roused him, Harry Rockhurst started, dashed the tears from his cheeks, and rising, seized his father's hand to pour forth a torrent of words.

"Alas, my lord, and how had you the heart to leave me in this ignorance of your peril? Had not Master Lionel writ to me. Oh, father, never look so sternly on me! I know I have transgressed your command to remain in the country, but how could I keep away; 'twas not in nature! Where is Diana? Oh, my God, Chillingburgh House is deserted, the doors open to the winds, the old lady abandoned, dead, stark in her chair! Where is Diana? Father, my Diana!"

His voice rose to a scream, as his father turned a terrible, set face upon him; his father from whom he had scarce ever known but loving and joyful looks. Evil beyond words must be the tidings awaiting him. He clutched his breast with both hands.

"Harry, be a man!" cried Rockhurst, starting at the livid change that spread over the young countenance. But he was too late.

"Dead?" cried the lad, and on a sudden gasped for breath. "A curse on this wound that will not heal!" He tore at the lapels of his riding coat, reeled and fell, barely caught, into his father's arms.

"My God, I have killed my son!" Blood welled out between Rockhurst's fingers as he clasped the slight, inert form.

"Harry!" he cried frantically to the deaf ears, "Harry, she is not dead. She is not dead! Diana! you shall even see her!" He raised a loud call for her; then, with a groan, remembered him—the shot bolt. Had ever a man been so mad, had ever a man been so base, been so punished? He lowered the body to the ground; 'twas the old wound indeed, that wound taken in the defense of his father's honor, his poor country lad, who had never heard, had never known of one in the town nicknamed the Rakehall!

Again he raised a desperate cry for help. "Robin, there without—" And all at once the silent, abandoned house was full of voices and footsteps. Here was the white face of his old servant; the scared chubbiness of Yorkshire Robin—and another countenance, unknown and solemn. And behold, Chitterley was saying: "This way, good doctor." A physician!

When the moment holds life and death in its balance, there is no room for surprise.

"Chitterley, ha, Chitterley," cried Rockhurst. "Water and bandages, in heaven's name! This way, Sir Physician! A physician by divine mercy!"

The man of physic, who had been much occupied with his pomander, dropped it from his nostrils to stare on the unexpected scene. And Chitterley, whose dim eyes had only just become aware of his master, burst into a dismal wail:

"My lord, fly! Here is plague, here is death!" Then, in yet more piercing lamentation, "What? Master Harry too? Merciful heaven!"

"Sir," said Rockhurst to the physician. "Your attention hither!"



Drawn by Arthur Becker.

"I have so dreaded to hear you say it!"



Drawn by Arthur Becker.

"The tale of retribution was not complete."

"Truly," said the doctor, "this seems an urgent case." He was perhaps not displeased to find, instead of the plague-stricken patient he had been summoned to attend, a clean lad a-bleeding of a sword wound.

Old Chitterley ran feebly hither and thither, as father and surgeon bent together over the unconscious form. Robin stared, voiceless.

"It is an old wound, ill healed," cried Rockhurst. "My faithful son, he fought, a month ago, one who impugned my good name—now having heard I was in danger of the sickness, naught could keep him from me. All the way from Yorkshire . . . and he wasted with the fever of his hurt! When I saw him I chid him." The father looked with dry eyes of agony at the physician's thoughtful face.

"The bleeding has somewhat waned," said the latter, without committing himself, then rising stiffly from his knees. "I could attend to the young gentleman better," he pursued, "were he upon a couch. May I assist your lordship to shift him?" He had recognized the noble Lord Constable, the King's friend, and was full of solicitude.

"Nay, I need no aid!" The father gathered his boy again into his arms. "Chitterley, unbolt the door. How now!" The old man had flung himself before his master and, with clasped hands, was motioning him desperately back. "The wretch has gone crazy!"

"Nay, my dear master, in God's name, she lies there!"

"She?" For one mad instant Rockhurst deemed his ancient servant stood at bay before his own threatened honor. Almost he laughed in scornful anger. What recked he now of aught, except this bleeding burden on his breast? Aye, and if those purple lids, sealed in such deathlike peace, were to unclose and Harry were to behold Diana, the father knew and was pierced, as by a two-edged sword of ruth and tenderness, at the thought that yet his son would never doubt him. Chitterley was still speaking. The tale of retribution was not complete.

"The French lady, your lordship, sick of the plague! She lies within, dying of the sickness. 'Twas for her I sought Mr. Burbage."

Rockhurst staggered as one struck from an unexpected quarter. In haste the physician advanced, but just in time to seize the limp body from the father's relaxing grasp. Here were strange events, enough to bewilder the ordinary decorous man of science on his professional round! But, as times went, astonishment had no part in men's lives. Catastrophes had ceased to shock. The Lord Constable and his servant, either or both, might be mad. Few people were quite sane these days, but here was a young life hanging on a thread; enough for the moment if skill of his could strengthen its hold. As for the creature with the plague yonder, whoever she might be, let her rot; 'twas only one added to the ten thousand bound to die that day. He laid the lad all his length on the floor, drew a phial of cordial from his breast, and set dazed Robin to bring him the water from the table, while Rockhurst stood staring at Chitterley, his face more stricken than that pallid one at his feet.

The old servant, on his side, still stretched out trembling arms in barrier. It seemed as if his mind had stopped on that effort of desperate warning. At last, tonelessly, Rockhurst spoke:

"In my room——?"

"Aye, my lord. She was dying. I could not keep her out!"

"Sick of the plague, said you?"

"Aye, your lordship."

The father gave a terrible cry.

"O God, Thy vengeance is greater than my sin! Diana!"

He looked down at the physician, absorbed in ineffectual efforts to recall the wandering spirit to its fair young sheath; and in a voice that smote even that ear so fully seasoned to sorrow's plaint:

"Sir, so has heaven dealt with me this day, that if I must needs hear now that he is dead, my only son—'twould be the best tidings—in very truth."



"In a few brief geological moments it rounds the shoulders of the baughtiest mountain."

THE STORY OF THE SOIL

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS



IF you were asked to name the most important of mineral substances, you would doubtless hesitate for a moment, and weigh the respective merits of coal, iron, and the precious metals. Only after some consideration, probably, would it occur to you that these highly useful substances have insignificant value as compared with that familiar mixture of ground-up minerals which we call the soil.

Man could make shift to live and even in a measure to progress without glass or cement or metals; but his very life depends upon the little film of triturerated rock that is spread over the surface of the globe in the form of earth. The constituents of this are metamorphosed into the substance of plants, and ultimately into the tissues of man himself.

Properly to understand the matter, however, it must be comprehended that the soil is no important part of the earth's structure,

except from a strictly human standpoint. At best it is only a little film of material frayed off from the jacket called the earth's crust. To a giant of such size that the earth were to him what an apple is to us, the soil would be no more than the bloom on the peach. With his handkerchief he could wipe off the films of water that we call oceans, like so much dew; and polish off the soil as we rub the bloom from an apple, clear down to the rock foundations, without changing appreciably the size or the weight of his toy. To scrape away the entire crust of the earth (so far as known to us) would be but to remove an infinitesimal shell; and the total bulk of air and oceans aggregates only seven per cent of that shell. Yet the oceans cover three fifths of the earth's surface, and, as measured in human terms, are some miles in depth. How, then, shall we estimate the insignificance of that little powdering of soil, only a few feet in thickness, that is dusted over the remaining two fifths of the earth's

surface? Let us follow somewhat in detail the processes through which nature gradually transforms a stratum of primeval rock into a layer of vegetation-bearing earth.

It has been said that the primal soil consists of disintegrated rocks. A moment's reflection will show that it could have no other origin, since the entire crust of the earth consisted of this material. The various processes by which the transformation from rock to soil was brought about may be detailed with great explicitness. Nor is this a matter of mere conjecture, for the process of soil formation is going on to-day precisely as it has gone on in past ages, and it may be witnessed by whoever cares to go into the country with his eyes open.

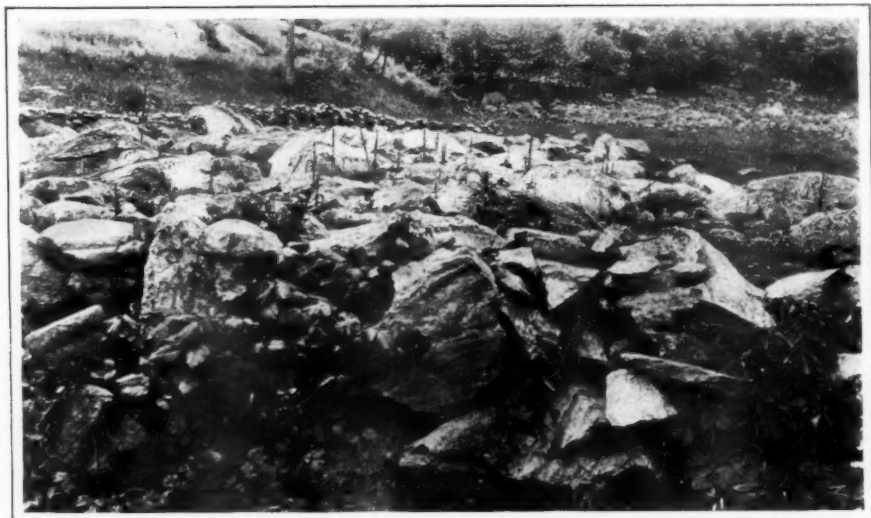
There are three type processes involved in soil formation. In the one, the rocks disintegrate, and their pulverized substance remains as soil, without changing position. Such a soil is sometimes spoken of as sedentary. The general surface of a level prairie land, overlying limestone strata, is often of this character. The second process consists of the deposit of soil substance brought from a distance by water. Such a transported soil is said to be alluvial. The less familiar term "colluvial" is technically applied to a soil that has been shifted somewhat from its original seat of formation, as on hillsides, where the soil is always creeping down toward the

valleys. The main soil of most rolling uplands is colluvial. A stony New England hillside furnishes a familiar illustration. Everyone knows how the stones in such a soil come to the surface, as the lighter portions of the soil are perpetually washed away.

There is no sharp line of demarcation to be drawn between the different types of soils, however, as regards the manner of their manufacture from the original rock. The same method of milling has been applied to them all. The two great classes of agencies involved are, respectively, the mechanical and the chemical forces of nature.

Mechanical agencies change the form of the materials—as from boulders to sand—without changing its chemical character. The chief agencies operating to this end are gravitation, heat and cold, the wind, and water and ice.

The effects of gravitation are so familiar as to demand only the briefest mention; yet most of us, perhaps, seldom stop to consider how far-reaching these effects are. But for gravitation, the winds would not blow, the waters would not descend, and the mountaintops would not crumble into the valleys. Each particle of pulverized rock would remain where it was formed, and there would be no such thing as a mixed soil. But as matters are actually arranged, gravitation is perpetually active, and every particle of mat-



"Cracks and fissures are deepened and widened and vast rock masses may be split asunder."



"Roots clutched across the face of the rock, like the arms of an octopus."

ter is being eternally tugged at and urged to get nearer to the earth's center. So no sooner does a fragment of rock at a mountain crest become loosened than gravitation hurls it crashing down into the valley, shattering it into fragments, perhaps, or at the very least grinding off some portions of its surface, as well as of the surface of the rocks against which it is dashed.

By such means and with the further aid of its handmaidens wind and water, gravitation works its unceasing purpose of leveling the surface of the earth. In a few brief geological moments it rounds the shoulders of the haughtiest mountain; and, given time enough, it will bring every particle of rock back to the sea bed whence it originally sprang. Short of that, as a transition stage, it is forever mixing the different soil constituents on the one hand and sorting them out again on the other.

As witness to the effects of the perpetual activity of gravitation in this direction, we may note that such rounded peaks as the Catskills and Alleghanies were originally upheaved as precipitous rocky crags miles in height. Or, viewing the process at the other end of the route, so to speak, it may be observed that a river such as the Mississippi carries down to the sea each year an amount of soil estimated to be sufficient to cover a mile of surface to the depth of 268 feet.

Heat is the second great agency in the process of transforming rocks into soil. Heat, as everyone knows, causes bodies to expand; and we are able in some measure to explain that fact, as due to the increased activity of the molecules; but we do not know at all why each different substance has its own so-called coefficient of expansion—that is to say, why each substance expands by a different amount with any given increase of temperature. Yet this fact is the vitally important one in determining the effect of changing temperature upon a rock. If all parts of a given rock expanded equally, the probability of its rupture through heating and cooling would be minimized. Such is really the case with a few rocks, including limestone and quartzite; and these rocks are notoriously resistant to changes of temperature, though limestone is comparatively soft in texture.

But most rocks are composite in structure, and the different minerals of which they are composed rarely expand equally under influence of the sun's rays. Even a homogeneous crystal does not usually expand equally in all directions. Obviously, then, there must be a straining and jostling of the diverse particles of a rock when it is heated or cooled. Even slight changes of temperature may lead to the loosening of little crystalline particles at the surface of the rock; and where



"Where many roots act in unison the force is such that no rock can resist."

the changes are extreme, the entire substance of a rock may be riven asunder. In sandy, tropical deserts, where the temperature falls very suddenly at sunset, rocks have been observed to burst into fragments with explosive suddenness. Mountaintops also are subject to violent changes of temperature, and the incessant splintering and crumbling of the rocks always to be noted there have this initial cause. Stones carried on the surface of a glacier are subjected to variations of temperature so extreme—sometimes as much as 200° F. within the twenty-four hours—that their surfaces may crumble appreciably from day to day. Sometimes the disintegrated crystals may be scraped off by the handful from what seems to casual inspection a solid rock.

But in its actual work of destruction the sun is not alone. It has a most valiant ally in the form of water; and with the aid of this ally its task is performed in vastly less time than it would otherwise require. Water percolates into every minutest fissure in the rock; it even penetrates the porous substance of rocks that would be described as absolutely solid. Lodged thus securely, it awaits the time when the temperature shall sink below the freezing point; then, as it changes to ice, it expands by about one eleventh of its bulk, with a force that not even flint or granite can with-

stand. Minute crystals under which it lodged are split off from the parent rock; cracks and fissures are deepened and widened; and vast rock masses may be split asunder.

There are two other ways in which water exerts an enormous influence in facilitating the conversion of rocks into material for soils: as river and as glacier it carries masses and fragments of every size, grinding both the transported material and the rocky beds over which it moves; and percolating everywhere into cranny and fissure, it acts as the universal softener and solvent. The fragments transported by river and glacier are rounded into boulders and pebbles, the worn-off portions becoming sand and clay, often of the finest variety. Some of our richest soils were thus ground and mixed by the ice sheet of the glacial epoch; others represent the beds of former lakes or shallow seas, to which the rivers brought their offerings.

When we speak of the solvent action of water, we are at the border line between mechanical and chemical effects; for a large proportion of the chemical changes that are all essential in soil formation take place only in the presence of moisture. The combined effects are enormously important. A very vivid illustration of this is afforded by the share played by water in changing the beds of limestone of a level prairie into a rich



"Exposing this material to more violent processes of weathering."

"residual" soil. Almost half the bulk of the original beds of stone may consist of lime; and were this substance to be retained in any such proportion, the soil must be absolutely sterile. But all limestones except the very hardest are readily attacked—no one knows

why—by rain water, which is sure to contain a certain amount of carbonic acid; therefore the lime is steadily leached away. It has been estimated that, on an average, no less than fifty tons of lime are thus carried off in solution annually, from each and every acre



"The distribution of this humus and its final incorporation."

of limestone land in the world. Of course other soluble salts—potash, soda, nitrates, and the like—go the same way. The total bulk of soluble matter thus carried to the oceans each year by the rivers of the world is said to reach the unthinkable figure of about five billions of tons, and this is additional to the even greater quantity of matter that forms an insoluble sediment.

In this view, it would appear that the formation of a soil is a very wasteful process; but here as elsewhere in nature there are compensating effects to be observed if we search for them. Thus, for example, the lime carried off to the oceans, is there taken up to form the shells or the bony framework of all manner of living creatures, from coral polyps and crinoids to fishes and turtles; and the remains of these creatures, deposited ultimately in the ocean bed, are building up new strata of limestone precisely as our soil-forming limestone was built up in the sea beds of an earlier geological epoch. In the meantime, sandstones and the like are being formed from sedimentary deposits. The soils of a future era will be made by the weathering of the rocky strata that are forming in the sea beds of to-day.

A moment's reflection on the origin of the limestone beds will make it clear why the lime carbonate that is the essential constituent of the stone is mixed with so much extraneous matter. The ancient seas, like the seas of to-day, received a constant increment of sediment from their rivers, and this sediment was mixed with the shells and skeletons to form the conglomerate we call limestone. For the purposes of soil formation it is fortunate that it is so, as otherwise nothing would remain when the lime salt has been leached away; we should have simply a slowly vanishing, always denuded, rock surface instead of soil. The foundation substance of the soil is, in short, the insoluble or sparingly soluble residuum that remains after the rock has been crumbled by the weathering effect of the elements, and a large part of its soluble matter has been removed by leaching. And the main bulk of this insoluble matter, it may be added, consists everywhere of the compound of aluminum and silicon and oxygen that is popularly known as clay, and the equally familiar compound of silicon and oxygen called sand. Understanding this, it will surprise no one to be told that oxygen, silicon, and aluminum are the three most abundant elements that

enter into the composition of the earth's crust. Reduced to figures, it appears that oxygen makes up almost precisely half the substance of the earth's crust; silicon, a trifle more than one fourth; and aluminum about one fourteenth.

Oxygen is not only omnipresent, but it has the most democratic propensity to enter into alliances with all manner of other elements. As everybody knows, water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, and air is a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen. Carbonic acid, the solvent power of which has just been referred to, is a compound of water with carbon and an additional increment of oxygen. Phosphoric, sulphuric, and oxalic acids—all of them potent in the soil—are also compounds of oxygen. In a word, oxygen forms compounds of one sort or another with every other essential element that enters into the soil.

Quite frequently, indeed, oxygen enters into different combinations by uniting in varying proportions with the same elements, producing compounds of widely different physical properties. For example, carbonate of lime, a compound of oxygen, carbon, and lime that makes up the essential substance of pure limestone, is but little soluble in pure water; but when in contact with carbonated water it absorbs another increment of oxygen and of carbon and is changed to a so-called bicarbonate; and this bicarbonate, though containing no new element, is very soluble—no one knows why. Thus it is that the destruction of the limestone is brought about.

In similar fashion oxygen combines with the potash or soda or magnesium of a feldspar, making soluble compounds, and thus enabling water to gnaw into the vitals of a block of granite, honeycombing its substance until finally, as in the case of limestone, only sand and clay remain. And the hardest metals are equally susceptible; in particular iron, with which oxygen forms many compounds, most of them soluble. Everyone is familiar with the rusting—that is to say, the oxidation—of iron through the action of air. Similar changes are being effected constantly in rocks that contain iron, and in soils formed from such rocks. Not only is an insoluble iron compound thus often rendered soluble, but an interesting additional destructive effect is brought about as a sequel to these combinations; for the so-called "higher" oxides of iron, having absorbed an additional increment of oxygen, occupy more space than

their parent compounds, and so, expanding with the irresistible force that characterizes molecular activities, they exert a mechanical rupturing action precisely similar in effect to that exerted by minerals expanding under the influence of heat.

When we reflect on these manifold activities of oxygen, and then reflect further that no man in the world has the slightest inkling as to why any one of them occurs, it will be obvious that the inspection of this phase of our subject leads us into a veritable maze of mysteries.

Reasons aside, however, the facts of chemical action are very tangible. The results may be seen at the surface of any rock and in the substance of every soil. In many cases the chemical effects are curiously complementary to the action of mechanical agencies. Taken together, the two sets of forces find the weak spot in every rocky armor. If a rock is, like limestone, resistant to heat, or like granite of hard and intractable texture, it still may yield very readily before the insidious attacks of carbonic acid. If, on the other hand, it is proof against most chemical activities, it may be relatively soft and friable, like coal, or subject to easy cleavage, like mica. And even if a rock were to resist all the destructive agencies we have yet referred to, there are still others in nature's armamentarium, some of them utterly irresistible, that are operated with the aid of living organisms.

Here, for example, is a delicate little plant—let us say a lichen—clinging precariously to the side of a granite boulder. Harmless enough it seems, yet if you attempt to pull it away you will find that it brings with it a little portion of the rock substance. Its roots have secreted the powerful solvent, oxalic acid, and this has been eating into the structure of the rock.

Or observe yonder tree with roots clutched across the face of the rock, like the arms of an octopus. Seemingly the roots are reaching out for earth, and having trouble enough to find it. But at the same time they are sending down a multitude of tiny rootlets into every crevice of the rock. Each of these hairlike rootlets, consisting of a thread of protoplasm protected by a corky sheath, is capable of exerting an expansive force almost incredibly great. The pressure exerted by a rootlet of a delicate pea vine has been measured and found to register as much as 300 pounds to the square inch. Where many

roots act in unison, the force is such that no rock can resist it. So not merely the tree but every plantlet that clings to the side of a boulder or that clammers along a rocky ledge, is tearing at the vitals of its host, silently and insidiously exerting a force that in its final effect is like a blast of dynamite. And where the rootlet could not make its way by mere mechanical force, it drills an opening with the aid of its excreted acids, even as the workman drills a hole for his explosive.

Nor does the destructive power of a plant end with the life of the plant itself. The toppled-over tree may bring up with its roots a quantity of earth, and even large blocks of stone, exposing this material to more violent processes of weathering than would otherwise have attended it. And in any event, the dead roots, stems, and leaves, in the process of decay, become the source of ammonia, and of carbonic and other acids, all of which aid in hurrying on never-ending transformations.

It is this vegetable "humus," so called, that imparts the characteristic dark color to the upper layer of the soil. A certain amount of humus is an absolutely essential ingredient of an arable soil. The distribution of this humus, and its final incorporation with the pulverized rock substances, constitutes, indeed, what may be called the final and culminating process of soil formation—in so far as any one process of an endless cycle can be said to be more final than another.

This finishing touch is given with the aid of animal organisms, the most significant worker in this capacity being the familiar earthworm, though sundry insects, including ants, wasps, and various beetles, are valiant assistants, and the share taken by various burrowing mammals is not to be overlooked. The earthworm literally feeds on the soil, digesting a portion of its soluble content, and ejecting the residue in the form of the "casts" that may be seen covering the ground almost anywhere after a summer rain. Darwin, who first called attention prominently to the subject, estimated that in many soils the worms are so abundant as to thus work over and bring to the surface no less than a foot of earth in half a century. The worms further aid in the distribution of vegetable matter by dragging leaf stalks, blades of grass, and the like after them into their burrows. All in all, their work is so important that some of the most essential qualities of the surface soil—its porosity, lack of structure, and loose texture—as contrasted with the subsoil, are



"The main soil of most rolling uplands is colluvial."

considered to be very largely due to their efforts. They substantially till the entire depth of soil that is reached by the cultivator; they assist materially in preparing the humus for plant assimilation; and ultimately their own substance is given to enrich the earth.

The final product, as thus elaborately compounded with the aid of mechanical and chemical and organic forces, is a very different-seeming thing from the parent rocks in which it had its origin. But of course its chemical nature was largely predetermined. There has been no manufacture of new materials, in the chemical sense, but only the recompounding of old elements, in the entire process. Every iota of matter to be found in the soil existed in the primitive rocks, or in the atmosphere. But, on the other hand, the elements are very differently proportioned in an arable soil from what they were in any soil-forming rock. We saw an illustration of this in the leaching out of the major part of the carbonate of lime from a limestone soil, and of the potash, soda, and magnesia from a disintegrating granite. Where the rainfall is not adequate to effect such leaching, the disintegrated rock produces, not a rich loam, but an "alkali" desert.

And yet these same "alkalis" must by no means be completely exhausted in the process of leaching, or again the soil will be unable

to support vegetation. A mineral that poisons the plant when in excess may be an essential tonic when given in what we may call medicinal doses—a fact that emphasizes for the thousandth time nature's fondness for the happy mean. No one knows why these particular chemicals are essential to the plant's needs; but the truth is patent. Chemically speaking, the limits of soil variation are pretty narrowly drawn. There is a very definite list of ingredients that must be present, else the soil cannot support plant life. The list is a highly interesting one. It includes these elementary substances: oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, phosphorus, potassium, sodium, silicon, lime, magnesium, iron, manganese, sulphur, chlorine, and fluorine. There are other elements that are assimilated exceptionally, with or without benefit to the plant; but these fifteen elements are indispensable. Some of them are absorbed in much larger proportion than others, and hence assume greater prominence when plant foods are under discussion; but no substitute can answer for any one of them.

It will be observed that aluminum, which as we have seen is the most abundant of metals, is not named in the list of plant foods. Doubtless its absence is due to the insolubility of its compounds. The same reasoning explains, perhaps, the comparatively slight use made by the plant of silicon, the



"The final product as thus elaborately compounded."

most abundant of all elements next to oxygen. But in their influence on the physical character of the soil, aluminum, as the foundation of clays, and silicon, as the foundation of sands, take a position hardly secondary in importance to that of the most indispensable of plant foods. Taken together sands and clays make up the bulk of every arable soil; and the precise qualities and relative proportions of the two very largely determine the physical character of the soil—whether it is "sandy," "clayey," "loamy," or what not. The sand granules, being relatively large, and quite lacking adhesiveness, give porosity and friability to the soil; while the fine, adhesive particles of the clay give it plasticity, and enormously increase its capacity to absorb and retain moisture. Granted the right combination of these qualities, the soil is permeable to air, to water, and to the roots of plants. If the plant-food elements are also present in proper proportion, such a soil will—under right climatic conditions—support vegetation.

But, on the other hand, if the physical properties of the soil are not right, the soil may be arid, however rich it may be in the elements of plant food. And here again the conditions are rather exacting. To name but one of them, the particles of sand, clay, and humus making up the bulk of the soil must reach and retain a certain degree of average fineness if the soil is to be fit for cultivation. If the granules are too large,

the soil is loose and dries out rapidly; if they are too small, the soil is unduly compact and impervious. Under normal conditions, each soil particle is surrounded—thanks to the inscrutable force called capillarity—with a film of moisture—plant food in solution. The extent of this film of water will obviously depend upon the aggregate surface of the particles, and this increases surprisingly as the particles are more and more finely divided. A cubic foot of solid stone would expose only six square feet of surface to the influences of air and water; but the same foot of material when pulverized to the condition of soil may present a surface of no less than four acres—28,000 times the exposed area of the original stone. A surface area of about one acre per cubic foot represents the particles of an average loamy soil. It is clear, therefore, that air and water have enormously increased opportunities to continue their weathering effects upon the soil particles, grinding them ever finer and finer, by dissolving off fresh portions of their substance.

And this thought explains what I had in mind when I said that soil making is a cyclic process, in a sense without either beginning or end. We saw that the rock from which soils are ground was in itself made up from the substance of dissipated soils. And now it appears that even in the substance of the most perfect or "finished" soil, the process of soil making still goes on—even as the process of rock making still goes on in the

ocean beds. All things are cyclic in nature; such terms as "beginning" and "ending" serve merely to express human limitations.

It is given to man, however, to break in on the sequence of events in a good many of nature's cycles; this one among others. By plowing and harrowing the soil he renders it still more subject to the attacks of the elements; and by forced cropping he robs it of many of its ingredients. But he is able also to make amends by restoring to the soil, in concentrated form, substances equivalent to those he has removed. The three ingredients that give him greatest concern are nitrogen, phosphorus, and potash. Artificial fertilizers for the most part owe their value to richness in one or the other of these constituents.

Nitrogen is supplied by manures, by animal fertilizers, and by the nitrate of soda beds of Chile. It is also taken from the air by leguminous plants, such as peas and beans, with the aid of certain bacteria that form nodules on the plant roots; and very recently indeed science has discovered how to extract it directly from the air and convert it into a soluble compound with the aid of electricity. So there is no longer any danger, as there was until recently, that the supply of nitrogen in the soil will become permanently depleted.

Phosphorus occurs in nature chiefly as a compound with lime; and various beds of this mineral, mostly in conjunction with ordinary limestone, have been discovered. Certain kinds of iron ore also contain phosphorus, and the so-called "Thomas slag" of the basic process of steel manufacture furnishes a valuable phosphatic fertilizer. Animal bones, as utilized in the manufacture of fertilizers in the packing houses, also supply a certain amount of phosphorus, though in a less available form than that of the best mineral fertilizers.

Potash has until somewhat recently been

chiefly obtained from wood ashes, the burning of wood to obtain this substance having been an industry of some importance in Canada and in Hungary. But about a generation ago it was discovered that large beds of potash salts overlie the rock salt beds at Stassfurt, in Prussia, and in certain adjoining regions of Saxony. An important industry in the production of "Stassfurt salts" soon developed in this region, and the world's supply of potash, for agricultural as for other commercial purposes, has of late years been very largely drawn from this source. But now an attempt is being made to utilize the abundant supply of potash that lies locked in the kind of feldspar known as orthoclase, which is a prominent constituent of many common forms of granite. All that is necessary is to grind the granite to a powder, and the newer types of rock-crushing machines make this commercially feasible. Man thus accomplishes in a few hours a task for which the weathering processes of nature would require some thousands of years.

This method of producing potash is still in the experimental stage. Should it prove successful, the New England farmer of the near future may be able to turn to account the granite boulders that have so encumbered his lands and added to his labors in the past. Possibly the same water power that operates his rock-crushing machine may also generate electricity with the aid of which nitrogen may be taken from the air. Two of the three chief plant foods will then be his for the taking; and he may be able thus to replenish lands that were long since robbed of their richness and abandoned as unfit for cultivation. This is only a dream as yet; but it is a dream that has certain very practical foundations. At the very best, however, in this or in any other of his efforts to replenish the soil, man is but imitating, on a small scale, nature's world-wide and time-long processes of soil making.



THE NEW ECONOMIC RÉGIME IN JAPAN

BY THOMAS F. MILLARD

Author of "The New Far East"



NE cannot fail to be impressed by the remarkable energy and enthusiasm with which persons in all walks of life in Japan are throwing themselves into the movement to lift the nation into commercial and industrial supremacy in the Pacific. The national spirit engendered by the war with Russia has been adroitly shifted by Japanese statesmen into the pursuits of peace, where it is directed by the same firm hand that carried to success the military and naval operations.

But war and peace are very different conditions, and usually, in the course of history, have required different management. Even in war, as it progresses, enthusiasm subsides and belligerency becomes mechanical, its remaining incentive being chiefly supplied by discipline. Japan's newly created paternal system of national industry and commerce just now assumes a rather warlike attitude. The people are summoned to its support as by a call to arms, and with the intoxication of victory still coursing through their veins they respond. A reaction from this initial enthusiasm is inevitable, but while it lasts it is giving the new movement a tremendous impetus, and some of its manifestations are very interesting to Westerners. The genesis and development, so far as they have progressed, of the national industrial and commercial ownership policy, of the various stimulative and competitive methods proposed and already employed, and of the present and probable effects of the movement upon foreign interests in Japan and the Far East, are worthy of examination.

The tremendous impulse given to com-

mercial and industrial activities in Japan since the war has attracted much attention, and been the cause of much comment, usually optimistic. Since peace was declared (taking the latest official statement) there have been 314 new enterprises capitalized or old capitalizations increased, with an aggregate capital of \$197,151,514 gold. This is nearly one third the total capitalized industry of the country previous to the war. The enterprises represented in this enormous capitalization cover a wide field, but they nearly all belong in the category of what may be termed modern industries, in the sense applied in Japan. For instance, there are 51 new electrical companies, with an aggregate capital of \$55,000,000 gold; 10 new navigation and dock companies, with a total capital of \$20,000,000; 5 new insurance companies, with a total capital of \$7,500,000. New banking concerns aggregate a capital of \$11,000,000. There are 11 new steam railway companies, with \$10,000,000 capital; 14 new mining companies, with \$6,500,000 capital; while old corporations have increased their capital \$34,000,000. To many of them direct government assistance is being given, while nearly all of them have had or hope to secure stimulation through the government by indirect methods.

This enumeration of the new commercial activities of the nation does not, however, include the greatest enterprise of all. This is the national corporation, with a proposed capital of \$100,000,000 gold, for the purpose of pushing Japanese commerce and interests in Korea and Manchuria. This great company, in so far as its components have become public, is to include the government, with all the associated interests it can marshal, and

is to be thrown open to popular subscription, with a view to inducing the common people and middle classes to invest, thus enlisting their sympathy and direct pecuniary interest in the success of the scheme.

Persons who see, as anyone may by a study of the Japanese budget, that the government is deeply in debt, that it is at its wits' end to devise means to secure enough revenue to meet administrative expenses and interest charges, that its *pro rata* taxation is far higher than in any other large nation and that its people are the poorest, that the extraordinary war taxes have been extended for thirty years with no certainty of being able to remove them even then, may well be puzzled as to how all these undertakings are to be carried out. To put the matter in a nutshell, the plan is to draw foreign investors to the support of these various companies, and the government is used to stalk the foreign investor.

Three years ago, before the war with Russia, no sane business man familiar with the situation in Japan would have dreamed of indorsing any suggestion for a great and immediate expansion of the capitalized interests of the country. On the then existing capitalization, quotations on four fifths of the organized industries in Japan had been steadily declining in the market for a decade, and a leading financial authority had counseled reorganization of some enterprises on a more moderate basis. Since then the nation has fought a long and exhausting war which, to say nothing of the wastage of human material, has quintupled the national debt and nearly doubled the rate of taxation, which there is no prospect of reducing within a generation; and the bulk of the interest on the national debt has to be sent abroad, and is thus lost to the country. At the time the war began, and even at its close, the national credit was so unstable that the government was compelled to give collateral security for the payment of interest to foreign investors, and all the foreign war loans are backed by security, such as it is.

Yet within a few months new industrial and commercial capitalizations of approximately \$200,000,000 have been organized, and another corporation for half this amount is proposed. It is clear that this capitalization must be based on the same resources and opportunities, so far as Japan proper is concerned, as existed before the war, for the national wealth and resources have not been

increased, to say the least of it, by the war. The land and people remain practically the same. It seems that Japan is making an effort to capitalize her recent victory before its influence upon the imagination of the world wanes, and before its fruits turn to dead sea apples in the mouths of some Western nations.

Many of the enterprises which afford the basis for the new companies have, no doubt, a good chance of prospering; just which it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to say. But many of them have, so far as I could learn, no firmer foundation than a plausible prospect. Take, for instance, some of the mining companies. Now a new mining venture is not a particularly sound investment anywhere, and those in Japan are no exception. They are largely based on somewhat vague possibilities for development of prospects in Korea and Manchuria. And other important propositions depend, at least in the beginning, upon government support and assistance.

The method by which the government stalks the foreign investor operates, as do so many of Japan's new activities, through the banks. It is usually something like this: a stock company will be regularly organized, its stock duly subscribed for, and part of the capital paid in, the banks, if necessary, advancing the money. Then bonds will be issued, and placed, if the government is supporting the enterprise, with the Nippon Ginko or one of the other great banks which have branches and agencies all over the world, to be presented to foreign investors. The Japanese bank will not do this directly. It will split up the bonds in portions to be distributed in various countries, as the situation seems to warrant, and the portions be allotted to the agents or correspondents of the Japanese banks in those countries.

For instance, some of the bonds of an electric lighting and power company with a charter to conduct certain business in Japan, or one holding a mining concession in Korea or Manchuria, may be sent to a large banking house in Wall Street, which is the correspondent, say, of the Nippon Ginko. These bonds, by means of the customary process, will be offered by the American bank or house to their customers through their regular channels, with the statement that the Japanese Government guarantees the interest on the bonds. To the average investor in such securities this will probably "look pretty good,"

and he may put his surplus cash, if a better investment does not just then offer, into the bonds. This money goes to Japan, less the commission to the American concern (usually very liberal, in the case of some of the Japanese foreign loans netting nearly three per cent), and there helps finance the new national system.

The investor probably figures that even if the enterprise, of which he, of course, knows comparatively nothing, should fail to make money his interest is secure; and under ordinary circumstances this would be true, since most governments nowadays habitually meet their obligations. But here is clearly a different condition. The Japanese Government is going into this thing on a great scale; which means that it is really taking the same chance as the foreign investor in the success or failure of the enterprise.

In this connection the legal status of foreign investments in Japan becomes pertinent, for if enterprises in which foreign capital is invested cannot be operated at a profit and consequently fail, the only security for the capital will be whatever property may be owned by the business. And assuming that such a company fails, this question will arise in cases where the interest on its bonded debt is guaranteed by the government: Is the government, after the company has gone into bankruptcy and ceased to operate, obligated to continue to pay the interest on the bonds of an extinct enterprise, which would be forever unless the government paid the principal?

The equivocal legal standing of foreigners and foreign interests in Japan has often been discussed, and efforts have been repeatedly made to better their position, but so far without success. To put it flatly, the position of Japan toward the foreign investor she hopes to bring to the financial support of her new system amounts to this: "We want your money, but you must trust it absolutely to us." As for the great National Advancement Company, it has already been criticised in Japan as a plan to draw another great sum from the people, to be used in carrying out the government's policy—or simply a new way to float a domestic loan without liability for the principal should it be lost in the venture.

In some of the methods now being employed by the Japanese Government to promote the new national policy is exhibited commercial and industrial paternalism in its extremest form. Not only are municipalities throughout the Island Empire undertaking

to own and operate their transportation, light, electric power, and other plants, but the national government is actively taking a hand in commerce and industry. Here we find, for the first time, a great government operating as a business corporation.

THE MIKADO'S GOVERNMENT AS A BUSINESS CORPORATION

In entering upon this extraordinary and venturesome policy Japanese statesmen are apparently impelled by complex and often somewhat antagonistic motives. Surveying the position of Japan among the nations, it seems clear that her hope for substantial and permanent advancement lies along industrial and commercial lines; and her natural disadvantages are such, in comparison with present and prospective competitors, that her statesmen feel the necessity of throwing the united national energy into the movement. This, they conceive, can best be accomplished by direct governmental assistance and direction of certain activities.

In thus embarking upon a new national policy Japan is not hampered, to the same extent, by the handicaps and restraints which would impede most other nations. Her position is similar to that of the United States of America when the colonies formed a national government. As the Americans were able to begin a new political career without first having to break the full force of old institutions and traditions, so now can the Japanese begin their modern imperial policy with a practically clean slate. Japan has already broken with her old institutions and traditions. She has fully accepted the modern idea, and her people are much more easily swung, at this period, to support what is offered to them as an advanced policy or system than are the people of any Western nation. The success of the war has placed the oligarchy in complete control, and for the moment the national spirit is peculiarly susceptible to any proposition to which is tacked the national banner. And the flag has been adroitly hoisted over the new paternalistic policy, which at present is moving with all the energy a common national impulse can give it.

The termination of the war with Russia left Japan with many grave problems on her hands, and of these the most urgent is the state of the national finances. The government must have money, and the impera-

tive necessity for revenue is a primary, perhaps the chief, reason for the taking over of certain industries. This urgency became acute immediately upon the outbreak of war, when it was not only necessary to have new revenues and increase old ones, but when collateral to secure interest on the new foreign loans had to be found. Under these circumstances the government took over the tobacco, salt, camphor, opium, and other minor industries.

When the war ended a great debt and its accompanying interest burden had been rolled up. New revenues were required to meet the new expenditures, so the government cast about for anything that could be operated at a profit. It passed a bill taking over all railway lines not already under government control, while measures to control the silk and match industries, and also the breweries, are now under consideration. These plans are cited not to call special attention to Japan's financial situation, but to point out that the nationalization of industry, so far as it has actually been carried into effect, has not been the result of a consideration of the whole proposition on its merits as an agency for the common good, as some casual Western discussion seems to assume, but was primarily due to the immediate and imperative need for revenue, after all customary forms of taxation had been raised to the limit.

In so far as it has devised a system to develop and advance the national interests, the government purposes to lend directly its assistance to any form of industry that promises a profitable future.

Such a system pivots, naturally, upon the three usual bearings—financial, industrial, and commercial. The financial side operates through the banks, which in Japan are often directly associated with the government. Great financial institutions like the Nippon Ginko (Bank of Japan), the Yokohama Specie Bank, and the D'ai Ichō Ginko (The First Bank) are really as much a part of the government, in regard to transactions which may affect the national interest, as the Departments of War and Foreign Affairs. Through them are negotiated practically all foreign and domestic loans of any magnitude, and they always stand ready, at the suggestion of the government, to come to the support of any private or national industry or enterprise which may need assistance.

In the effort of the government to exploit

Korea and Manchuria and establish Japanese commerce so firmly in those localities that it cannot be disturbed by competition, an arrangement was effected by which the banks are to make loans to Japanese mercantile firms exporting to the continent, at a reduced rate of interest, with rebates to those who are able to do an annual business of a certain magnitude. It should go without saying that no bank can do profitable business after this method, and it is worth while to inquire how Japanese banks are able to manage it. When the war ended the government fortunately had in its possession the proceeds of the last foreign loan, which, taking advantage of Admiral Togo's naval victory, it had favorably placed in England, Germany, and America. This money was deposited with several of the larger banks, to be disposed as the government directed. Part of this money is now being used to supply the sinews of war to the new system, and is being loaned, in some instances, at a lower rate of interest than it costs the government.

Competition in trade is a general condition, and is often stimulative; but it has hitherto been chiefly confined to individual or corporate entities. We now see it added to the direct national activities of a cohesive and hustling nation. The possibilities are many. It may be, should Japan's daring innovation be successful, that the commercial and industrial rivalries of the future will become, to an extent not thought of to-day, international affairs. Not only does the logic of the proposition presage such a development, but Japan has deliberately announced her intention to drive other industry and commerce out of certain fields, and is marshaling the national energy and resources to support the movement.

In promulgating her new system Japan uses both the direct and indirect methods—that is, ownership and subsidy. This fact clearly indicates that the end, and not the means, is at present the chief consideration; since an analysis of the two methods as here applied reveals great inconsistencies, even absolute antagonism. Of the two methods, the subsidy, either by direct financial bonus or protective tariff, now covers far the wider field. In applying these long-used devices to the development of her industry Japan has gone much further than the average Western nation has yet dared or considered it wise to venture, and has taken advantage of circumstances in ways outside the pale of business

standards set by the West; as in the wholesale confiscation of commercial reputation and good will, represented by copyrights and trade-marks, which Japanese manufacturers and tradesmen have exercised so freely in recent years. It is not necessary to here rehash this old charge; but it is vital, and will not down until corrected. Even in the matter of direct government ownership this abuse has a foothold, particularly in the manufacture of arms and military and naval supplies.

In her use of direct subsidies Japan is covering a wide field. In manufacturing, various textiles are subsidized, particularly cottons; in agriculture numerous raw products are encouraged and assisted, and in transportation the large shipping companies have become virtually a part of the government, so closely are their policies connected. The government, through the banks, which are able to use public funds to bolster private credit, has encouraged and assisted the importation of machinery, to be used in inaugurating new industries and extending old ones. In some of these enterprises the government is reviving projects which have previously failed under private direction, and even government control; as the steel industry, and some of the dock and shipbuilding plants. Every effort is being made to discover any natural resources of the country that are susceptible of profitable development, and wherever such are found the government stands ready to promote, at least indirectly, companies to exploit them.

But Japanese statesmen realize that it is one thing to make products and another to sell them. The market in Japan can be to a certain extent controlled by handicapping foreign products through the tariff: but Japan's goal is commercial supremacy in the Far East, and this means that she must meet competitors in regions where she does not, at least now, have the advantage of control.

The chief agency employed in pushing the national commerce outside the national boundaries is the transportation facilities at the command of the government. These facilities now amount to an absolute monopoly by land and sea. The government owns and operates all the railways, and the great shipping companies, such as the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, and the Toyen Kisen Kaisha, are directly subsidized and practically a part of the government system. The majority of the stock of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha is owned by the

imperial family. Combined, the three great subsidized companies now operate about 180 vessels, with a total tonnage of over 300,000 tons. In creating and supporting her merchant marine Japan subsidizes all along the line. To vessels built in Japan a special subsidy is granted, and material for their construction which must be imported from abroad is admitted free in most cases. Then when the ships are put into operation they are again subsidized; in the case of the three great companies to the extent of a fair dividend on their original capital stock. So it will be seen that, should circumstances make it desirable, these companies are able to operate without ordinary revenue.

With these conditions in mind, the declaration of a national intention to dominate the Far Eastern shipping trade has unusual significance. This declaration was in the form of a statement of the managing director of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha to the company shareholders, which was published in one of the native newspapers of high standing. It was republished by a foreign newspaper in Japan, and immediately created such a sensation that the government organs, both among the native and foreign press, tried to deny or explain it away, but without entire success.

This was no ordinary corporation report. But the foreign companies are preparing to fight. Over one route the German and Japanese lines are now carrying freight and passengers for almost nothing, and the whole Far East is quietly preparing for a gigantic shipping war.

A disquieting phase of the new Japanese system, from the standpoint of foreign competitors in Asia, is the government's declared policy in respect to the extension of Japanese trade in Asia. Not only are merchants to receive loans at reduced rates of interest, but if it is found that certain Japanese products still cannot successfully compete with foreign articles, the Japanese railways in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria, and also the Japanese shipping companies, are to carry such merchandise free, or at half rates, as may be necessary. This intention has been openly declared, and the details of the method widely published in the Japanese press to encourage Japanese merchants to enter into the movement to push the national commerce on the continent. If Japanese industry, with subsidies to aid it in manufacture, with government aid in securing financial backing at less

than the market rate of interest, with free transportation to the market abroad and protection from foreign competition at home, cannot make headway it must be very feeble indeed.

This, briefly, outlines the new Japanese national business system. It places all the major national activities under common direction, presumably the best the nation can supply; in short, in Japan it practically centralizes all political, industrial, commercial, and financial administrative authority in the hands of a score or so of men. If we assume that they will decide honestly and wisely in respect to all, or a good majority of the matters they will be called upon to direct, we may anticipate great success all along the line. It will probably be either a complete success or a complete failure; for if, perchance, the wrong path is taken, everything may go down together.

What Westerners should bear in mind just now, and in the immediate future, at least, is that when dealing or competing with a Japanese bank, commercial house or corporation, whether in New York, London, China, or Japan, they are not doing business with ordinary concerns in the ordinary way, but really with the Japanese Government, and all the support it can command and extend.

JAPAN'S NEW TARIFF WALL

A matter which has not received in America attention commensurate with its importance, is the new Japanese tariff law, which went into effect on October 1, 1906. Although, at the time the measure was proposed and during the period it was under consideration, every attempt was made by the government to give the impression, both in Japan and elsewhere, that it was merely a revision in the interests of revenue, in its finished state it is revealed unmistakably as a protective tariff, and one of the forces by which Japan hopes to assure to herself commercial and industrial supremacy in that part of the world.

Notwithstanding the caution used in pushing the law through the Diet, and repressing public discussion of its provisions, it did not escape, even in its formative period, the notice of alert foreign representatives, who hastened to inform their governments of the true import of the measure. Henry B. Miller, United States Consul-General at Yokohama, let the cat out of the bag in a preliminary

report to the Department of State at Washington, which promptly gave out portions of the report for publication. Although the report, significant as it was, attracted little attention in America, it was not overlooked in Japan, where the press seemed to take the position that the matter was Japan's private affair, and that it was really-almost an impertinence for foreigners to mention it.

But the chief significance of a majority of the utterances thus called out lay in an obvious tendency to deny the protective disposition of the law. The part of Mr. Miller's report to which these commentators were disposed to take exception follows:

The most important problem of Japan's future lies in the development of her fiscal system. Her growth along commercial and industrial lines, as is evidenced by the proposed new tariff, indicates that the question is demanding the serious consideration of her statesmen. Japan has entered upon a protective policy, following the United States, and is shaping her course accordingly. She is preparing herself to meet the requirements of the Oriental market and at the same time protecting her industries. Protection is the watchword of the Japanese, and in every line of commerce and industrial expansion the dominant idea of the government and the people is to assist in every practical way the development of infant industries and the protection of the old ones.

While Japan is admitting free the raw material in many cases, her scientists are daily experimenting with a view to produce this raw material. The fields for experimentation will chiefly be Korea and the leased territory in Manchuria, with such parts of China as are accessible. If these new fields can be made to produce, Japan with her superior merchant marine and other facilities will see to it that she offers the best market for such raw material. Japan has well-defined plans in this respect, and hopes by their solution not only to make herself independent, but to control the commercial destinies of Asia.

Articles imported from America on which the duty has been increased are barley, wheat, flour, oats, cottonseed, tinned goods of various kinds, fruits and nuts, dried fruits, oatmeal, ham and bacon, salted fish, condensed milk, butter, margarine, cheese, confectionery, jams and jellies, sole leather, sheep and goat leather, bar and rod iron, steel rails, metal pipes and tubes, wire of all kinds, nails, lead, tin plate, zinc, paper, bicycles, sewing machines, typewriters, telegraph and telephone instruments, all kinds of engines, boilers, electrical appliances, various kinds of machinery, petroleum, lumber, watches, jewelry, cotton goods, phonographs. This list, which might be extended, will give an idea of the broad scope of the new law, and the numerous places where it touches American commerce and industry. Commenting upon

some phases of the law, Mr. Miller reports as follows:

The raise in the tariff on wheat flour is one of the most important in its effect upon American trade, as this constitutes one of the large and growing imports into Japan. Seventy-two cents duty on 100 kin (133 pounds) is a very high rate. A duty of over half a cent a pound will place this article of diet beyond the power of the masses to purchase, and must therefore reduce the consumption of American flour. The new duty on wheat will be fifty-seven sen (twenty-eight cents) per 100 kin (133 pounds), an advance of only three and one-half sen. This will give a very comfortable advantage to the milling of wheat in Japan.

Manchuria offers a satisfactory solution to the high tariff on flour. Japan has possession of Dalny, and there is no doubt that she will establish free trade relations between the home land and this leased territory. The railway, now owned by the Japanese Government, extending from Dalny north, reaches into the great wheat fields of the Sungari valley in Manchuria, and also the great wheat plains and hills of Mongolia, now in grass, but susceptible of the highest production of wheat. This same railroad passes through the entire length of the fine grain-growing valley of the Liao. It is no doubt a part of the policy of Japan to make this most productive country the source of food supply for her millions of people at home, and use her railways and own ships to transport it. To accomplish this, and to make the investment in mills attractive, she places a high tariff on flour from other countries, and subsidizes ships. With a railway, the rates on which the government controls, with subsidized ships for bringing the grain or flour to Japan, and a high tariff on foreign flour, investments in mills at Dalny or in Japan will certainly be very good. And as wheat can be put on the cars of the Japanese railway for half the price it is delivered on cars in the United States, there seems to be no good reason why the flour for Japan should not be drawn from the fields of Mongolia and Manchuria. Several manufacturers of flouring mill machinery are already in Japan negotiating for a supply of machinery for mills as soon as this government measure becomes a law.

While raw and ginned cotton remains on the free list, in order to help the subsidized cotton industries of Japan, there is a general advance in cotton yarns and cotton goods of every nature, and the new law changes them from ad valorem to specific duties; but as cottons of almost every kind are specified in the conventional tariff this part of the law will not take effect until after 1910, the date of the expiration of the conventional tariff. The present duty on cotton drills is one and a sixteenth sen per square yard, and ten per cent additional ad valorem as a consumption tax. The new tariff will be 6.3 sen per square yard, and ten per cent consumption tax additional.

A protective tariff in Japan, as elsewhere, has inherent in it and will develop opposing and detrimental forces. In fact, notwithstanding the strong position of the present government, such opposing forces have already appeared. Quite an influential section of the press and public in Japan are bitterly

hostile to the new tendency, and while their opposition has so far proven futile, owing to the fact that the government is masking its protective policy, for the moment, behind pressing revenue necessities, it is certain to gain cohesiveness and strength. Recently Count Okuma, the venerable statesman, who has always counseled a conservative national course, made an address, in which he distinctly warned the people against too hastily embarking upon a policy of protection. On this occasion he is quoted as having said:

Those in favor of a policy of protection for Japan too often mean by the phrase a policy of retaliation, and retaliation can work both ways. Japan at present produces nothing which the world cannot do without, and it therefore follows that Japan's policy should be to place her goods upon the foreign markets at the lowest possible price, avoiding as far as possible giving cause for retaliatory duties against her. Further, most nations adopting a protective policy cannot be accused, except in very special cases, of using that policy against any one country. They may claim that the high duty on any article is merely part and parcel of the general tariff policy. How is Japan to distinguish between those protecting themselves against her and those merely acting on general principles? The dangers of mistaking a protective policy for a retaliatory policy are too obvious to need pointing out.

The popular cry is for a new and greater Japan, and persons who may think that certain measures are unwise are very apt to be shouted down as handicappers of the country's progress. Count Okuma, who is too strongly entrenched in popular esteem to be easily assailed, and who is too advanced in years to have selfish ambitions, may speak his mind, but persons of less importance cannot do so without making themselves a target for popular resentment and perhaps governmental discrimination. So I could only get a leading Japanese merchant, who is prominent in the movement for a lower tariff, or at least a tariff built on reciprocal rather than retaliatory lines, to talk freely with me by promising not to use his name.

"It is easy to foresee some effects of the new protective theory," he said, "which will undoubtedly be detrimental to important interests in Japan, by possibly provoking a policy of retaliation on the part of other countries. The new tariff bears particularly hard upon American products, to an extent that it is open to the accusation of being specially directed against that nation, which is undoubtedly destined to be Japan's greatest commercial rival in the Pacific. In my opinion this feature of the new tariff is a

great error. At present America is our best customer among the nations, and it is no exaggeration to say that some of our most important industries are almost dependent upon the American market.

"Take the silk industry. This product at present constitutes more than one third of the total exports of the nation, and about two thirds of this goes to the United States. Of all our industries none is so deeply grafted into the national life as the production of silk. It is produced in the homes of the poorer people, and largely made on household looms, and provides employment and a livelihood for more persons than any other industry next to rice growing. Any detriment to the silk industry is, therefore, felt directly in the homes of the common people, to say nothing of the various industries which depend upon its distribution and export. At present our silk goes mostly to non-silk-producing countries, where it enters at a low tariff rate. It is therefore a shining mark for retaliation, should our new tariff provoke it.

"Take America, for instance. We are putting a handicap upon the importation and consumption of many of her important products, of which flour will serve as an example. We are placing a high duty on flour. Now the wheat and flour industries are very important in America, and large transportation interests are to a certain extent dependent upon their prosperity. These combined interests can exert great political influence in the United States, and will undoubtedly not sit down quietly and see their prospects in this part of the world seriously crippled without making an effort to protect them. One way to do this is by retaliatory tariffs, and in the case of America the first thing struck at will be the Japanese silk industry. I and some who see what may come are endeavoring to check the present tendency toward protection, but the prospect is not good for success unless we can get some coöperation from abroad, particularly America."

"What kind of coöperation?"

"Some kind of a movement toward tariff reciprocity, which will compromise the coming conflict before it has time to develop to an acute stage, and sow the seeds of commercial belligerency between the two nations. Japan is not at present in a position to wage a tariff war with America, nor will she be for years to come, if ever. We who oppose the present course of the government are en-

deavoring to set a movement on foot to assure an even development of our commerce and industry by revising our tariff, as it needs revision, along lines of reciprocity rather than of protection, and in this effort we hope to secure the aid of commercial bodies in the United States."

Even a casual examination of the foreign trade of Japan shows that there is much foundation for the anxiety here expressed. In 1905 the trade of Japan with the United States was greater than with any other nation, and amounted to nearly one fifth of the total exports and imports. The United States took thirty per cent of Japan's total exportations, while Japan drew twenty-one per cent of her total importations from America, the United States being second only to Great Britain in this respect, which furnished twenty-three per cent. Germany furnished only eight per cent of Japan's imports, and took but little over one per cent of her exported products. The United States took in 1905 six times as much from Japan as did Great Britain. These figures show the importance of the trade relations between America and Japan, which are more vital to both nations, both in present and prospect, than is true of the Island Empire's commerce with any other nation except possibly China. Yet if an American ventures to protest against the new Japanese tariff, as likely to prove detrimental to American trade in the Far East, he receives a reply something like this: "You cannot blame us. The United States has a high protective tariff, and frequently directly discriminates against friendly nations in its schedules." And the mouth of the American is closed.

Notwithstanding the arguments advanced by the Japanese merchant quoted, and the fact that the Japanese people have been committed to it blindfolded, Japan's protective policy is now an accomplished fact, and is being shaped into one of the corner stones of the new paternal national system. Unless America looks to her fences it will not be long before her commerce and industry begin to feel the effects of Japan's actions. And a fact that should not be lost sight of, in this connection, is that the great exports of the last year, which give such a flattering appearance to the growth of American trade with Japan, consist largely of machinery to be used in establishing industries in Japan to compete with American and other foreign products in the Far Eastern markets.

WITH LINCOLN FROM WASHINGTON TO RICHMOND IN 1865

By JOHN S. BARNES

Late United States Navy

ILLUSTRATED BY WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A NOTABLE COLLECTION RECENTLY PURCHASED BY
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR THE LIBRARY OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT

II. THE PRESIDENT ENTERS THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL



It was generally believed that General Grant was not particularly desirous of Mr. Lincoln's presence at City Point, and it was, in fact, a somewhat embarrassing factor during those trying days. However that may have been, General Grant never for a moment manifested any impatience, but gave to the President every possible consideration due to his exalted position. That morning was passed at General Grant's headquarters on the bluff. His log cabin was roomy, with one large room used as a meeting place and office. The tents of his staff were grouped about it. Here, on this and several other occasions when I was present, would meet the general officers of divisions, Admiral Porter, staff officers, senators, congressmen, and other visitors. There was no formality. The news of the day was discussed, and dispatches were read or referred to in general conversation. All seemed confident that Petersburg must soon fall, and with it Richmond. Sherman would be coming up victoriously from the South and uniting with Grant's army. The end of the rebellion was near. In the discussion that forenoon General Grant took little part, listening in grim silence, or only answering direct questions from Mr. Lincoln in short monosyllabic utterances. The President and Admiral Porter took the main parts in conversation. Each related several anecdotes apropos of the discussion, those told by Mr.

Lincoln being always very pertinent or illustrative. He seemed in very good spirits, and at his best when relating some of the war anecdotes that reached him in Washington. Admiral Porter told an old sea story, which navy men knew by heart, at which, I remember, Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily, and said, "Admiral, I like your sea stories; I never heard them before," and running his hands with an upward movement through his rumpled hair, his eyes glistening, his face expressing in every feature the keenest enjoyment, he would stretch himself out, and look at the listeners in turn as though for sympathy and appreciation. General Grant did not have much, if any, humor, or was too much oppressed with his responsibilities; he smoked steadily, and rarely did he even by the grimmest smile recognize the points of the anecdotes.

When I first met Mr. Lincoln I was singularly drawn to him; and brief as had been our intercourse, it was at such meetings and in the privacy of his own family, to which he admitted me, that I came to feel an affection for him that none other has ever inspired. Familiar as all are with his features through photographs, portraits, statues, and engravings, none do justice to him or can represent the kindness of the expression which ever betrayed the sweet and gentle mind and heart of this nature's nobleman.

We passed several hours in Grant's cabin, Mr. Lincoln returning for luncheon to the *River Queen*. The President was somewhat

disturbed by the report that General Sherman had left his army at Goldsborough and was on his way to City Point. After luncheon Captain Robert Lincoln came over to the *Bat* and conveyed an invitation from Mr. Lincoln to accompany his party in a visit to the Point of Rocks, on the Appomattox, the place celebrated for the historical scene of the saving of the life of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas. I was rather doubtful about the expediency of my going, but Captain Lincoln was very kindly urgent, saying his father had sent him and expressly desired it. As the President's requests were, as I told Captain Lincoln, equivalent to orders, I repaired on board the *Queen*, which at once pushed out from the wharf and started up the river. I found Mr. Lincoln in his office. He made me sit down and we talked for a few minutes, mainly I could see with the desire on his part to put me at ease. Thad was with him as usual, hanging or half sitting on his father's knees. The only other persons on board were Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Lincoln, Captain Robert, and, I think, Captain Penrose. The latter seemed specially attached to the service of Mrs. Lincoln, for I rarely observed him doing anything for Mr. Lincoln.

Leaving Mr. Lincoln, I joined Mrs. Grant and inquired for Mrs. Lincoln. Mrs. Grant was alone in the forward cabin. She pointed out Mrs. Lincoln standing out on the uncovered deck, near the pilot house. The boat had a little motion. Mrs. Lincoln was alone, and at Mrs. Grant's suggestion I pushed out of the door a large upholstered armchair, bade Mrs. Lincoln good morning, as I had not seen her before that day, and suggested that she should occupy the chair, which she declined; and finding that my presence was not agreeable to her, I returned to Mrs. Grant, who had witnessed the failure of my efforts. Very soon Mrs. Lincoln came to the window and beckoned to Mrs. Grant, who joined her at once. An animated conversation took place between them, succeeding which Mrs. Grant came back to the cabin and informed me that Mrs. Lincoln objected to my presence on the *Queen*, and had requested her to so inform me. This made things rather uncomfortable for a pleasure party, so that on our arrival at Point of Rocks, while Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln wandered arm in arm in the woods with Captain Lincoln and Thad, Mrs. Grant and I remained on board. Before their return, upon consulting with Mrs. Grant, I had the captain put me

ashore on the other side of the Appomattox, where I obtained a horse from the quartermaster with an orderly to show me the way and bring back the horse, and I rode, somewhat discomfited, back to City Point. I had gone upon this trip with some misgivings. I am sure that the President's invitation was in the desire to bring about more pleasant relations between Mrs. Lincoln and myself. It is only proper to add that, in these perhaps unnecessary allusions to Mrs. Lincoln, there can be found the cause of the sadness and melancholy which were at times so apparent in Mr. Lincoln's expression. She was at no time well; the mental strain upon her was great, betrayed by extreme nervousness approaching hysteria, causing misapprehensions, extreme sensitiveness as to slights, or want of politeness or consideration. I had the greatest sympathy for her, and for Mr. Lincoln, who I am sure felt deep anxiety for her. His manner toward her was always that of the most affectionate solicitude, so marked, so gentle and unaffected that no one could see them together without being impressed by it. I remember that in several telegrams from Mr. Stanton, he always inquired for Mrs. Lincoln and requested his remembrances to her.

The great catastrophe a few days later proved to be the breaking strain. Who can wonder at it? Few women there are who, ill and nervous, could have passed through such an ordeal and retained their reason.

That evening, March 27th, General Sherman arrived at City Point in an army transport from Goldsborough. I met him on the *Queen*, and afterwards at General Grant's headquarters. On the *Queen* were Mr. Lincoln, General Grant, Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, several other generals, and Admiral Porter—a notable gathering. It was an open meeting, and I heard many interesting relations of war events and movements past and prospective. Mr. Lincoln was particularly nervous about General Sherman's absence from his army, notwithstanding his assurances that he had left the army in good hands with no likelihood of any attack by Joe Johnston. Late that evening I was called to General Grant's headquarters and again met General Sherman, and from Admiral Porter received orders temporarily detaching me from service with Mr. Lincoln, and directing me to take General Sherman and his staff back to Newbern, or

such other place as he might designate, with all possible speed. Then I was to return at once and resume my duties with Mr. Lincoln. These verbal orders the Admiral supplemented by written ones late that night. The *Bat* filled up with coal, extra provisions were laid in, and the next morning, the 28th, General Sherman, General Leggett, General McClelland, General Sharpe, Colonel McCoy, Senator John Sherman, Lieutenant Baylor, and Mr. Stanton, son of the Secretary of War, came on board the *Bat*, and getting under way we steamed down to Fortress Monroe, stopped there for an hour, and then proceeded to sea. The *Bat* was urged to her utmost speed. I cut across the Hatteras Shoals, through the inside passage entered New Inlet, impressing an outgoing army transport to lead us in, as I had no pilot, struck lightly on the bar, and landed General Sherman safely at Newbern on the evening of March 30th. Those few days with General Sherman in the intimacy of such close quarters were extremely interesting, and I thoroughly enjoyed his relations of incidents of his march across the country. He was the most brilliant talker I ever met, and in my opinion the greatest general of the war.

After repairing some slight damage to my engine caused by overpressing in our haste, I left Newbern to return to City Point on March 31st, taking back with me Senator Sherman and Mr. Stanton, who on joining the ship handed me the following letter from General Sherman in his own handwriting:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION
OF THE MISSISSIPPI.
In the Field, Goldsborough, N. C.,
March 31, 1865.

CAPT. BARNES, U. S. N.,
Comdg. *Bat*, Newbern.

Dear Sir: I fear that on leaving your ship rather unexpectedly yesterday, I neglected to thank you in suitable terms for your politeness during our short but most agreeable trip from City Point. I beg to thank you most sincerely and beg that whenever I have it in my power to do you any service you will call on me by letter or in person, and should the fortunes of war bring you near my camp or quarters I will feel hurt if you do not let me know, that I may in part reciprocate your hospitality.

I beg to avail of your offer by telegraph to convey my brother, John Sherman, and Mr. Stanton to Old Point Comfort. They come down this morning and will have a small parcel of dispatches. Wishing you a pleasant trip I am, with respect,

Your obedt. servant,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Maj.-Genl.

I made a quick run to Hampton Roads, landed Senator Sherman and Mr. Stanton, and steamed rapidly up the James River to City Point, which I reached on the evening of April 2d. Great changes had taken place. The army was in motion around Petersburg and Richmond, General Grant's headquarters at City Point were abandoned, and several thousands of Confederate prisoners were collected there, guarded by a few troops and some five hundred sailors and marines from the naval fleet.

Mrs. Lincoln had returned to Washington. Mr. Lincoln had taken his quarters on the *Malvern* as guest of Admiral Porter, with his son Thad. Colonel Robert Lincoln was now with General Grant and on his staff. On the morning of April 3d I reported to Mr. Lincoln and Admiral Porter, and gave Mr. Lincoln an account of my trip to Newbern with General Sherman. He expressed great satisfaction in knowing that the General was again with his army, read the dispatches sent by him, and told me that Petersburg was evacuated and our troops in possession, and that if possible he would visit that city that day. I took ashore a telegram to be sent to Mr. Stanton and one to Mrs. Lincoln, announcing the fall of Petersburg and saying that the President would visit the town. Mr. Lincoln received a multitude of dispatches that day from various generals; and upon General Grant's telegraphing him that he was in Petersburg and would be glad to see him there, a train was made up, and with Admiral Porter, Thad, myself, and several others, we proceeded to Patrick Station, so called, a mile or so from the town. General Grant had said that he was too busy to meet him, but would send an escort. It was there, consisting of an officer and a few troopers, and an ambulance for Mr. Lincoln. Admiral Porter borrowed a horse from one of the cavalymen, Mr. Lincoln and Thad went in the ambulance. I went afoot, passing through the labyrinth of trenches, breastworks, batteries, and rifle pits constituting the defenses of the city, then held by our men. They were very elaborate with zigzag approaches and connections dug deep in the ground. It seemed impossible for any body of men, however brave or desperate, to have carried them by assault. I reached the town at last, found Mr. Lincoln, Admiral Porter, with General Grant, but learned they would soon return to the train, so I made my way back to it, my only trophy a bag of smoking

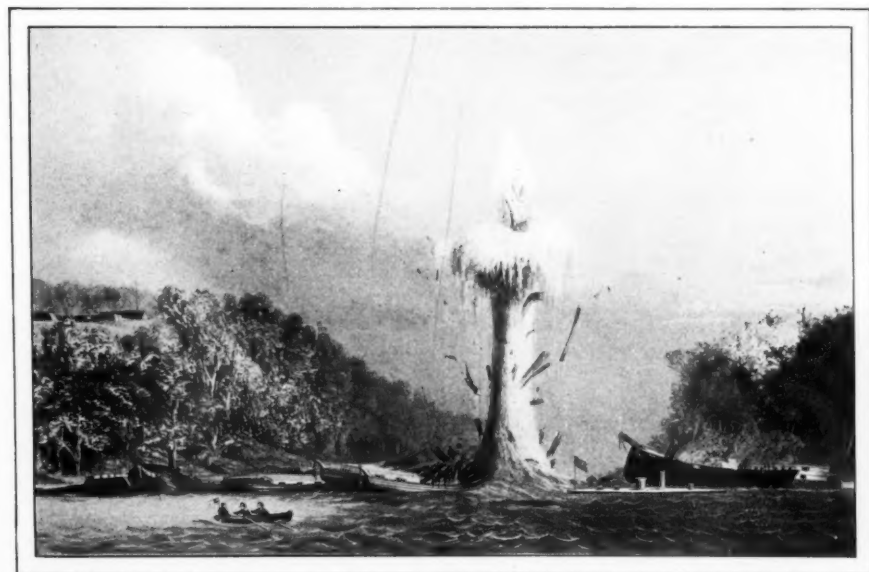


RICHMOND FROM THE RIVER

Showing ruins of buildings burned and blown up by the Confederates before evacuation.

tobacco, great quantities of which were lying about, eagerly seized by the soldiers. Mr. Lincoln remained in Petersburg only an hour or two, when, rejoining the train, we returned to City Point, the President going on board the *Malvern* for the night. He was in high spirits, seemed not at all fatigued, and said that the end could not be far off. I was on board the *Malvern* until ten or eleven o'clock that evening. General Weitzel telegraphed confirming the rumor which

had reached Grant at Petersburg, that Richmond was being evacuated and that General Lee was in retreat and President Davis had fled. All that evening a lurid glare lit up the sky in the direction of Richmond. Heavy detonations followed each other in rapid succession, which Admiral Porter rightly interpreted as the blowing up of the rebel iron-clads. Mr. Lincoln then made up his mind he would go to Richmond the next day. Mr. Stanton had sent him a telegram, which was



From an old print.

REMOVING OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE JAMES RIVER

U. S. torpedo boat *Spuyten Duyvil* preparing a passage for the fleet up to Richmond, April 2, 1865.

delivered that evening, expostulating with him about unnecessary exposure, and drawing a contrast again between the duties of a president and that of a general. This had reference to his proposed visit to Petersburg. Mr. Lincoln replied, in effect, that he had been to Petersburg and was going to Rich-

mond at Deep Bottom, and at eight o'clock in the morning of April 4th the channel was reported as clear and safe. The Admiral sent me word that he was going up to Richmond and would take the President along, and that the *Bat* could follow. At about 10 A.M., the *Malvern* leading, followed by the



PONTOON BRIDGE AT DEEP BOTTOM, VA.

One of the first bridges constructed over the James for the passage of cavalry.

mond the next day, but would take care of himself.

Admiral Porter gave orders that evening to the gunboats to clear away the obstructions in the river and to make careful and systematic search for and remove the torpedoes, with which the channel was known to be strewn. This work went on all night. The United States torpedo boat *Spuyten Duyvil* was employed to blow up the vessels sunk

River Queen, with the President, who had returned to her that morning, passed me very near, the Admiral hailing me and telling me to "come on." Mr. Lincoln was standing on the upper deck of the *Queen*, and one can imagine his interest in the passing scenes. He waved his hat in answer to my salute as he passed so close that I could see the expression of his face.

We got our anchor up at once, and fol-



ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLAGSHIP THE "MALVERN"

On board of which the President made his headquarters just previous to the trip from City Point to Richmond.

lowed, passed first through the drawbridge of the pontoon, and then through the gap cleared in the obstructions, which we slightly touched and were delayed for a few moments, during which the *Malvern* and the *Queen*, under the guidance of a skillful pilot, got well ahead. The boats from the fleet, still at work searching for torpedoes, had already found many, and had cut the wires of the electric and dragged to the banks many of the floating and submerged mines. Still I could not avoid a feeling of anxiety for the *Malvern* and the *Queen*, as they pushed ahead rapidly, lest some undiscovered mines should be touched and the vessels blown to pieces.

A number of vessels had pushed through the obstructions, making quite a display with flags flying from each mast, and finally the *Malvern* ran hard and fast aground several miles below the city. I came up to her and close to the *River Queen* and anchored. Richmond appeared to be in flames, dense masses of smoke resting over the city. I found that the Admiral had taken Mr. Lincoln in his barge, and was then pulling under oars toward the city. Manning the gig, I pulled after them as fast as the men could row against a strong current, but Mr. Lincoln was well ahead and the barge finally made a landing on the edge of the town, at a place

called Rockett's, some time before I reached the spot; and when I got ashore Mr. Lincoln was, with the Admiral and a few sailors, armed with carbines, several hundred yards ahead of me, surrounded by a dense mass of men, women, and children, mostly negroes. Although General Weitzel had been in possession of Richmond since early morning or late the evening before, not a sign of it was in evidence, not a soldier was to be seen, and the street along the riverside in which we were, at first free from people, became densely thronged, and every moment became more and more packed with them. With one of my officers, the surgeon, I pushed my way through the crowd endeavoring to reach the side of the President, whose tall form and high beaver hat towered above the crowd. In vain I struggled to get nearer to him. In some way they had learned that the man in the high hat was President Lincoln, and the constantly increasing crowd, particularly the negroes, became frantic with excitement.

I confess that I was much alarmed at the situation and the exposure of the President to assault or even assassination. I did not know of Admiral Porter's destination, or where the route pursued by him would lead us. He had supposed, as I did, that General



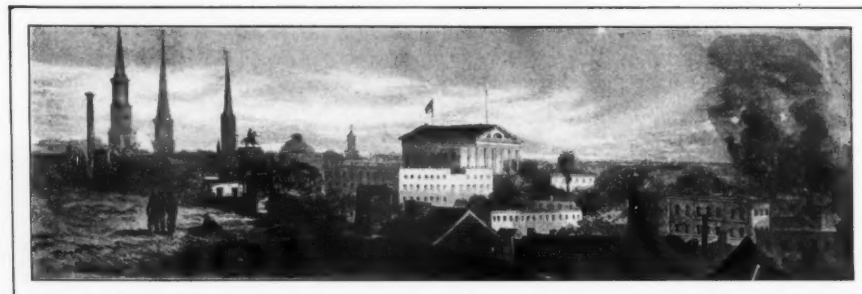
Courtesy of Harper's Weekly.

RICHMOND IN 1865, LOOKING WESTWARD

Weitzel had full possession of the city, and that, upon landing, communication would at once be made with him, and proper escort provided. Nothing could have been easier than the destruction of the entire party. I cannot say what were the President's or the Admiral's reflections, but the situation was very alarming to me. I saw that they were pushed, hustled, and elbowed along without any regard to their persons, while I was packed closely, and simply drifted along in their general direction. This state of things lasted a half hour or more. The day was very warm, and as we progressed the street became thick with dust and smoke from the smoldering ruins about us. At last when the conditions had become almost unendurable, a cavalryman was found standing at a street corner, and word was sent by him to the nearest post that President Lincoln wished for assistance. He galloped off and in a few minutes a small squadron of mounted men made its appearance. They quickly cleared the street, and joining Mr. Lincoln and the Admiral, we were escorted

to General Weitzel's headquarters, which he had established in the Confederacy White House close to the Capitol grounds. It was a modest and unpretentious building, brown in color, with small windows and doors.

The President entered by the front door that opened into a small square hall with steps leading to the second story. He was then led into the room on the right, which had been Mr. Davis's reception room and office. It was plainly but comfortably furnished—a large desk on one side, a table or two against the walls, a few chairs, and one large leather-covered arm or easy chair. The walls were decorated with prints and photographs, one or two of Confederate ironclads—one of the *Sumter*, that excited my covetousness. Mr. Lincoln walked across the room to the easy chair and sank down in it. He was pale and haggard, and seemed utterly worn out with fatigue and the excitement of the past hour. A few of us were gathered about the door; little was said by anyone. It was a supreme moment—the home of the fleeing President of the Confed-



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly.

RICHMOND FROM GAMBLE'S HILL

The Capitol and Governor's house (the Confederate White House) appear in center.

eracy invaded by his opponents after years of bloody contests for its possession, and now occupied by the President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, seated in the chair almost warm from the pressure of the body of Jefferson Davis! What thoughts were coursing through the mind of this great man no one can tell. He did not live to relate his own impressions; what he said remains fixed in my memory—the first expression of a natural want—"I wonder if I

Carriages were then sent for, and under military escort Mr. Lincoln was driven to places of interest about the city. After looking with curiosity about the house, I saw from the door a lot of soldiers and people around the Capitol, and walked over to it. It was a scene of indescribable confusion. Confederate bonds of the denomination of \$1,000 were scattered about on the grass, bundles of public papers and documents littered the floors, chairs and desks were upset,



PILE BRIDGE AT VARUNA, VA.

From which the troops cheered the President on his way down the James.

could get a drink of water." He did not appeal to any particular person for it. I can see the tired look out of those kind blue eyes over which the lids half drooped; his voice was gentle and soft. There was no triumph in his gesture or attitude. He lay back in the chair like a tired man whose nerves had carried him beyond his strength. All he wanted was rest and a drink of water.

Very soon a large squadron of cavalry came clattering to the door. General Weitzel and General Shepley came in, and general conversation ensued. Congratulations were exchanged. In a few minutes luncheon was served, procured by the General—a soldier's luncheon, simple and frugal.

with every evidence of hasty abandonment and subsequent looting. Free access to all parts of the building was seemingly permitted, but at the State Library a sentry had been posted. I returned to Mr. Davis's house, now General Weitzel's headquarters, and finally secured a rickety wagon, drove around the town and back to the landing, where I found my boat and returned to the *Bat*.

Mr. Lincoln soon after came down to the *Malvern* in a tug and remained on the flagship that night. On the following day he had an interview with Judge Campbell, former Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and one of the most prominent citizens of Richmond, who came with Gen-



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly.

UNION ARMY ENTERING RICHMOND, APRIL 3, 1865

eral Weitzel. Conferences took place which have passed into the history of the war. I was told that other late Confederates called also, but I was not present at any of the meetings. With Admiral Porter's permission, I got under way and returned to City Point early in the forenoon. The *Malvern* came down later in the day.

Mrs. Lincoln had arrived that day also, coming from Washington with a large party, including Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, Senator Sumner, Mr. Colfax, and many others. Mr. Lincoln returned to the *River Queen*. I saw him but for a moment, when he told me that he would return to Washington within the next two days.

Mrs. Lincoln and her party went to Richmond the next day, the 7th, returning early in the afternoon. The President did not accompany them. That day came the news of Sheridan's victory over Lee's army and the proposals for surrender. The war was practically over.

Notwithstanding the situation at Richmond and the impending surrender of General Lee there were plots to seize the ferryboat at Havre de Grace, and other predatory expeditions were afoot in the Chesapeake Bay, so that some anxiety was yet felt for Mr. Lincoln's safety on the *River Queen*. Admiral Porter, somewhat conscience-

stricken at the danger to which he had unintentionally or unexpectedly exposed the President on the trip to Richmond, now became full of concern lest some mishap should occur during Mr. Lincoln's trip back to Washington, for which he or the Navy might be held responsible. My orders from the department were explicit that I should accompany the *River Queen* to City Point and thence to the national capital.

If possible he would have had the *Queen* convoyed by additional vessels and with more ceremony, but the *Queen* was fast; Mr. Lincoln was in haste to reach Washington, and there was no vessel in the squadron that could begin to keep pace with her except the *Bat*.

Before leaving City Point the Admiral summoned me to the *Malvern*, and talked over the precautions to be taken during the trip, and for him exhibited great uneasiness and solicitude for the President's safe conduct. As a result I caused to be domiciled on the *Queen* two officers, acting ensigns, with a guard of sailors, with minute instructions for guarding the President's person day and night. The crew of the *River Queen* were examined and their records taken.

We left City Point on the morning of April 8th, the *Queen* leading under direc-

tion of a river pilot, the *Bat* following closely, pushed to her utmost speed. I remained on the *Queen* until our arrival at Fortress Monroe, where a brief stop was made for mails and to send and receive telegrams.

The President was more than kind in his manner and bearing toward me, and so endeared himself to me that the affection I felt for him became veneration. Mrs. Lincoln was indisposed and I did not meet her. It was clear that her illness gave the President grave concern.

After getting the mails, telegrams, and dispatches, also a Chesapeake Bay and Potomac River pilot, I bade the President farewell and returned to the *Bat*, lying close by, not anchored. Mr. Lincoln was kind enough to thank me for the good care taken of him, and made some jocular allusions to the comforts of navy men in war times as we parted. It was the last I saw of him. Probably he never again thought of me; but the memory of his warm hand-clasp and kindly look remained with me and has never left me.

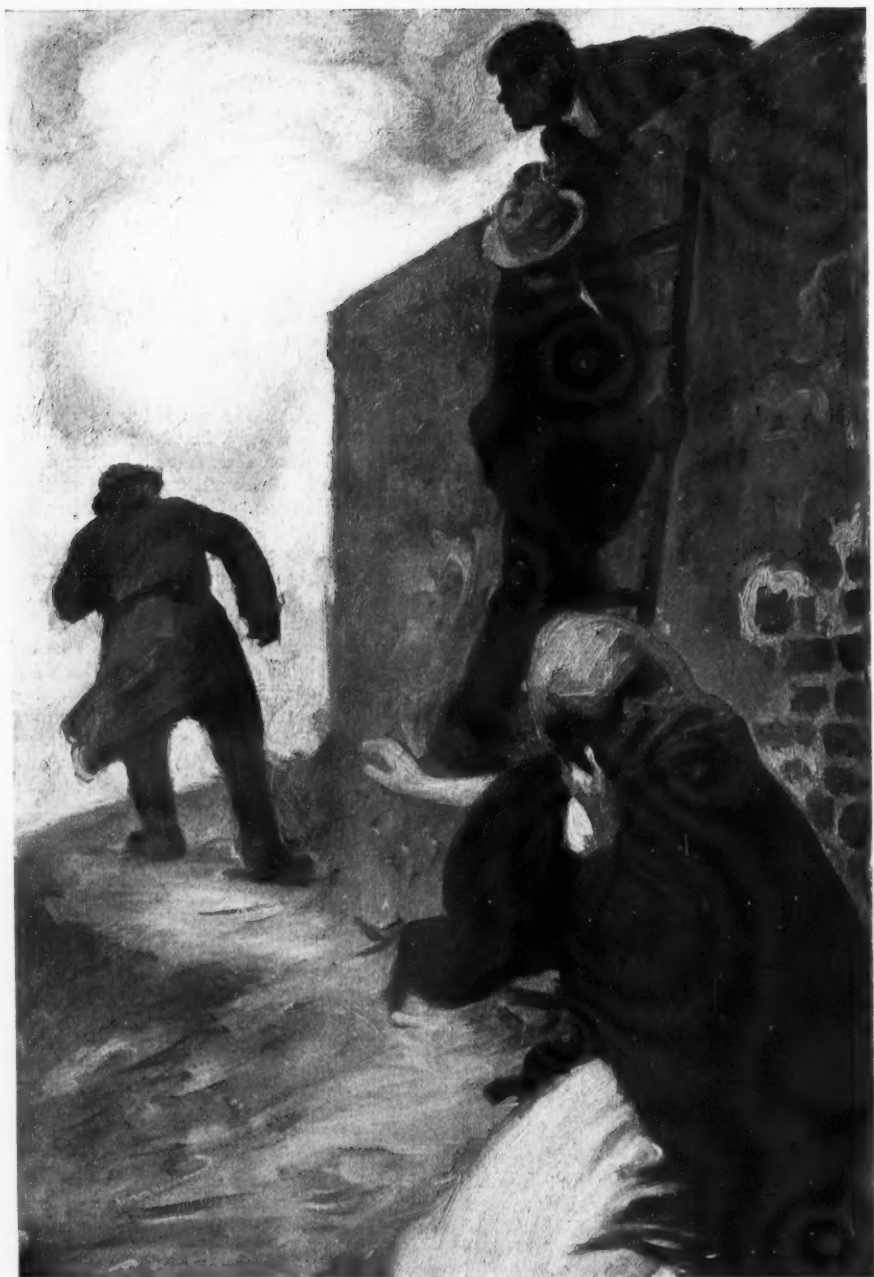
We left Fortress Monroe that afternoon and steamed rapidly up the bay. The *Bat's* boilers had a trick of foaming, when changing from salt water to fresh, so that we were hard put to it to keep pace with the *Queen*, and she slowed down once or twice to enable us to come up to her. After entering the Potomac River, despite our best effort, we fell behind, so that the *Queen* reached her dock at Washington some hours before us; and on going aboard of her I found that the President had been met by his carriage and had driven at once to the White House. This was on April 10th, the day after General Lee's formal surrender to General Grant. I reported in person to the Secretary at the Navy Department, saw Mr. Fox for a moment, and was directed verbally to return to Fortress Monroe. After making some slight repairs to the engines at the Navy Yard I started for Hampton Roads on April 11th, stopped at Point Lookout to visit my father, General James Barnes, then in command of the District of St. Mary's, visited the camp of Confederate prisoners established there, and witnessed their joyful reception of the news of Lee's surrender and the prospect of the immediate ending of their captivity. The next day I proceeded on my way to Hampton Roads. The weather was thick and stormy, and being without a pilot I deemed it prudent to anchor in the dense fog when within twenty-

five or thirty miles of the Roads. The fog lifting at last, I went ahead, reaching my anchorage on the 12th, and was informed by Commodore Rockendorf, senior officer, that he had a telegram from Admiral Porter at City Point, directing me to be ready to take him to Washington immediately on his arrival from the former place, and that he would be down the next day. On the 14th he came on the *Tristram Shandy*, also a converted blockade runner. I called upon him and found that he had made up his mind to continue on to Baltimore in the *Shandy*. He was delighted to know that the President was safe and sound in the White House. General Grant had left for Washington on the 12th, and the Admiral thought he also ought to be there, and said that there was now nothing left for the Navy to do but "clear up the decks"; that he should give up the squadron and seek rest and shore duty. He promised to look out for my interests in the same direction. Getting up anchor, he steamed off swiftly, leaving us to twirl our thumbs and wonder what next.

On the early morning of April 15th I was awakened by the orderly saying that the flagship had hoisted her colors at half-mast, and had made signals for me to come on board at once. It was an unusual hour for such a signal of distress and such a peremptory summons, so that I knew that something grave must have given occasion for it. I immediately thought of Admiral Porter, and feared that something had happened to the *Tristram Shandy*. I dressed in haste and, calling away my gig, was soon on the deck of the flagship *Minnesota*. Commodore Rockendorf received me at the gangway, his countenance showing the greatest consternation. He made no reply to my anxious inquiry, but taking me by the arm, led me to his cabin, and there placed in my hands this telegram from Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

"President Lincoln was assassinated last night in Ford's Theater, and is dead."

I read it and reread it. It seemed as though the fact could not impress itself upon my mind. For some moments I could not utter a word, while the Commodore walked away in silence. When at last I took in the meaning of those few words, I am not ashamed to say I sat down and gave way to a bitter grief that was heartfelt and sincere.



Drawn by S. de Ivanowski.

"Run, Run!" whispered the Mother."

MOTHER*

A NOVEL

By MAXIM GORKY

ILLUSTRATED BY S. DE IVANOWSKI

CHAPTER XXVI

THE STRENGTH OF THE PRISON



THE mother fell quickly into a calm sleep, and rose early in the morning, awakened by a subdued tap at the kitchen door. Dressing herself rapidly, she walked out into the kitchen, and standing at the door asked: "Who's there?"

"Open." The quiet word was spoken in entreaty.

The mother lifted the hook, pushed the door with her foot, and Ignaty entered, saying cheerfully: "Well, so I'm not mistaken. I'm at the right place."

He was spattered with mud up to his belt. His face was gray, his eyes fallen.

"We've gotten into trouble in our place," he whispered, locking the door behind him.

"I know it."

The reply astonished the young man. He blinked and asked: "How? Where from?"

She explained in a few rapid words, and asked: "Did they take the other comrades, too?"

"They weren't there. They had gone off to be recruited. Five were captured, including Uncle Rybin."

He snuffled and said, smiling:

"And I was left over. I guess they're looking for me. Let them look. I'm not going back there again, not for anything. There are other people there yet, some seven young men and a girl. Never mind! They're all reliable."

"How did you find this place?" The mother smiled.

"I?" Seating himself on a bench and looking around Ignaty exclaimed: "They crawled up at night, straight to the tar works. Well, a minute before they came, the forester ran up to me and punched on the window. 'Look out, boys,' says he, 'they're coming on you.'"

"Well, they can't stun Uncle Mikhail even with a hammer. At once he says to me: 'Ignaty, run away to the city, quick! You remember the elderly woman.' And he himself writes a note. 'There, go! Good-by, brother.' He pushed me in the back. I flung out of the hut. I scrambled along on all fours through the bushes, and I heard them coming. I lay in the bushes. They passed by me. Then I rose and off I went; and for two nights and a whole day I walked without stopping. My feet'll ache for a week."

"I'll set you up with some tea soon. You wash yourself while I get the samovar ready."

"I'll give you the note." He raised his leg with difficulty, and frowning and groaning put his foot on the bench and began to untie the leg wrappings.

Nikolay appeared at the door. Ignaty in embarrassment dropped his foot to the floor and wanted to rise, but staggered and fell heavily on the bench.

"You sit still!" exclaimed the mother.

"How do you do, comrade?" said Nikolay. "Allow me, I'll help you."

Kneeling on the floor in front of the peasant, he quickly unwound the dirty, damp wrappings.

Ignaty snorted in embarrassment. Nikolay found the note, straightened it out, looked at it, and handed the gray, crumpled piece of paper to the mother.

"Read it."

"Mother, don't let the affair go without your attention. Tell the tall lady not to forget to have them write more for our cause, I beg of you. Good-by. Rybin."

"That's magnificent!" Nikolay said slowly and respectfully.

The mother, covering her tearful face, walked up to Ignaty with a basin of water, sat down on the floor, and stretched out her hands to his feet. But he quickly thrust them under the bench, exclaiming in fright:

"What are you going to do?"

"Give me your foot, quick!"

"I'll bring the alcohol," said Nikolay.

Ignaty's round face lengthened in amazement. He looked around helplessly with his wide-open eyes.

Nikolay brought a bottle of alcohol, put coals in the samovar, and walked away silently. Ignaty followed him with a curious look.

"A gentleman?"

"In this business there are no masters; they're all comrades!"

"It's strange to me," said Ignaty with a skeptical but embarrassed smile.

"What's strange?"

"This: at one end they beat you in the face; at the other they wash your feet. Is there a middle of any kind?"

The door of the room was flung open and Nikolay, standing on the threshold, said:

"And in the middle stand the people who lick the hands of those who beat you in the face and suck the blood of those whose faces are beaten. That's the middle!"

Ignaty looked at him respectfully, and after a pause said: "That's it!"

The young man arose, shifted his feet about, and stepped firmly on the floor.

"They seem like new feet. Thank you! Many, many thanks!"

He drew a wry face, his lips trembled, and his eyes reddened. After a pause, during which he regarded the basin of black water, he whispered softly:

"I don't even know how to thank you!"

Nikolay thoughtfully exclaimed: "How shall we get the leaflet about Rybin's arrest to the village?"

"Give it to me. I'll take it." Ignaty rubbed his hands, his eyes flashing. "Let me."

The mother laughed quietly, without looking at him.

"Why, you're tired and afraid, and you said you'd never go there again!"

"I'm tired; I'll rest; and of course I'm

afraid!" His manner was businesslike and calm. "But I'll pull through somehow at night. Never mind! Give me the leaflets. I'll go to the forest; I'll hide the literature, and then I'll notify our fellows: 'Go get it.' That's better. If I myself should distribute them I'll fall into the hands of the police, and it'll be a pity for the leaflets. You must act carefully here. There are not many such leaflets!"

Nikolay began to speak, all the time looking good-naturedly with screwed-up eyes at the young peasant.

"You're not going there!"

"Then what'll I do? Where am I to be?" Ignaty asked uneasily.

"Another fellow will go in place of you. And you'll tell him in detail what to do and how to do it."

"All right!" said Ignaty reluctantly.

"And for you we'll obtain a good passport and make you a forester."

The young fellow quickly threw back his head and asked uneasily:

"But if the peasants come there for wood what'll I do? Bind them? That doesn't suit me."

"Don't be uneasy!" Nikolay soothed him. "You won't have to bind peasants. You trust us."

"Well, well," said Ignaty, set at ease.

Late that night he sat in a little room of a basement at a table opposite Vyesovshchikov. He said in a subdued tone, knitting his brows:

"On the middle window, four times."

"Four."

"At first three times like this"—he counted aloud as he tapped thrice on the table with his forefinger. "Then waiting a little, once again."

"I understand."

"A red-haired peasant will open the door for you, and will ask you for the midwife. You'll tell him 'Yes, from the boss.' Nothing else. He'll understand your business."

Ignaty was still distrustful of Vyesovshchikov's memory, and reiterated all the instructions, words, and signs, and finally extended his hand to him, saying:

"That's all now. Good-by, comrade. Give my regards to them. I'm alive and strong. The people there are good—you'll see."

"There, now, I have work, too," said Vyesovshchikov, going over to the mother quietly. "Nilovna, did you hear how they

decided in regard to the escape? Will they arrange it?"

"They'll find out day after to-morrow," she repeated, sighing involuntarily. "One day still—day after to-morrow."

"You tell them, the older ones there—they'll listen to you. Why, it's very easy. You just see for yourself. There's the wall of the prison near the lamp-post; opposite is an empty lot, on the left the cemetery, on the right the streets—the city. The lamplighter goes to the lamp-post; by day he cleans the lamp; he puts the ladder against the wall, climbs up, screws hooks for a rope ladder onto the top of the wall, lets the rope ladder down into the prison yard, and off he goes. There inside the walls they know the time when this will be done, and will ask the criminals to arrange an uproar, or they'll arrange it themselves, and those who need it, will go up the ladder over the wall—one, two, it's done. And they calmly proceed to the city because the chase throws itself first of all on the vacant lot and the cemetery."

"And they'll shoot him down," the woman said trembling.

"Who? There are no soldiers, and the overseers of the prison use their revolvers to drive nails with. And you'll see it'll all come out all right. You speak to them. I have everything prepared already."

On Sunday, taking leave of Pavel in the waiting room of the prison, she felt a little lump of paper in her hand. She started as if it burned her skin, and cast a look of question and entreaty into her son's face. But she found no answer there. Pavel's blue eyes smiled with the usual composed smile.

At home, after thrusting the note into Nikolay's hand, she stood before him, waiting while he smoothed out the tight little roll. She felt a tremor of hope; but Nikolay said:

"Of course, this is what he writes: 'We will not go away, comrade; we cannot, not one of us. We should lose respect for ourselves. Soothe and be kind to my mother; tell her; she'll understand all. Pavel.'"

The mother straightened herself easily, and proudly tossed her head.

"Well, what is there to tell me?" she said firmly. "I understand."

Nikolay quickly turned aside, took out his handkerchief, blew his nose aloud, and mumbled: "I've caught a cold, you see!" Covering his eyes with his hands, under the pretext of adjusting his glasses, he paced up and

down the room, and said: "We shouldn't have been successful anyway."

"Newer mind; let the trial come off!" said the mother frowning.

"Here, I've received a letter from a comrade in St. Petersburg—"

"He can escape from Siberia, can't he?"

"Of course! The comrade writes: 'The trial is appointed for the near future; the sentence is certain—exile for everybody!' You see, sentence is pronounced in St. Petersburg before the trial."

"Stop!" the mother said resolutely. "You needn't comfort me or explain to me. Pasha won't do what isn't right—he won't torture himself for nothing." She paused to catch breath. "Nor will he torture others, and he loves me, yes. You see, he thinks of me."

"Your son's a splendid man! I respect and love him very much."

"I tell you what—let's think of something in regard to Rybin," she suggested.

The bell rang.

"That's Sasha," Nikolay whispered.

"How will you tell her?" the mother whispered back.

"Yes—it's hard!"

"I pity her very much."

The bell rang again, not so loud, as if the person on the other side of the door had also fallen to thinking and hesitated. Nikolay and the mother rose simultaneously, but at the kitchen door Nikolay turned aside.

"You'd better do it," he said.

"He's not willing?" the girl asked the moment the mother opened the door.

"No."

"I knew it!" Sasha's face paled. "Is he well?"

"Yes."

"Well and happy; always the same, and only this—"

"He says that Rybin ought to be freed."

The mother kept her eyes turned from the girl.

"Yes? It seems to me we ought to make use of this plan."

"I think so, too," said Nikolay, appearing at the door. "How do you do, Sasha?"

The girl asked, extending her hand to him: "What's the question about? Aren't all agreed that the plea is practicable? I know they are."

"And who'll organize it? Everybody's occupied."

"Give it to me," said Sasha, quickly jumping to her feet. "I have time!"

She began to button up her coat again with sure, thin fingers.

"You ought to rest a little," the mother advised.

Sasha smiled and answered more softly:

"Don't worry about me. I'm not tired." And silently pressing their hands, she left once more, cold and stern.

The bell sounded again. It was Liudmila. She wore an overcoat too light for the season, her cheeks were purple with the cold. Removing her torn overshoes, she said in a vexed voice:

"The date of the trial is set—in a week!"

"Really?" shouted Nikolay from the room.

"Yes, really! In the court they say, quite openly, that the sentence has already been fixed."

The mother could not picture to herself what the trial would be like; how the judges would behave toward Pavel. In a cloud of perplexity and despondency under the load of painful expectations, she lived through one day, and a second day; but on the third day Sasha appeared and said to Nikolay:

"Everything is ready—in an hour!"

"Everything ready? So soon?" He was astonished.

"Why shouldn't everything be ready? The only thing I had to do was to get a hiding place and clothes for Rybin. All the rest Godun took on himself. Rybin will have to go through only one ward of the city. Vyesovschikov will meet him on the street, all disguised, of course. He'll throw an overcoat over him, give him a hat, and show him the way. I'll wait for him, change his clothes and lead him off."

"I'm going to the prison," the mother said suddenly.

"Why?" asked Sasha.

"Don't go! Maybe you'll get caught. You mustn't!" Nikolay advised.

"My dear!" exclaimed the mother, pressing Sasha to her tremulously. "Take me; I won't interfere with you; I don't believe it is possible—to escape."

"She'll go," said the girl to Nikolay.

"That's your affair!" he answered.

An hour later she was in the lot by the prison. A sharp wind blew about her, blew her dress, and beat against the frozen earth, rocked the old fence of the garden past which the woman walked, and rattled against the low wall of the prison; it flung up somebody's shouts from the court, scattered them in the air, and carried them up to the sky.

Behind the mother lay the city; in front the cemetery; to the right, about seventy feet from her, the prison. Near the cemetery a soldier was leading a horse by a rein, and another soldier tramped noisily alongside him, shouted, whistled, and laughed. There was no one else near the prison. On the impulse of the moment the mother walked up to them. As she came near she shouted:

"Soldiers! didn't you see a goat anywhere around here?"

One of them answered: "No."

She walked slowly past them, turned the fence of the cemetery, looking slantwise to the right and the back. Suddenly she felt her feet tremble and grow heavy, as if frozen to the ground. From the corner of the prison a man came along, walking quickly, like a lamplighter. He was a stooping man, with a little ladder on his shoulder. The mother, blinking in fright, quickly glanced at the soldiers; they were stamping their feet on one spot, and the horse was running around them. She looked at the ladder—he had already placed it against the wall and was climbing up without haste. He waved his hand in the courtyard, quickly let himself down, disappeared in a crowd. That very second the black hand of Mikhail appeared on the wall, followed by his entire body. Another head, with a shaggy hat, emerged alongside of his. Two black lumps rolled to the ground; one disappeared around the corner; Mikhail straightened himself up and looked about.

"Run, run!" whispered the mother, treading impatiently. Her ears were humming. Loud shouts were wafted to her. There on the wall appeared a third head. She clasped her hands in faintness. A light-haired head, without a beard, shook as if it wanted to tear itself away, but it suddenly disappeared behind the wall. The shouts came louder and louder, more and more boisterous. The wind scattered the thin trills of the whistles through the air. Mikhail walked along the wall, then he was already beyond it, and traversed the open space between the prison and the houses of the city. It seemed to her as if he were walking very, very slowly, that he raised his head to no purpose. "Everyone who sees his face will remember it forever," and she whispered, "Faster! faster!" Behind the wall of the prison something slammed, the thin sound of broken glass was heard. One of the soldiers, planting his feet firmly on the ground, drew the horse to him,

and the horse jumped. The other one, his fist at his mouth, shouted something in the direction of the prison, and as he shouted he turned his head, with his ear cocked.

All attention, the mother turned her head in all directions, her eyes seeing everything, believing nothing. This thing which she had pictured as terrible and intricate was accomplished with extreme simplicity and rapidity, and the simpleness of the happenings stupefied her. Rybin was no longer to be seen—a tall man in a thin overcoat was walking there—a girl was running along. Three wardens jumped out from a corner of the prison; they ran side by side, stretching out their right hands. One of the soldiers rushed in front of them; the other ran around the horse, unsuccessfully trying to vault on the refractory animal, which kept jumping about. The whistles incessantly cut the air, their alarming, desperate shrieks aroused a consciousness of danger in the woman. Trembling, she walked along the fence of the cemetery, following the wardens; but they and the soldiers ran around the other corner of the prison and disappeared. They were followed at a run by the assistant overseer of the prison, whom she knew; his coat was unbuttoned. From somewhere policemen appeared, and people came running.

From the corner of the fence opposite her a constable with a black, curly beard, and two policemen emerged.

"Stop!" shouted the constable, breathing heavily. "Did you see—a man—with a beard—didn't he run by here?"

She pointed to the garden and answered calmly: "He went that way!"

"Yegorov, run! Whistle! Is it long ago?"

"Yes—I should say—about a minute!"

The mother nodded her head after them, and, satisfied with herself, went home. When she walked out of the field into the street a cab crossed her way. Raising her head she saw in the vehicle a young man with light mustache and a pale, worn face. He, too, regarded her. He sat slantwise. It must have been due to his position that his right shoulder was higher than his left.

At home Nikolay met her joyously.

"Alive? How did it go?"

"It seems everything's been successful!"

And slowly trying to reinstate all the details in her memory, she began to tell of the escape. Nikolay, too, was amazed at the success.

"You see, we're lucky!" said Nikolay, rubbing his hands. "But how frightened I

was on your account only God knows. You know what, Nilovna, take my friendly advice: don't be afraid of the trial. The sooner it's over and done with the sooner Pavel will be free. Believe me. I've already written to my sister to try to think what can be done for Pavel. Maybe he'll even escape on the road. And the trial is approximately like this." He began to describe to her the session of the court. She listened, and understood that he was afraid of something—that he wanted to inspire her.

CHAPTER XXVII

FACING RUSSIAN JUSTICE

ON the day of the trial, the mother carried into the hall of the session a heavy dark load that bent her back. In the street, acquaintances from the suburbs had greeted her. She had bowed in silence, rapidly making her way through the dense crowd in the corridor of the courthouse. In the hall she was met by relatives of the defendants, who also spoke to her in undertones. All the words seemed needless; she didn't understand them. Yet all the people were sullen, filled with the same feeling which weighed her down.

"Let's sit next to each other," suggested Sizov, going to a bench.

She sat down obediently, settled her dress, and looked around. Green and crimson specks, with the yellow threads between them, swam slowly before her eyes.

"Your son has ruined our Vasya," a woman sitting beside her said quietly.

"You keep still, Natalya!" Sizov chided her angrily.

Nilovna looked at the woman; it was the mother of Samoylov.

A dull, immobile light entered through the high windows of the hall, outside of which snow glided and fell lingeringly. Between the windows hung a large portrait of the Czar in a massive frame of glaring gilt. Straight, austere folds of the heavy crimson window drapery dropped over either side of it. Before the portrait, across almost the entire breadth of the hall, stretched the table covered with green cloth. To the right of the wall, behind the grill, stood two wooden benches; to the left two rows of crimson armchairs.

Suddenly one of the people said something aloud. The mother trembled. All arose; she, too, rose, seizing Sizov's hand.

In the left corner of the hall a high door opened and an old man emerged, swinging to and fro. On his gray little face shook white, sparse whiskers; he wore eyeglasses; the upper lip, which was shaven, sank into his mouth as by suction; his sharp jawbones and his chin were supported by the high collar of his uniform; apparently there was no neck under the collar. He was supported under the arm from behind by a tall young man with a porcelain face, red and round. Following him three more men in uniforms embroidered in gold, and three garbed in civilian wear, moved in slowly. They stirred about the table for a long time and finally took seats in the armchairs. When they had sat down, one of them in unbuttoned uniform, with a sleepy, clean-shaven face, began to say something to the little old man, moving his puffy lips heavily and soundlessly. The old man listened, sitting strangely erect and immobile. Behind the glasses of his *pince-nez* the mother saw two little colorless specks.

At the end of the table, at the desk, stood a tall, bold man, who coughed and shoved papers about.

The little old man swung forward and began to speak. He pronounced clearly the first words, but what followed seemed to creep without sound from his thin, gray lips.

"I open—"

"See!" whispered Sizov, nudging the mother softly.

In the wall behind the grill the door opened, a soldier came out with a bared saber on his shoulder; behind him appeared Pavel, Andrey, Fedya, Mazin, the two Gusevs, Samoylov, Bukin, Somov, and five more young men whose names were unknown to the mother. Pavel smiled kindly; Andrey also, showing his teeth as he nodded to her. The hall, as it were, became lighter and simpler from their smile; the strained, unnatural silence was enlivened by their faces and movements. The greasy glitter of gold on the uniforms dimmed and softened. A waft of bold assurance, the breath of living power, reached the mother's heart and roused it. On the benches behind her, where up to that time the people had been waiting in crushed silence, a responsive, subdued hum was audible.

"They're not trembling!" she heard Sizov whisper; and at her right side Samoylov's mother burst into soft sobs.

"Silence!" came a stern shout.

The mother felt she could breathe more

freely. She heard the indistinct questions of the old man, which he put without looking at the prisoners; and his head rested motionless on the collar of his uniform. She heard the calm, brief answers of her son. It seemed to her that the oldest judge and his associates could be neither evil nor cruel people. Looking carefully at their faces she tried to guess something, softly listening to the growth of a new hope in her breast.

On one side of the old man a judge with small, bleared eyes filled the armchair with his fat, bloated body. On the other side sat a stooping man with reddish mustache on his pale face. His head was wearily thrown on the back of the chair, and his eyes, half-closed, seemed to be reflecting over something. The face of the prosecuting attorney was also worn, bored, and unexpectant. Behind the judge sat the mayor of the city, a portly man, who meditatively stroked his cheek; the marshal of the nobility, a gray-haired, large-bearded, ruddy-faced man, with large, kind eyes; and the district elder, who wore a sleeveless peasant overcoat.

"There are no criminals here and no judges," Pavel's vigorous voice was heard. "There are only captives here, and conquerors!"

Silence fell. For a few seconds the mother's ears heard only the thin, hasty scratch of the pen on the paper or the beating of her own heart.

The oldest judge also seemed to be listening to something from afar. His associates stirred. Then he said:

"Hm! yes—Andrey Nakhodka, do you admit—"

Somebody whispered, "Rise!"

Andrey slowly rose, straightened himself, and pulling his mustache looked at the old man from the corners of his eyes.

"To what can I confess myself guilty?" said the Little Russian in his slow, surging voice, shrugging his shoulders. "I did not murder nor steal; I simply am not in agreement with an order of life in which people are compelled to rob and kill one another."

"Fedor Mazin, answer!"

"I don't want to!" said Fedya clearly, jumping to his feet. "I declined a defense—I'm not going to say anything—I don't regard your court as legal! Who are you? Did the people give you the right to judge us? No, they did not! I don't know you." He sat down and concealed his heated face behind Andrey's shoulders.

The mother smiled in perplexity. The proceedings seemed to be nothing but the necessary preliminary to something terrible, which would appear and at once stifle everybody with its cold horror. But the calm words of Pavel and Andrey had sounded so fearless and firm, as if uttered in the little house of the suburb.

The bald-headed prosecuting attorney arose, and, steadying himself on the desk with one hand, began to speak rapidly. In his voice nothing terrible was heard.

At the same time, however, a sudden dry, shooting attack disturbed the heart of the mother. It was an uneasy suspicion of something hostile to her, which did not threaten, did not shout, but unfolded itself unseen, soundless, intangible. The judges were not angry at Pavel or at Fedya; they did not shout at the young men, as she had expected; they did not abuse them in words, but put all their questions reluctantly, with the air of "What's the use?" Apparently they lacked interest because they knew everything beforehand.

There before her stood the gendarme, and spoke in a bass voice:

"Pavel Vlasov was named as the ring-leader."

"And Nakhodka?" asked the fat judge in his lazy undertone.

"He, too."

The familiar, yellow-faced officer stood before them, and told about Pavel and Andrey, stretching the words with an air of importance. The mother involuntarily laughed, and thought: "You don't know much, my little father."

And now, as she looked at the prisoners, she ceased to feel dread for them; they did not evoke alarm, pity was not for them; they called forth in her only admiration and love.

The noise of sighs and low exclamations, of coughing and scraping of feet, filled the hall as the court retired for a recess. The prisoners were led away. As they walked out, they nodded their heads to their relatives and familiars with a smile, and Ivan Gusev shouted to somebody in a modulated voice:

"Don't lose courage, Yegor."

The mother moved aside, and noticed that somebody was looking at her—a young man with a light mustache. He held his right hand in the pocket of his trousers, which made his left shoulder seem lower than the right, and this peculiarity of his figure seemed

familiar to the mother. But he turned from her, and she forgot about him immediately. In a minute, however, her ear was caught by the low question:

"This woman on the left?"

And somebody in a louder voice cheerfully answered:

"Yes."

She looked around. The man with the uneven shoulders stood sidewise toward her, and said something to his neighbor, a black-bearded fellow with a short overcoat and boots up to his knees.

Again her memory stirred uneasily, but did not yield any distinct results.

The watchman opened the door of the hall and shouted:

"Relatives, enter; show your tickets!"

The bellman rang; somebody announced indifferently: "The session has begun!"

Again all arose, and again, in the same order, the judges filed in and sat down; then the prisoners were led in.

"Pay attention!" whispered Sizov; "the prosecuting attorney is going to speak."

The mother craned her neck and extended her whole body. She yielded anew to expectation of the horrible.

Standing sidewise toward the judges, his head turned to them, leaning his elbow on the desk, the prosecuting attorney sighed, and abruptly waving his right hand in the air, began to speak.

She looked at the judges. There was no gainsaying that they were bored at having to listen to this speech. At times one of them changed his pose; but the lazy movement of the tired body did not rouse their drowsy souls. The oldest judge did not stir at all; he was congealed in his erect position, and the gray blots behind the eyeglasses at times disappeared, seeming to spread over his whole face. The mother realized this dead indifference, this unconcern without malice in it, and asked herself in perplexity, "Are they judging?"

The speech of the prosecuting attorney snapped off unexpectedly. He made a few quick, short steps, bowed to the judges, and sat down, rubbing his hands. The marshal of the nobility nodded his head to him, rolling his eyes; the city mayor extended his hand, and the district elder smiled.

"Next," said the old judge, bringing the paper to his face, "lawyers for the defendants Fedoseyev, Markov, Zagarov."

The lawyer whom the mother had seen at

Nikolay's arose. His face was broad and good-natured; his little eyes smiled radiantly. He spoke without haste, resonantly, and clearly.

"A live, strong man having in his breast a sensitive, honest heart cannot help rebelling with all his force against this life so full of open cynicism, corruption, falsehood, and so blunted by vapidty. Such glaringly evident contradictions the eyes of honest people cannot help seeing them——"

The judge with the green face bent toward the president and whispered something to him; then the old man said dryly:

"Please be more careful!"

The mother looked at them, and she actually saw something like a shadow of uneasiness on the faces of the judges. Another man was already speaking, a little lawyer with a sharp, pale, satiric face. He spoke very respectfully:

"With all due respect, I permit myself to call the attention of the court to the manner of the honorable prosecuting attorney, to the conduct of the safety department, or, as they are called in common parlance, spies——"

The judge with the green face again began to whisper something to the president. The prosecuting attorney jumped up. The lawyer continued without changing his voice:

"The spy Gyman tells us about the witness: 'I frightened him.' The prosecuting attorney also, as the court has heard, frightened witnesses; as a result of which act, at the insistence of the defense, he called forth a rebuke from the presiding judge."

The prosecuting attorney began to speak quickly and angrily; the old judge followed suit; the lawyer listened to them respectfully, inclining his head. Then he said:

"I can even change the position of my words if the prosecuting attorney deems them not in the right place; but that will not change the plan of my defense. However, I cannot understand the excitement of the prosecuting attorney."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE PRISONERS AT THE BAR

THEN Pavel arose; tense quiet prevailed.

"A party man, I recognize only the court of my party and will not speak in my defense. According to the desire of my comrades, I, too, declined a defense. I will merely try to explain to you what you don't understand. The prosecuting attorney des-

ignated our coming out under the banner of the Social Democracy as an uprising against the superior power, and regarded us as nothing but rebels against the Czar. I must declare to you that the Czar is not the only chain that fetters the body of the country."

The judges began to stir heavily and uneasily; the marshal was the first to whisper something to the judge with the indolent face.

"We are Socialists! That means we are enemies to private property, which separates people, arms them against one another, and brings forth an irreconcilable hostility of interests. We maintain that a society that regards man only as a tool for its enrichment is anti-human; it is hostile to us; we cannot be reconciled to its morality. We want to fight, and will fight, every form of the physical and moral enslavement of man by such a society; we will fight every measure calculated to disintegrate society for the gratification of the interests of gain. We are workers—men by whose labor everything is created, from gigantic machines to childish toys. Everyone strives to utilize us, and may utilize us, as tools for the attainment of his ends. Now we want to have as much freedom as will give us the possibility, in time to come, to conquer all the power. Our slogan is simple: 'All the power for the people; all the means of production for the people; work obligatory on all. Down with private property!' You see, we are not rebels."

"Please, more to the point!" said the presiding judge distinctly and aloud. It seemed to the mother that his eyes began to burn with a sinister, greedy fire. The look all the judges cast on her son made her uneasy for him. And he, erect and tall, standing firmly and vigorously, stretched out his hand to them while he spoke distinctly:

"We are revolutionists, and will be such as long as private property exists, as long as some merely command, and as long as others merely work. We take stand, as your irreconcilable enemies, against the society whose interests you are bidden to protect, and reconciliation between us is impossible until we shall have been victorious. We will conquer—we workingmen! Your society is not at all so powerful as it thinks itself. That very property, for the production and preservation of which it sacrifices millions of people enslaved by it—that very force which gives it the power over us—stirs up discord within its own ranks, destroys them physically and morally. Property requires extremely great

efforts for its protection; and in reality all of you, our rulers, are greater slaves than we—you are enslaved spiritually, we only physically. You cannot withdraw from under the weight of your prejudices and habits the weight which deadens you spiritually; nothing hinders us from being inwardly free. What one of you can any longer fight for your power as an ideal? You have already expended all the arguments capable of guarding you against the pressure of historic justice. You can create nothing new in the domain of ideas; you are spiritually barren. Our ideas grow; they flare up ever more dazzling; they seize hold of the mass of the people, organizing them for the war of freedom. The consciousness of their great rôle unites all the workmen of the world into one soul. You have no means whereby to hinder this renovating process in life except cruelty and cynicism. But your cynicism is very evident, your cruelty exasperates, and the hands with which you stifle us to-day will press our hands in comradeship to-morrow. Your energy, the mechanical energy of the increase of gold, separates you, too, into groups destined to devour one another. Our energy is a living power, founded on the ever-growing consciousness of the solidarity of all workmen. Our work frees the world from the delusions and monsters which are produced by your malice and greed, and which intimidate the people. You have torn man away from life and disintegrated him. Socialism will unite the world, rent asunder by you, into one huge whole. And this will be!"

Pavel stopped for a second, and repeated in a lower tone, with greater emphasis, "This will be!"

The old judge stopped Pavel several times and explained something to him. Once he even smiled sadly. Pavel listened to him silently, and again began to speak in an austere but calm voice. Finally, however, the old man shouted to Pavel, whose voice in response flowed on calmly, somewhat sarcastically.

"I am reaching my conclusion. To insult you personally was not my desire; on the contrary, as an involuntary witness to this comedy which you call a court trial, I feel almost compassion for you, I may say. You are human beings after all; and it is saddening to see human beings, even our enemies, so shamefully debased in the service of violence, debased to such a degree that they lose consciousness of their human dignity."

He sat down without looking at the judges.

Andrey, all radiant with joy, pressed his hand firmly; Samoylov, Mazin, and the rest animatedly stretched toward him. He smiled a bit embarrassed by the transport of his comrades. He looked toward his mother, and nodded his head as if asking, "Is it so?"

She silently nodded her head and smiled, satisfied that her son had spoken so bravely, perhaps still more satisfied that he had finished. The thought darted through her mind that the speech was likely to increase the dangers threatening Pavel; but her heart palpitated with pride.

Andrey arose, swung his body forward, looked at the judges sidewise, and said:

"Gentlemen of the defense——"

"The court is before you, and not the defense!" observed the judge of the sickly face angrily and loudly.

"Is that so?" he said, swinging his head. "I think not. That you are not the judges, but only the defendants——"

"I request you to adhere to what directly pertains to the case," remarked the old man dryly.

"To what directly pertains to the case? Very well! I've already compelled myself to think that you are in reality judges, independent people, honest——"

"The court has no need of your characterization."

"It has no need of *such* a characterization? Hey? Well, but after all I'm going to continue. You are men who make no distinction between your own and strangers. You are free people. Now, here two parties stand before you; one complains, 'He robbed me'; and the other answers, 'I have a right to rob because I have arms——'"

"I'll prohibit you from speaking. You may say something about what directly pertains to the case."

The Little Russian looked at the judges, silently rubbing his head.

"About what directly pertains to the case?" he asked seriously. "Yes; but why should I speak to you about what directly pertains to the case? What you need to know my comrade has told you. The rest will be told you; the time will come, by others——"

The old judge rose and declared:

"I forbid you to speak. Vasily Samoylov!"

Pressing his lips together firmly the Little Russian dropped down lazily on the bench, and Samoylov arose alongside of him, shaking his curly hair,

"The prosecuting attorney called my comrades and me 'savages,' 'enemies of civilization'—"

"You must speak only about that which pertains to your case."

"This pertains to the case. There's nothing which does not pertain to honest men, and I ask you not to interrupt me. I ask you what sort of a thing is your civilization?"

"We are not here for discussions with you. To the point!" said the old judge, showing his teeth.

Andrey's demeanor had evidently changed the conduct of the judges; his words seemed to have wiped something away from them.

"You rear spies, you deprave women and girls, you put men in the position which forces them to thievery and murder; you corrupt them with whisky—international butchery, universal falsehood, depravity, and wildness—that's your civilization! Yes, we are enemies of this civilization!"

Resting his hand on the table the oldest judge arose. His head sank in the collar of his uniform, standing motionless, he began to read a paper in a droning voice.

"He's reading the sentence," said Sizov, listening.

Behind the judges the Czar in a red military coat, with an indifferent white face looked down from his portrait over their heads. On his face some insect was creeping, or a cobweb was trembling.

"Exile!" Sizov said with a sigh of relief. "Thank God! I heard that they were going to get hard labor. Never mind, mother, that's nothing."

They walked to the grill; the mother shed tears as she pressed the hand of her son. All were excited, but light and cheerful. The women wept; but, like Nilovna, more from habit than grief. They did not experience the stunning pain produced by an unexpected blow on the head, but only the sad consciousness that they must part with the children. The very novelty of the occasion rendered expression impossible. Words were spoken in plenty, but they referred only to common matters. The relatives spoke of linen and clothes, and begged the comrades to take care of their health, and not to provoke the authorities uselessly.

The younger Bukin spoke to his brother:

"You look out for the starling. I love him."

"Come back home, and you'll find him in perfect trim."

The mother spoke to Pavel, like the others, about the same things, about clothes, about his health, yet her breast was choked by a hundred questions concerning Sasha, concerning himself, and herself. The expectation of the terrible had died away, leaving behind it only a tremor at the recollection of the judges, and somewhere in a corner a dark impersonal thought regarding them.

"Young people ought to be tried by young judges, and not by old ones," she said to her son.

"It would be better to arrange life so that it should not force people to crime," answered Pavel.

Finally the prisoners were led away. The mother walked out of the court, and was surprised to see that night already hung over the city, with the lanterns alight in the streets, and the stars shining in the sky. Groups composed mainly of young men were crowding near the courthouse. Suddenly they were surrounded. The mother and Sizov stopped. They were questioned in regard to the sentence, as to how the prisoners behaved, who delivered the speeches, and what the speeches were about. All the voices rang with the same eager curiosity.

"People! This is the mother of Pavel Vlasov!" somebody shouted, and presently all became silent.

"Permit me to shake your hand."

Somebody's firm hand pressed the mother's fingers, somebody's voice said excitedly:

"Your son will be an example of manhood for all of us."

"Long live the Russian workingman!" a resonant voice rang out.

"Long live the revolution!"

The shouts grew louder and increased in number, rising up on all sides. The people ran from every direction, pushing into the crowd around the mother and Sizov. The whistles of the police leaped through the air, but did not deafen the shouts. The old man smiled; and to the mother all this seemed like a pleasant dream. She smilingly pressed the hands extended to her and bowed, with joyous tears choking her throat.

Just then Sasha appeared, caught the mother under her arm, and quickly dragged her away to the other side of the street.

"Come! They're going to make arrests. What? Exile? To Siberia?"

"Yes, yes."

"And how did he speak? I know without your telling me. He was more powerful than

any of the others, and more simple. And of course, sterner than all the rest. He's sensitive and soft, only he's ashamed to expose himself. And he's direct, clear, firm, like truth itself. He's very great, and there's everything in him, everything!" Her hot half whisper, the words of her love, calmed the mother's agitation, and restored her exhausted strength.

"When will you go to him?" she asked Sasha, pressing her hand to her body.

Looking confidently before her the girl answered:

"As soon as I find somebody to take over my work. You know I am also awaiting a sentence. Evidently they are going to send me to Siberia, too. I will then declare that I want to be exiled to the same locality."

At home they sat on the sofa closely pressed together, and the mother again began to speak about Sasha's going to Pavel. Thoughtfully raising her thick eyebrows, the girl looked into the distance with her large, dreamy eyes.

"Then, when children will be born to you, I will come to you and dandle them. We'll begin to live there no worse than here. Pasha will find work. He has golden hands."

"Yes," answered Sasha thoughtfully. "That's good—" And suddenly starting, as if throwing something away, she began to speak simply in a modulated voice. "He won't commence to live there. He'll go away, of course."

"And how will that be? Suppose, in case of children?"

"I don't know. We'll see when we are there. In such a case he oughtn't to reckon with me, and I cannot constrain him. He's free at any moment. I am his comrade—a wife, of course. But the conditions of his work are such that for years and years I cannot regard our bond as a usual one, like that of others. It will be hard, I know it, to part with him; but, of course, I'll manage to. He knows that I'm not capable of regarding a man as my possession. I'm not going to constrain him, no."

CHAPTER XXIX

THE MOTHER'S MARTYRDOM

NIKOLAY entered, exhausted, but brisk.

"Well, Sashenka, you must get away from here, as long as you are sound. Two spies

have been after me since this morning, and the attempt at concealment is so evident that it promises an arrest. I feel it in my bones—somewhere something has happened. By the way, here I have the speech of Pavel. It's been decided to publish it, and as soon as possible. Take it to Liudmila. Ask her to get at it as soon as possible. Pavel spoke well, Nilovna; and his speech will play a part. Look out for spies, Sasha. Wait a little while—hide these papers, too. You might give them to Ivan, for example."

While he spoke, he vigorously rubbed his frozen hands, and quickly pulled out the drawers of his table, picking out papers, some of which he tore up, others he laid aside. His manner was absorbed, and his appearance all upset.

"Do you suppose it was long ago that this place was cleared out? And look at this mass of stuff accumulated already! The devil! You see, Nilovna, it would be better for you, too, not to sleep here to-night. It's a sorry spectacle to witness, and they may arrest you, too. And you'll be needed for carrying Pavel's speech about from place to place."

The possibility of taking a part in the spreading of her son's speech was pleasant to her, and she answered:

"If so, I'll go. But don't think I'm afraid."

Sasha burned the papers in silence, and carefully mixed their ashes with the other cinders in the stove.

"Sasha, go," said Nikolay, putting out his hand to her. "Good-by. Don't forget books—if anything new and interesting appears. Well, good-by, dear comrade. Be more careful."

"Do you think it's for long?" asked Sasha.

"The devil knows! Evidently. There's something against me. Nilovna, are you going with her? It's harder to track two people—all right?"

"I'm going." The mother went to dress herself, and it occurred to her how little these people who were striving for the freedom of all cared for their personal freedom. The simplicity and the businesslike manner of Nikolay in expecting the arrest both astonished and touched her.

When she returned to the room she found him pressing Sasha's hand and saying:

"Admirable! I'm convinced of it. It's very good for him and for you. A little personal happiness does not do any harm; but

—a little, you know, so as not to make him lose his value. Are you ready, Nilovna?" He walked up to her, smiling and adjusting his glasses. "Well, good-by. Be careful to-morrow. This is what you should do—send the boy in the morning—Liudmila has a boy for the purpose—let him go to the house porter and ask him whether I'm home or not. I'll forewarn the porter; he's a good fellow, and I'm a friend of his. Well, good-by, comrades. I wish you all good."

On the street Sasha said quietly to the mother:

"He'll go as simply as this to his death, if necessary. And apparently he'll hurry up a little in just the same way; when death stares him in the face he'll adjust his eyeglasses, and will say 'Admirable,' and will die."

"I love him," whispered the mother.

"I'm filled with astonishment; but love him—no. I respect him highly. He's sort of dry, although good and even, if you please, sometimes soft; but not sufficiently human—it seems to me we're being followed. Come, let's part. Don't enter Liudmila's place if you think a spy is after you."

"I know," said the mother. Sasha, however, persistently added: "Don't enter. In that case, come to me. Good-by for the present."

The mother called "Good-by" after her. Within a few minutes she sat all frozen through at the stove in Liudmila's little room. Liudmila began to read Pavel's speech, at first reluctantly; then she bent lower and lower over the paper, quickly throwing aside the pages as she read them. When she had finished she rose, straightened herself, and walked up to the mother.

"That's good. That's what I like; although here, too, there's calmness. But the speech is the sepulchral beat of a drum, and the drummer is a powerful man."

She reflected a little while, lowering her head for a minute:

"I didn't want to speak with you about your son; I have never met him, and I don't like sad subjects of conversation. I know what it means to have a near one go into exile. But I want to say to you, nevertheless, that your son must be a splendid man. He's young—that's evident; but he's a great heart. It must be good and terrible to have such a son."

"Yes, it's good. And now it's no longer terrible."

Liudmila settled her smoothly combed hair with her tawny hand and sighed softly.

A light, warm shadow trembled on her cheeks, the shadow of a suppressed smile.

"We are going to print it. Will you help me?"

"Of course."

"I'll set it up quickly. You lie down; you had a hard day; you're tired. Lie down here on the bed; I'm not going to sleep; and at night maybe I'll wake you up to help me."

When the mother opened her eyes the room was filled by the cold, white glimmer of a clear wintry day.

"Good morning!" said Liudmila. "It'll soon be ten o'clock. Get up and we'll have tea."

"Why didn't you wake me up?"

"I wanted to. I walked up to you; but you were so fast asleep and smiled so in your sleep! Maybe you were seeing a happy vision."

The mother looked through the window. A cold, bracing day shone in the street. A desire to pray, which she had not felt for a long time, arose in her breast. Somebody's young face came to her memory, somebody's resonant voice shouted, "That's the mother of Pavel Vlasov!" Sasha's eyes flashed joyously and tenderly. Rybin's dark, tall figure loomed up, the bronzed, firm face of her son smiled, Nikolay blinked in embarrassment; and suddenly everything was stirred with a deep but light breath.

"Nikolay was right," said Liudmila, entering again. "He must surely have been arrested. I sent the boy there, as you told me to. He said policemen are hiding in the yard; he did not see the house porter; but he saw the policeman who was hiding behind the gates. And spies are sauntering about; the boy knows them."

"So?" The mother nodded her head. "Ah, poor fellow!"

"Lately he's been reading a great deal to the city workmen; and in general it was time for him to disappear," Liudmila said with a frown. "The comrades told him to go, but he didn't obey them. I think that in such cases you must compel and not try to persuade."

Liudmila urged the mother not to go home until they found out whom the police were waiting for there.

"Maybe they are waiting for you. I'm sure they'll examine you."

"Let them. And if they arrest me, no great harm. Only I'd like to have Pasha's speech sent off."

"It's already in type. To-morrow it'll be possible to have it for the city and the suburb. We'll have some for the districts, too. Do you know Natasha?"

"Of course!"

"Then take it to her."

The time passed more quickly than on the other days. When they had done drinking tea it was already near midday.

"However!" exclaimed Liudmila, and at the same time a knock at the door was heard.

The little physician walked in. He quickly said:

"First of all, Nikolay is arrested. Aha! You here, Nilovna? They're interested in you, too. Weren't you there when he was arrested?"

"He packed me off, and told me to come here."

"Hum! I don't think it will be of any use to you. Secondly, last night several young people printed about five hundred speeches on the hektograph. I saw them—not badly done, plain and clear. They want to scatter them throughout the city at night. I'm against it. Printed sheets are better for the city, and the hektograph copies ought to be sent off somewhere."

"Here, I'll carry them to Natasha!" the mother exclaimed animatedly. "Give them to me."

Liudmila looked fixedly at her, and remarked:

"It's dangerous for you."

"Why?" the mother challenged hotly.

"That's why!" said the physician quickly and brokenly. "You disappeared from home an hour before Nikolay's arrest. You went away to the mill, where you are known as the teacher's aunt; after your arrival at the mill the naughty leaflets appear. All this will tie itself into a noose around your neck."

"They won't notice me there," the mother assured them, warming to her desire. "When I return they'll arrest me, and ask me where I was." After a moment's pause she exclaimed: "I know what I'll say. From there I'll go straight to the suburb; I have a friend there—Sizov. So I'll say that I went there straight from the trial; grief took me there; and he, too, had the same misfortune, his nephew was sentenced; and I spent the whole time with him. Do you see?"

"Well, go," the physician reluctantly assented.

"You all take care of me," the mother said, smiling. "You don't take care of your-

selves." And the wave of joy mounted higher and higher.

"It isn't true. We look out for ourselves. We ought to; and we upbraid those who uselessly waste their power. Now, this is the way you are to do. You will receive the speeches at the station." He explained to her how the matter would be arranged; then looking into her face he said: "Well, I wish you success. You're happy, aren't you?" And he walked away still gloomy and dissatisfied. When the door closed behind him Liudmila walked up to the mother, smiling quietly.

"You're a fine woman! I understand you." Taking her by the arm, she again walked up and down the room. "I have a son, too. He's already thirteen years old; but he lives with his father. My husband is an assistant prosecuting attorney. Maybe he's already prosecuting attorney. And the boy's with him. What is he going to be? I often think." Her humid, powerful voice trembled. Then her speech flowed on again thoughtfully and quietly. "He's being brought up by a professed enemy of those people who are near me, whom I regard as the best people on earth; and maybe the boy will grow up to be my enemy. He cannot live with me; I live under a strange name. I have not seen him for eight years. That's a long time—eight years!"

Stopping at the window, she looked up at the pale, bleak sky and continued: "If he were with me I would be stronger; I would not have this wound in my heart, the wound that always pains. And even if he were dead it would be easier for me—" She paused again, and added more firmly and loudly: "Then I would know he's merely dead, but not an enemy of that which is higher than the feeling of a mother, dearer and more necessary than life. You are happy," Liudmila added with a smile. "It's magnificent—the mother and the son side by side. It's rare!"

The mother unexpectedly to herself exclaimed:

"Yes, it is good!" and as if disclosing a secret, she continued in a lowered voice: "It is another life. All of you—Nikolay Ivanovich, all the people of the cause of truth—are also side by side. Suddenly people have become kin—I understand all—the words I don't understand; but everything else I understand, everything!"

In the street the frozen atmosphere envel-

oped the mother invigoratingly, penetrated into her throat, tickled her nose, and for a second suppressed the breathing in her bosom. She stopped and looked around. Near to her, at the corner of the empty street, stood a cabman in a shaggy hat; at a slight distance a man was walking, bent, his head sunk in his shoulders; and in front of him a soldier was running, rubbing his ears.

"The soldier must have been sent to the store," she thought. She arrived at the railway station early; her train was not yet ready; but in the dirty waiting room of the third class, blackened with smoke, there were numerous people already. The cold drove in all the road workmen; cabmen and some poorly dressed, homeless people came in to warm themselves; there were passengers, also a few peasants, a stout merchant in a raccoon overcoat, a priest and his daughter, a pockmarked girl, some five soldiers, and bustling tradesmen. The men smoked, talked, drank tea and whisky at the buffet; some one laughed boisterously; a wave of smoke was wafted over the head; the door squeaked as it opened, the windows rattled when the door was jammed to; the odor of tobacco, machine oil, and salt fish thickly beat into the nostrils.

A young man entered with a yellow valise in his hand, quickly looked around, and walked straight to the mother.

"To Moscow, to your niece?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes, to Tanya."

"Very well."

He put the valise on the bench near her, quickly whipped out a cigarette, lighted it, and raising his hat, silently walked toward the other door. The mother stroked the cold skin of the valise, leaned her elbows on it, and, satisfied, began again to look around.

One man in a short overcoat and its collar raised jostled against her and jumped back, silently waving his hand toward his head. Something familiar about him struck her; she glanced around and saw that he was looking at her with one eye gleaming out of his collar. This attentive eye pricked her; the hand in which she held the valise trembled; she felt a dull pain in her shoulder, and the load suddenly grew heavy.

"I've seen him somewhere," she thought, and with the thought suppressed the unpleasant, confused feeling in her breast. She would not permit herself to define the cold sensation that already pressed her heart qui-

etly but powerfully. It grew and rose in her throat, filling her mouth with a dry, bitter taste, and compelling her to turn around and look once more. His right hand was thrust between the buttons of his coat, the other he kept in his pocket. On account of this the right shoulder seemed higher than the left.

Without hastening, she walked to the bench and sat down carefully, slowly, as if afraid of tearing something in herself or on herself. Her memory, aroused by a sharp premonition of misfortune, quickly presented this man twice to her imagination—once in the field outside the city, after the escape of Rybin; a second time in the evening in the court. There at his side stood the constable to whom she had pointed out the false way taken by Rybin. They knew her; they were tracking her—this was evident.

"Am I caught?" she asked, and in the following second answered herself, starting, "Maybe there is still—" and immediately forcing herself with a great effort, she said sternly: "I'm caught. No use."

She looked around, and her thoughts flashed up in sparks and expired in her brain one after the other.

"Leave the valise? Go away?"

But at the same time another spark darted up more glaringly: "How much will be lost? Drop the son's word in such hands?"

She pressed the valise to herself trembling. "And to go away with it? Where? To run?"

These thoughts seemed to her those of a stranger, somebody from the outside, who was pushing them on her by main force. They burned her, and their burns chopped her brain painfully, lashed her heart like fiery whips. They were an insult to the mother; they seemed to be driving her away from her own self, from Pavel, and everything which had grown to her heart. She felt that a stubborn, hostile force oppressed her, squeezed her shoulder and breast, lowered her stature, plunging her into a fatal fear. The veins on her temples began to pulsate vigorously, and the roots of her hair grew warm.

Then with one great and sharp effort of her heart, which seemed to shake her entire being, she quenched all these cunning, petty, feeble little fires, saying sternly to herself: "Enough!"

She at once began to feel better, and she grew strengthened altogether, adding: "Don't disgrace your son. Nobody's afraid."

Several seconds of wavering seemed to have the effect of joining everything in her; her heart began to beat calmly.

"What's going to happen now? How will they go about it with me?" she thought, observant.

The spy called a station guard, and whispered something to him, directing his look toward her. The guard glanced at him and moved back. Another guard came, listened, grinned, and lowered his brows. He nodded his head to the spy, and walked up to the bench where the mother sat. The spy quickly disappeared.

The old man strode leisurely toward the mother, intently thrusting his angry eyes into the mother's face. She sat farther back on the bench, trembling. "If they only don't beat me, if they only don't beat me!"

He stopped at her side; she raised her regard to his face.

"What are you looking at?" he asked in a moderated voice.

"Nothing."

"Hm! Thief! So old and yet——"

It seemed to her that his words struck her.

"I'm not a thief! You lie!" she shouted. She jerked the valise, and it opened.

"Look! look! All you people!" she shouted, standing up and waving the bundle of the proclamations she had quickly seized over her head. Through the noise in her ears she heard the exclamations of the people who came running up, and she saw them pouring in quickly from all directions.

"What is it?"

"There's a spy!"

"What's the matter?"

"She's a thief, they say!"

"I'm not a thief," said the mother in a full voice, somewhat calmed at the sight of the people who pressed closely upon her from all sides.

"Yesterday they tried the political prisoners; my son was one of them, Vlasov. He made a speech. Here it is. I'm carrying it to the people in order that they should read, think about the truth."

One paper was carefully pulled from her hands. She waved the papers in the air and flung them into the crowd.

"She won't get any praise for that either!" somebody exclaimed in a frightened voice.

The mother saw that the papers were being snatched up, were being hidden in breasts and pockets. This again put her firmly on her feet; more composed than forceful, strain-

ing herself to her utmost, and feeling how agitated pride grew in her raising her high above the people, how subdued joy flamed up in her, she spoke, snatching bundles of papers from the valise and throwing them right and left into some person's quick, greedy hands.

"For this they sentenced my son and all with him. Do you know? I will tell you, and you believe the heart of a mother; believe her gray hair. Yesterday they sentenced them because they carried to you, to all the people, the honest, sacred truth."

Back of the crowd the mother noticed the spy and two gendarmes. She hastened to give away the last bundles; but when her hand let itself down into the valise it met another strange hand.

"Take it, take it all!" she said, bending down.

A dirty face raised itself to hers, and a low whisper reached her:

"Whom shall I tell? Whom inform?"

She did not answer.

"Out of the way here!" shouted the gendarmes, pushing the people. They gave way to the jostling unwillingly. The gray-haired woman with the large, honest eyes in her kind face attracted them powerfully. Those who were near stood in silence. The mother saw their gloomy faces, their frowning brows, their eyes, and felt their warm breath on her face.

"Get up on the bench," they said.

"I'll be arrested immediately. It's not necessary."

"Speak quicker! They're coming!"

"Go to meet the honest people. Don't be reconciled, comrades, don't! Don't yield to the power of the powerful. Arise, you working people! you are the masters of life! All live by your labor; and only for your labor do they untie your hands. You have no friends except yourselves."

"Out of the way! Disperse!" the shouts of the gendarmes came nearer and nearer.

"Is that all you have in the valise?" whispered somebody.

"Take it! Take all!" said the mother.

"The word of my son is the honest word of a workingman, of an unsold soul. Receive it with an open heart, feed on it; it will give you the power to understand everything, to fight against everything for the truth, for the freedom of mankind."

She received a blow on the chest; she staggered and fell on the bench. The gen-

darmes' hands darted over the heads of the people, and seizing collars and shoulders, threw them aside, tore off hats, flung them far away. Everything grew dark and began to whirl before the eyes of the mother.

A large gendarme caught her collar with his red hand and shook her.

"Keep quiet!"

"Fear nothing! There are no tortures worse than those which you endure all your lives!"

"Silence! I say!" The gendarme took her by the arm and pulled her; another seized her by the other arm, and taking long steps, they led her away.

"There are no tortures more bitter than those which gnaw at your heart every day, waste your breast, and drain your power."

The spy came running up, and shaking his fist in her face, shouted:

"Silence, you old hag!"

Her eyes widened, sparkled; her jaws quivered. Planting her feet firmly on the slippery stones of the floor, she shouted, gathering the last remnants of her strength:

"I'm reviving the soul; they will not kill it."

"Dog!"

The spy struck her face with a short swing of his hand.

Something black and red blinded her eyes for a second. The salty taste of blood filled her mouth.

A clear outburst of shouts animated her:

"Don't dare to beat her!"

"Oh, you scoundrel!"

"They cannot drown reason in blood."

She was pushed in the neck and the back, beaten about the shoulders, on the head. Everything began to turn around, grow giddy in a dark whirlwind of shouts, howls, whistles. Something thick and deafening crept into her ear, beat in her throat, choked her. The floor under her feet began to shake, giving way. Her legs bent, her body trembled, burned with pain, grew heavy, and staggered powerless. But her eyes were not extinguished, and they saw other eyes which flashed with the fire dear to her heart.

She was pushed somewhere into a door.

She snatched her hand away from the gendarmes and caught hold of the doorpost.

"You cannot drown the truth in seas of blood——"

They struck her hand.

"You heap up only malice on yourself!

It will fall on you——"

Somebody seized her neck and began to choke her. There was a rattle in her throat.

"You poor, sorry creatures——"

THE END

THE FALLEN MASK

By RHODA HERO DUNN

I WOKE from happy dreams; the April air
Unburdened its soft sweetness in the night;
But as I lay there in its starry light,
This mask of resignation which I wear
Slipped from my broken heart and left it bare,
Unclothed of further pretense; to my sight
Uncovered, naked in its woeful plight
Of hopelessness and absolute despair.
Oh, I can meet with an uplifted face
The morning light when day has first begun,
Can do my work in my appointed place,
Keep to the road until the race be run;
But, oh, my God! Thy servant fill with grace
Against the setting of the evening sun!

